A Nice Price a short story by **Damon Runyon**

September 8, 1934

NRA CODE

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

MORE THAN
2,250,000
CIRCULATION

5¢ a copy
10c in Canada

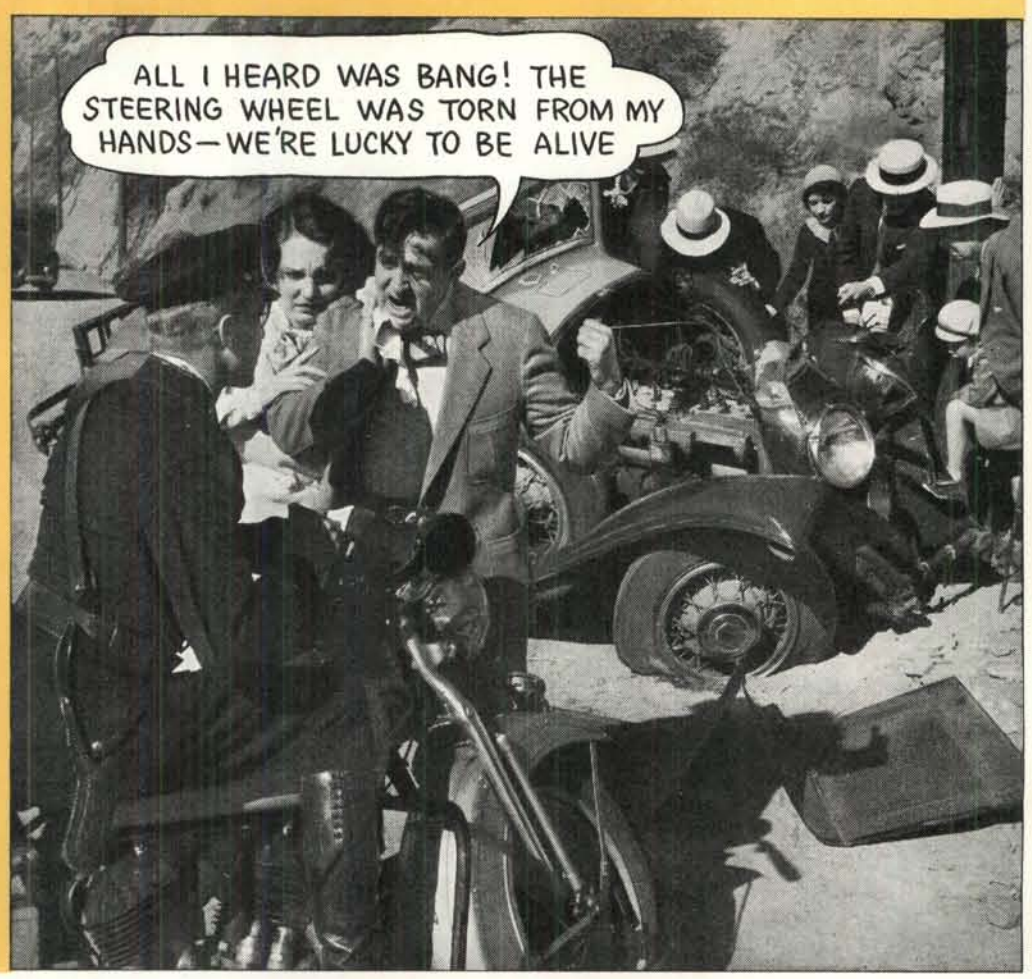
© THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY — PUBLISHERS OF — WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION — THE AMERICAN MAG

MRS G R PETERSON 12B
920 N WASHINGTON 7995
IOLA
KANS 25JY36 8 4EE
C
2Y

EPT. 8, 1934

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DON'T GAMBLE! EVERY YEAR THOUSANDS ARE KILLED OR INJURED WHEN BLOW-OUTS THROW CARS OUT OF CONTROL



THIS TIRE MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE!

THIS GUARANTEED TIRE MAY SAVE YOUR LIFE

Don't worry! When you buy a Goodrich Safety Silvertown your money is safe. Because every Goodrich Silvertown passenger car tire is fully guaranteed for a period of 12 months (business use, 6 mos.) against accidental damage due to cuts, bruises, blow-outs, rim cuts, faulty brakes, wheels out of alignment and ordinary wear and tear.

But what is far more important, when you buy a Goodrich Silvertown you may be saving your life.

Only New Goodrich Silvertown Has The Life-Saver Golden Ply. Makes You 3 Times Safer From High-Speed Blow-Outs

EVERY year automobiles travel faster and faster. Motors are more powerful. Wheels are smaller. Cars are built closer to the road. Everywhere it's SPEED—SPEED—SPEED. But with this faster driving, something began to happen. Tires that were good enough under former conditions couldn't stand the "gaff" of today's punishment and blew out. That's why Goodrich engineers invented the Golden Ply. It was needed to prevent injuries! It was needed *to save lives!* It was needed to give motorists *real* protection against blow-outs at today's high speeds!

What causes blow-outs

At speeds of 40, 50, and 60 miles an hour, every section of the tread hits the road ten to fifteen times a second. The rubber inside the tire often gets as hot as boiling water. And when tires get *that* hot the rubber wilts . . . loses its elasticity . . . becomes weak. The rubber in the outer ply breaks down—loses its grip on the tread. A blister forms—and grows bigger—BIGGER until, sooner or later, BANG! A blow-out! And you need plenty of luck to keep off the accident list.

An amazing invention!

To protect motorists from blow-outs, every new Goodrich Silvertown has the amazing Life-Saver Golden Ply. This remarkable invention resists *heat*. Rubber and fabric don't separate. Thus, blisters don't form inside the tire. The great, unseen cause of blow-outs is prevented *before* it begins.

Racing daredevils tested out the Golden Ply on the world's fastest track. Gave it everything they had. *Not one blow-out.* Similar tires *without* the Life-Saver Golden Ply failed at one-third the distance the Golden Ply Silvertowns were run.

Remember, Goodrich Safety Silvertowns not only have Golden Ply blow-out protection *inside* the tire where you need it most—but on the *outside* they also have the *toughest* tread ever built. Think what this means to you in *extra security*—in months of *extra mileage*. See your Goodrich dealer about a set of Golden Ply Silvertowns for your car. *They cost not a penny more than other standard tires!*

•

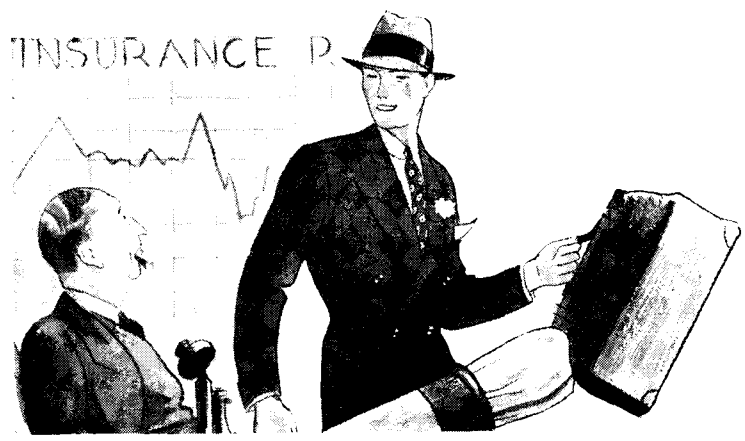
FREE! Handsome emblem with red crystal reflector to protect you if your tail light goes out. Go to your Goodrich dealer, join Silvertown Safety League, and receive one FREE. Or send 10¢ (to cover packing and mailing) to Dept. 414, The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.

The NEW **Goodrich** *Safety* **Silvertown**
WITH LIFE-SAVER GOLDEN PLY

Copyright, 1934, The B. F. Goodrich Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The week-end that started in failure but ended in fortune

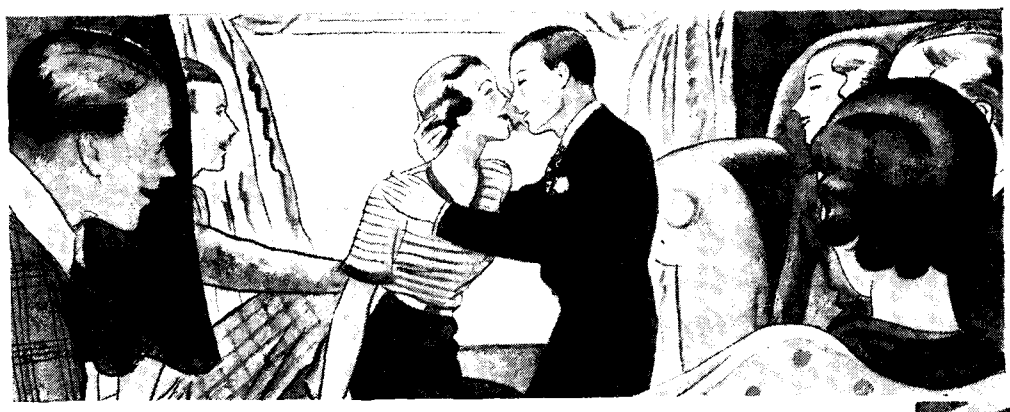


WARREN OFF TO NEWPORT

1 *The Auditor:* "Well of all the lucky guys, getting set with that millionaire Stevens' crowd. If you don't land a lot of insurance, Warren, you're dumb."

WARREN ARRIVES

2 *Butler:* "That young man simply won't do. He's off to a bad start."

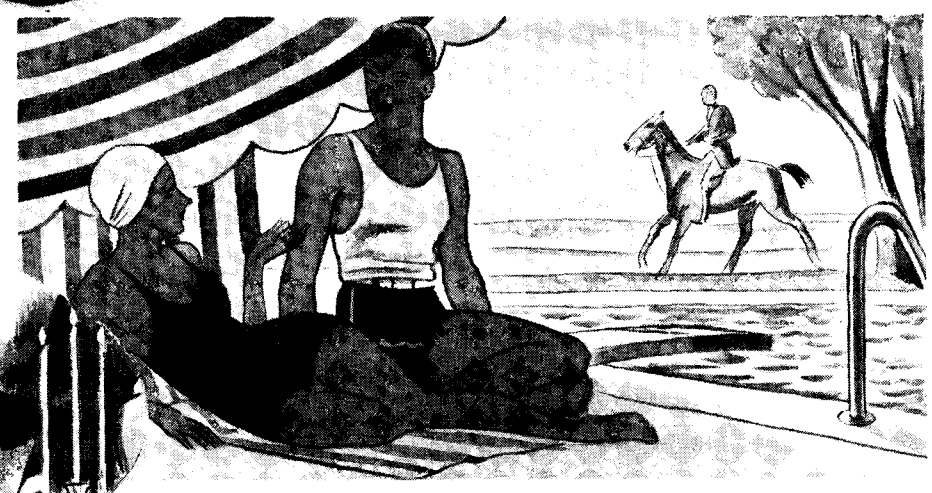


THEY PLAY "NOSE-TO-NOSE," SOCIETY'S NEW GAME

3 *Jean:* "You place the tissue to the nose and the person next to you must take it away from you by breathing through his or her nose. Each one who misses must pay a forfeit. It's barrels of fun and develops your lungs."

JEAN'S PRETTY MAD

4 *Jean:* "If that fellow, Warren, sits next to me I'll never play that game again—not for all of Daddy's money."



THAT NIGHT AT DINNER

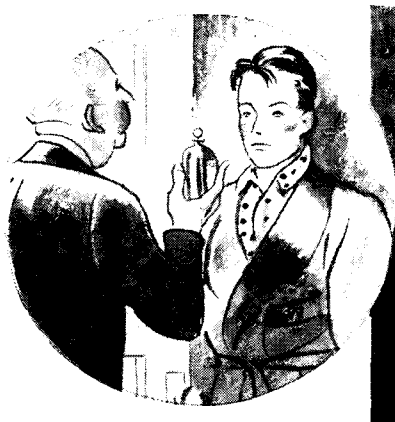
5 *Jean:* "Daddy, can't you do something about this international case of halitosis on my left?"

Mr. Stevens: "I'll put him on a horse in the great outdoors, where he can't offend anybody but the horse."

WARREN'S RIVAL NOW GETS A LOOK IN

6 *Fred:* "I was a little jealous of that fellow Warren yesterday—you were so interested."

Jean: "I made a mistake—he's . . . he's impossible! Everybody avoids him."



WARREN TAKES A TIP

7 *Butler:* "I didn't see any Listerine in your bag, sir, and what with the refreshments and all, I thought you might be needing it. So many men do."

WARREN BACK IN FAVOR AGAIN

8 *Warren:* "I've read about heiresses, but I never sold one an insurance policy until now."

Jean: "Forget business. What I want to know is—will you join us next week at Newport?"

TWO YEARS LATER

9 "Going to the office Monday?"

Warren: "No, I seldom go to the office since I sold that Stevens' crowd a carload of insurance—but Boy, how close I came to failure!"

A Great Business and Social Handicap

There has been a good deal of joking about halitosis (unpleasant breath) but the truth is that almost everyone is likely to have it at some time or other. A leading dental authority says that most cases are caused by fermentation of tiny bits of food that even careful tooth brushing has failed to remove. The quick, safe, pleasant way to attack fermentation is to rinse the mouth with Listerine every morning and night and between times before meeting others. Listerine halts fermentation and neutralizes its odors. For 50 years Listerine has been regarded as the ideal oral deodorant. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Use LISTERINE to check halitosis (*Bad breath*)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WHEN guns popped in Vienna and Austria erupted into civil war, cracking the face of western Europe into a network of lines of pressure and cleavage, a Collier's reporter, T. R. Ybarra, was on hand watching the disturbance, measuring its seismic force.

He saw Germany, shaken by the Brown Shirt executions, bewildered by the assassination of Dollfuss, trembling on the edge of chaos. Von Hindenburg dying at Neudeck. Hitler seizing absolute power. Confusion stalking the land.

He saw the Reichswehr, buckles and rifle barrels aflash in the sun, marching under the Brandenburg Gate; steel helmets, square-set jaws, thudding boots—a formidably efficient army, ready for action. Next week he takes you with him to decide: "Who Rules Germany?"

YOU'VE been to the Joyville Amusement Park; remember the girl in the ticket cage? The platinum blonde with laughing eyes. Maybe you've seen her at the Black Spruce Inn with George Anson, the real estate man. He's a lot older than she is, but you can hardly blame her for going out with him. She likes a good time. People say she's out for all she can get. George thinks so too. But maybe they're wrong about that. Maybe they don't understand the girl. Anyway, they don't know her story. Elisabeth Sanxay Holding tells it.

ONE day a young man from Brooklyn, staying in Mexico City, decided to see a bull fight. "That looks easy," he said to his Mexican friends. "I bet I could do it myself." And so Sidney Franklin became a matador. Now he is one of the greatest, an idol to the *aficionados* of Mexico and Spain. He has written and illustrated the story of "The Perfect Bull."

UNDER the law of the state of California a man convicted of a felony for the third time becomes a habitual criminal and spends the rest of his life in jail. Perhaps Judson would have been more careful about that third conviction if he had known that he was going to inherit two million dollars. He had no idea, of course. Peter B. Kyne writes his amazing story.

QUENTIN REYNOLDS writes the Short Short. Richard Hoffman, James B. Connolly, William Slavens McNutt, Ray Tucker, Marie Beynon Ray and others contribute stories and articles. E. Phillips Oppenheim and Kathleen Norris continue the serials. And Freling Foster keeps you abreast of the world. Think of anything else?

This Week

September 8, 1934

Cover by Robert O. Reid

DAMON RUNYON
A Nice Price. **How certain citizens from Broadway got mixed up in a race between the Harvards and the Yales.** **Page 7**

LEONA DALRYMPLE
Sales Talk. **Love in a showroom.** **Page 10**

WALTER DAVENPORT
Just Red Enough to Win. **The Northwest gets ready to vote.** **Page 12**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Gay Deceiver, **by Henri Duvernois.** **Page 14**

FRANK BUCK
Tears for a Crocodile. **Presenting the Naga of Sandakan Bay.** **Page 15**

KATHLEEN NORRIS
Woman in Love, Part VIII. **On trial for his life.** **Page 16**

ELMER DAVIS
The Cussed Damozel. **Marriage for moderns.** **Page 18**

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
The Man Who Saved the World, Part IV. **Bright-faced danger.** **Page 20**

DON MARQUIS
How to Be a Winner. **The perfect bridge system.** **Page 22**

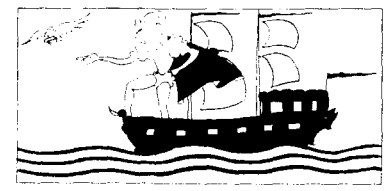
QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Polo Goes American. **The sport of Persian kings—as played by cowboys.** **Page 24**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Setting the pace.** **Page 26**

EDITORIAL
We Pay Anyway. **Page 50**

Any Week

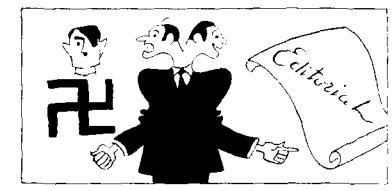
IT WAS a very hot day some time ago when we received a letter from Mr. Alexander West Fenton of Marcell, Minnesota. We replied to that letter but, due of course to the heat, addressed it to Miss Amy Fenton. As there is no Miss Amy, Mr. Alexander got it anyway. The boys at the post office thought it was pretty funny. "I cannot lay claim to any such distinction," protests Mr. Fenton. "I am just a homely man animal—the run of the field. Thanks for the compliment, though." And having gone that far, Mr. Fenton takes a headlock on our editorial, "What Roosevelt Wants," and puts on the pressure. Mr. Fenton does not care for Mr. Roosevelt. Says he: "A gentleman in an address the other day likened FDR to Washington, Lincoln and Columbus. An objector disagreed on the first two points but agreed on the third. Columbus did not know where he was going. When he got there he did not know where he was. When he got home again he didn't know what he had. Yes, Mr. Roosevelt is as great as Columbus."



"IF," WRITES Mr. George C. Moonday of Muscatine, Iowa, "you were packing up to come out to this town, just unpack. You're too late. The beer war is all over. It only lasted six days—but my gosh it was fun. Lee Stalkfleet started it. Got mad one day and began selling twenty-four ounces for a dime and turned the customers loose among a free lunch that added an average of ten pounds to every drinking adult in town. The way I figure it, I drank five hundred pounds of beer and did away with two hundred pounds of pickled herring. And I'm only a nibbler. Anyway, we, the public, broke the war up. The boys are back to sixteen ounces for a dime and eight ounces for a nickel and no free forage."

AND Miss Elizabeth Namel of Jackson, Mississippi, calls upon us to give her state a few rousing cheers. Says she, "we have voted to remain dry. In other words, we shall continue as usual. There will be plenty to drink but the law says you can't, so naturally we won't. But please remind the country that Mississippi voted to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment, thereby granting any other state the right to do as it chooses. And this, I claim, is good sportsmanship."

SOMEHOW we suspected that that Hitler article by Herr Doctor Hanfstaengl was going to drive large numbers of our readers to ink. Nobody can tell us our hunch wasn't right either. Our chin is pretty sore from some of the socks we are taking, but we got a lot of solace out of large batches of results such as, for example, Dr. Benjamin Daniels of Boston, Massachusetts, writes. Says he: "Imagine how Collier's dropped in my estimation on reading 'My Leader,' by Doctor Hanfstaengl. My blood certainly boiled. I then read through the whole magazine and, behold, on page 50, what did I see? One of the best editorials I ever read! And Collier's went up 200 per cent in my estimation. In the future do not give me such a shock. And, by the way, of what profession or trade is this guy Hanfstaengl a doctor?"



THAT question stops us for an instant. Even better, it reminds us of what a nine-year-old kid said to us recently in Hollywood, California. We called at the confectionery villa of a once immensely popular but now slightly waning actress, to pay our respects. Her nine-year-old son—a fine, self-possessed lad—welcomed us but regretted that Mother wasn't home. He himself had just got home after eighteen months in school and camps. "But," said he, "I know where she's lunching and I'll telephone her you're here." So he dialed the number. Just before the connection was completed he looked at us, startled. "Oh, dear," he cried. "I wonder what name she is going under now?"

"DID you see my name in the papers?" demands Mr. Frank T. Luckenback of San Francisco, California. "I got arrested for standing on a street corner during the recent Vigilante drive against Communists, during the so-called general strike. Judge Lazarus turned me loose the minute I appeared in court. I told the cop I was a Republican from away back in Iowa but he dragged me in anyway. When I denied being a Communist he almost flattened me by demanding: 'Well, what the hell were you doing standing on the corner, then?' But it was worth while. I found out at last what a Communist is."

A GUY who stands on a corner.

Vol. 94, No. 10. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, The Country Home. Copyright, 1934, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Alfred D. Mayo, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE WAS A SPECIALIST

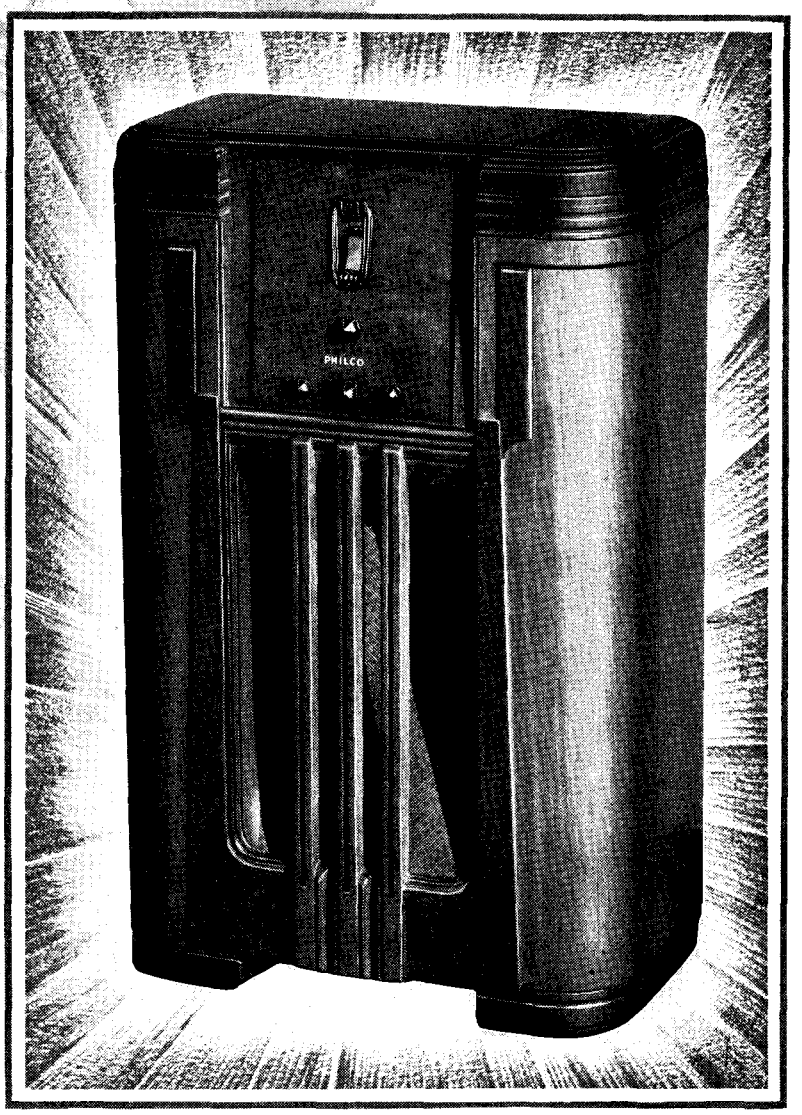
The old piper of Hamelin did a highly specialized job. And none but he could do it. » » » In this modern world there are some things that only the Mimeograph can do. A specialist! For instance, it can turn out many well-printed copies of a sheet of music in record time and at low cost. No plate making. No type to set. Just trace, and duplicate. Thousands of such highly specialized jobs the Mimeograph is doing every day. In your business, or in your school, there may be important things it can do for you that you have never dreamed of. Let us show you how the Mimeograph duplicates all kinds of forms, graphs, bulletins, letters, etc., at maximum speed and minimum cost; also how it masters the highly specialized jobs. For full information write A. B. Dick Company, Chicago, or see your classified telephone directory for local address.

MIMEOGRAPH

EDISON-DICK MIMEOGRAPH REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You can almost see the artists— so NATURAL is PHILCO TONE!



NEW PHILCO 16X—$175

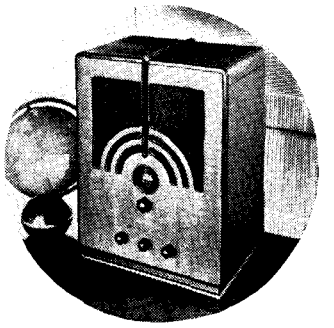
World-wide reception plus tone such as only PHILCO can give. PHILCO'S Patented Inclined Sounding Board is the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction.

1 Its inclination directs the straight-traveling high tones up to ear level, giving brilliance and clearness.

2 Its large baffle area brings out all low tones, giving mellowness and depth.

RESULT: All music and speech are distinct and natural, as if the artists were present "in person."

And every other worth-while radio improvement, including 5 Tuning Bands, Bass Compensation, Four-Point Tone Control, Super Class "A" Audio System, Auditorium Speaker, Shadow Tuning, Automatic Volume Control, Illuminated Station Recording Dial, PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes, etc. Superb hand-rubbed cabinet of gorgeous, costly woods.



NEW PHILCO 66B . . . $39.95

An ideal small radio for the person who demands smartness in cabinet design plus both American and foreign reception. Automatic Volume Control, 2-Point Tone Control, Electro-Dynamic Speaker, Rubber-Floated Chassis, PHILCO *Simplified Tuning, etc. A marvelous* value!

PHILCO'S glorious tone thrills you with its matchless beauty. You marvel that radio can be so REAL. You are amazed that programs come to you so naturally and vividly —as though the artists were right before you!

PHILCO gives you a quality and excellence of reception that are unequalled. For only PHILCO has the famous Patented Inclined Sounding Board through which you catch the full beauty of every program.

Whether you listen to superb music from London and Berlin, to fascinating native dances from South America or to the vast wealth of entertainment right here at home, a new PHILCO, properly installed with a PHILCO all-wave aerial, will give you supreme enjoyment.

Your PHILCO dealer will be glad to demonstrate any of the new 1935 PHILCOS and to explain his liberal trade-in offer and easy payment plan.

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

A PHILCO FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

AMERICAN and FOREIGN BROADCAST RECEIVERS	$39.95 to $600
AMERICAN BROADCAST RECEIVERS	$20 to $200
NEW PHILCO AUTO RADIOS	$39.95 to $75

Prices slightly higher Denver and West. All prices subject to change without notice.

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO

Listen to BOAKE CARTER over key Columbia Stations. Also PHILCO'S program from Station EAQ, Madrid, Spain (9.87 on your PHILCO dial) Sundays at 7 P. M.—Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well, naturally Sam the Gonoph is somewhat surprised by the scene that is presented to his eyes, so I explain to him and he is greatly touched

A Nice Price

Which explains how it is that Sam the Gonoph is in possession of several G's. Very strange happenings indeed, in which a doll plays no small part

By Damon Runyon

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

ONE hot morning in June, I am standing in front of the Mohican Hotel in the city of New London, Conn., and the reason I am in such a surprising spot is something that makes a long story quite a bit longer.

It goes back to a couple of nights before when I am walking along Broadway and I run into Sam the Gonoph, the ticket speculator, who seems to have a very sour expression on his puss, although, even when Sam the Gonoph is looking good-natured his puss is nothing much to see.

Now Sam the Gonoph is an old friend of mine, and in fact I sometimes join up with him and his crew to hustle duckets to one thing and another when he is short-handed, so I give him a big hello, and he stops and the following conversation ensues:

"How is it going with you, Sam?" I say to Sam the Gonoph, although of course I do not really care two pins how it is going with him. "You look as if you are all sored up at somebody."

"Now," Sam says, "I am not sored up at anybody. I am never sored up at anybody in my life, except maybe Society Max, and of course everybody knows I have a perfect right to be sored up at Society Max, because look at what he does to me."

Well, what Sam the Gonoph says is very true, because what Society Max does to Sam is to steal Sam's fiancée off of him a couple of years before this, and marry her before Sam has time to think. This fiancée is a doll by the name of Sonia, who resides up in the Bronx, and Sam the Gonoph is engaged to her since the year of the Dempsey-Firpo fight, and is contemplating marrying her almost any time, when Society Max bobs up.

Many citizens afterwards claim that Max does Sam the Gonoph a rare favor, because Sonia is commencing to fat up in spots, but it breaks Sam's heart just the same, especially when he learns that Sonia's papa gives the happy young couple twenty big G's in old-fashioned folding money that nobody ever knows the papa has, and Sam figures that Max must get an inside tip on this dough and that he takes an unfair advantage of the situation.

"But," Sam the Gonoph says, "I am not looking sored up at this time because of Society Max, although of course it is well-known to one and all that I am under oath to knock his ears down the first time I catch up with him. As a matter of fact, I do not as much as think of Society Max for a year or more, although I hear he deserts poor Sonia out in Cincinnati after spending her dough and leading her a dog's life, including a few offhand pastings, not that I am claiming Sonia may not need a pasting now and then.

"WHAT I am looking sored up about," Sam says, "is because I must get up into Connecticut tomorrow to a spot that is called New London to dispose of a line of merchandise."

"Why, Sam," I say, "what can be doing in such a place?"

"Oh," Sam says, "a large boat race is coming up between the Harvards and the Yales. It comes up at New London every year, and is quite an interesting event from what I read in the papers about it, but the reason I am sored up

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

about going tomorrow is because I wish to spend the week-end on my farm in New Jersey to see how my onions are doing. Since I buy this farm in New Jersey, I can scarcely wait to get over there on week-ends to watch my onions grow.

"But," Sam the Gonoph says, "this is an extra large boat race this year, and I am in possession of many choice duckets, and am sure to make plenty of black ink for myself, and business before pleasure is what I always say. By the way," Sam says, "do you ever see a boat race?"

WELL, I say that the only boat races I ever see are those that come off around the race tracks, such a race being a race that is all fixed up in advance, and some of them are pretty raw, if you ask me, and I am by no means in favor of things of this kind unless I am in, but Sam the Gonoph says these races are by no manner of means the same thing as the boat races he is talking about.

"I never personally witness one myself," Sam says, "but the way I understand it is a number of the Harvards and the Yales, without any clothes on, get in row boats and row, and row, and row until their tongues hang out, and they are all half dead. Why they tucker themselves out in this fashion I do not know and," Sam says, "I am too old to start trying to find out why these college guys do a lot of things to themselves.

"But," Sam says, "boat racing is a wonderful sport, and I always have a nice trade at New London, Conn., and if you wish to accompany me and Benny South Street and Liverlips and maybe collect a few bobs for yourself, you are as welcome as the flowers in May."

So there I am in front of the Mohican Hotel in New London, Conn., with Sam the Gonoph and Benny South Street and old Liverlips, who are Sam the Gonoph's best hustlers, and all around and about is a very interesting sight, to be sure, as large numbers of the Harvards and the Yales are passing in and out of the hotel and walking up and down and back and forth, and making very merry, one way and another.

Well, after we are hustling our duckets for a couple of hours and it is coming on noon, Benny South Street goes into the hotel lobby to buy some cigarettes, and by and by he comes out looking somewhat excited, and states as follows:

"Say," Benny says, "there is a guy inside with his hands full of money offering to lay 3 to 1 that the Yales win the boat race. He says he has fifteen G's cash with him to wager at the price stated."

"Are there any takers?" Sam the Gonoph asks.

"No, not many," Benny says. "From all I hear, the Yales figure. In fact, all the handicappers I speak with have them on top, so the Harvards do not care for any part of the guy's play. But," Benny says, "there he is, offering 3 to 1."

"Three to one?" Sam the Gonoph says, as if he is mentioning these terms to himself. "Three to one, eh? It is a nice price."

"It is a lovely price," old Liverlips puts in.

WELL, Sam the Gonoph stands there as if he is thinking, and Benny South Street seems to be thinking, too, and even old Liverlips seems to be thinking, and by and by I even find myself thinking, and finally Sam the Gonoph says like this:

"I do not know anything about boat races," Sam says, "and the Yales may figure as you say, but nothing between human beings is 1 to 3. In fact," Sam the Gonoph says, "I long ago come to the conclusion that all life is 6 to 5 against. And anyway," he says, "how can anybody let such odds as these get away from them? I think I will take a small nibble at this proposition. What about you, Benny?"

"I will also nibble," Benny South Street says. "I will never forgive myself in this world if I let this inviting offer go and it turns out the Harvards win."

Well, we all go into the hotel lobby, and there is a big, gray-haired guy in a white cap and white pants standing in the center of a bunch of other guys, and he has money in both hands. I hear somebody say he is one of the real old-time Yales, and he is speaking in a loud voice as follows:

"Why," he says, "what is the matter, Harvards, are you cowards, or are you just broke? If you are broke, I will take your markers and let you pay me on the installment plan. But," he says, "bet me. That is all, just bet me."

Personally, I have a notion to let on I am one of the Harvards and slip the guy a nice marker, but I am afraid he may request some identification and I do not have anything on me to prove I am a college guy, so I stand back and watch Sam the Gonoph shove his way through the crowd with a couple of C notes in his hand, and Benny South Street is right behind him.

"I will take a small portion of the Harvards at the market," Sam the Gonoph says, as he offers the gray-haired guy his dough.

"Thank you, my friend," the guy says, "but I do not think we are acquainted," he says. "Who do you wish to hold the stakes?"

"You hold them yourself, Mr. Campbell," Sam the Gonoph says. "I know you, although you do not know me, and I will gladly trust you with my dough. Furthermore, my friend here who also wishes a portion of the Harvards, will trust you."

So the gray-haired guy says that both Sam the Gonoph and Benny South Street are on at 3 to 1, and thanks again to them, at that, and when we get outside, Sam explains that he recognizes the guy as nobody but Mr. Hammond Campbell, who is a very important party in every respect and who has more dough than Uncle Sam has bad debts. In fact, Sam the Gonoph seems to feel that he is greatly honored in getting to bet with Mr. Hammond Campbell, although from the way Mr. Campbell takes their dough, I figure he thinks that the pleasure is all his.

WELL, we go on hustling our duckets but neither Sam the Gonoph or Benny South Street seem to have much heart in their work, and every now and then I see one or the other slip into the hotel lobby, and it comes out that they are still nibbling at the 3 to 1, and finally I slip in myself and take a little teensy nibble for twenty bobs myself, because the way I look at it, anything that is good enough for Sam the Gonoph is good enough for me.

Now Sam the Gonoph always carries quite a little ready money on his body, and nobody will deny that Sam will send it along if he likes a proposition, and by and by he is down for a G on the Harvards, and Benny South Street has four C's going for him, and there is my double saw, and even old Liverlips weakens and goes for a pound note, and ordinarily Liverlips will not bet a pound that he is alive.

Furthermore, Mr. Hammond Campbell says we are about the only guys in town that do bet him and that we ought to get degrees off the Harvards for our loyalty to them, but of course what we are really loyal to is the 3 to 1. Finally, Mr. Campbell says he has to go to lunch,

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Society Max goes speeding along the deck with Sam the Gonoph right behind him, and Sam is addressing Society Max in deplorable language

but that if we feel like betting him any more we can find him on board his yacht, the Hibiscus, out in the river, and maybe he will boost the price up to 3½ to 1.

So I go into the hotel and get a little lunch myself, and when I am coming out a nice-looking young doll who is walking along in front of me accidentally drops her poke from under her arm, and keeps right on walking. Naturally, I pick it up, but several parties who are standing around in the lobby see me do it, so I call to the young doll and when she turns around I hand her the poke, and she is very grateful to me, to be sure. In fact, she thanks me several times, though once will do, and then all of a sudden she says to me like this:

"PARDON me," the young doll says, "but are you not one of the gentlemen I see wagering with my papa that the Harvards will win the boat race?"

"Yes," I say, "and what is more, we may keep on wagering him. In fact," I say, "a friend of mine by the name of Sam the Gonoph is just now contemplating wiring home for another G to accept your papa's generous offer of 3½ to 1."

"Oh," the young doll says, "do not do it. You are only throwing your money away. The Harvards have no chance whatever of winning the boat race. My papa is never wrong on boat races. I only wish he is today."

And with this she sits down in a chair in the lobby and begins crying boo-hoo until her mascara is running down her cheeks, and naturally I am greatly embarrassed by this situation, as I am afraid somebody may come along and think maybe she is my stepchild and that I am just after chastising her.

"You see," the young doll says, "a boy I like a very, very great deal belongs to the Harvards' crew and when I tell him a couple of weeks ago that my papa says the Yales are bound to win, he grows very angry and says what does my papa know about it, and who is my papa but an old moneybags, anyway, and to the dickens with my papa. Then when I tell him my papa always knows about these things, Quentin grows still angrier, and we quarrel, and he says all right, if the Harvards lose he will never, never, never see me again as long as he lives. And Quentin is a very obstinate and unreasonable boy, and life is very sad for me."

Well, who comes along about now but Sam the Gonoph and naturally he is somewhat surprised by the scene that is presented to his eyes, so I explain to him, and Sam is greatly touched and very sympathetic, for one thing about Sam is he is very tender-hearted when it comes to dolls who are in trouble.

"Well," Sam says, "I will certainly be greatly pleased to see the Harvards win the boat race myself, and in fact," he says, "I am just making a few cautious inquiries around here and there to see if there is any chance of stiffening a couple of the Yales, so we can have a little help in the race.

"But," Sam says, "one great trouble with these college propositions is they are always leveling, though I cannot see why it is necessary. Anyway," he says, "it looks as if we cannot hope to do any business with the Yales, but you dry your eyes, little miss, and maybe old Sam can think up something."

At this the young doll stops her bawling and I am very glad of it, as there is nothing I loathe and despise so much as a doll bawling, and she looks up at Sam with a wet smile and says to him like this:

"Oh, do you really think you can help the Harvards win the boat race?"

Well, naturally Sam the Gonoph is not in a position to make any promises on this point, but he is such a guy as will tell a doll in distress anything whatever if he thinks it will give her a little pleasure for a minute, so he replies as follows:

"Why, who knows?" Sam says. "Who knows, to be sure? But anyway do not bawl any more, and old Sam will give this matter further consideration."

And with this Sam pats the young doll on the back so hard he pats all the breath out of her, and she cannot bawl any more even if she wishes to, and she gets up and goes away looking very happy, but before she goes she says:

"Well, I hear somebody say that from the way you gentlemen are betting on the Harvards you must know something and," she says, "I am very glad I have the courage to talk to you. It will be a wonderful favor to Quentin and me if you help the Harvards win, even though it costs my papa money. Love is more than gold," she says.

Personally, I consider it very wrong for Sam the Gonoph to be holding out hope to a young doll that he is unable to guarantee, but Sam says he does not really promise anything and that he always figures if he can bring a little life into any life, no matter how, he is doing a wonderful deed, and that anyway we will never see the young doll again, and furthermore, what of it?

Well, I cannot think what of it just offhand, and anyway I am glad to be rid of the young doll, so we go back to disposing of the duckets we have left.

NOW the large boat race between the Harvards and the Yales takes place in the early evening, and when it comes on time for the race one and all seem to be headed in the direction of the river, including all the young guys with the stir haircuts, and many beautiful young dolls wearing blue and red flowers, and old guys in sports pants and flat straw hats, and old dolls who walk as if their feet hurt them, and the chances are they do, at that.

Well, nothing will do Sam the Gonoph but we must see the boat race, too, so we go down to the railroad station to take the very train for which we are hustling duckets all day, but by the time we get there the race train is pulling out, so Benny South Street says the next best thing for us to do is to go down to the dock and hire a boat to take us out on the river.

But when we get to the dock, it seems that all the boats around are hired and are already out on the river, but there is an old pappy guy with a chin whisker sitting in a rickety-looking little motor boat at the dock, and this old guy says he will take us out where we can get a good peek at the race for a buck apiece.

Personally, I do not care for the looks of the boat, and neither does Benny South Street or old Liverlips, but Sam the Gonoph is so anxious to see the race that finally we all get into the boat and the old guy heads her out into the river, which seems to be filled with all kinds of boats decorated with flags and one thing and another, and with guys and dolls walking back and forth on these boats.

Anybody must admit that it is quite a sight, and I am commencing to be glad I am present, especially when Benny South Street tells me that these guys and dolls on the boats are very fine people and worth plenty of money. Furthermore, Benny South Street points out many big white boats that he says are private yachts, and he tells me that

(Continued on page 29)

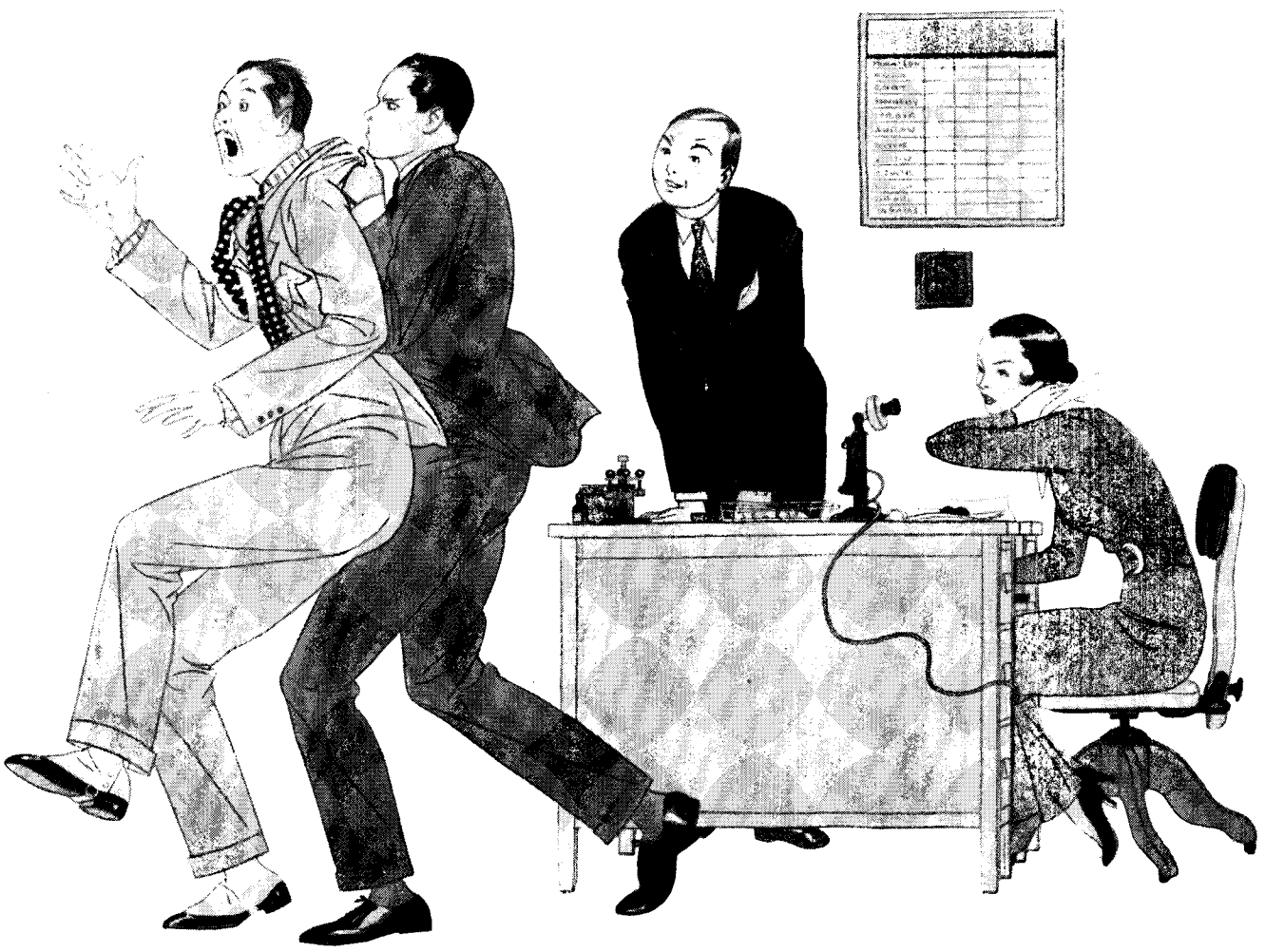
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sales Talk

By Leona Dalrymple

The romantic give-and-take of a big business girl and Jimmy Ingalls, who had everything but experience. How Jimmy acquired it, and what he did after he got it, points a lesson you shouldn't miss

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Immediately afterward, Morrison shot across the room with Jimmy's hand in his collar

DINAH felt sorry for the new salesman. Here he was on duty at the annual motor show after a few inexperienced days in the Broadway showroom and he was making mistakes. He was taking idlers seriously, listing their names.

It was Dinah's second show. A year ago she had sat like this at a polished mahogany desk in a suave enclosure of gleaming stanchions and velvet ropes and new Bristol motors, answering telephone calls, reaching for pamphlets, watching haphazard crowds surge aimlessly up and down between the booths.

People looked at Dinah Low, at the smooth, black, unruffled velvet of her hair and eyes, at the beautiful, doll-like quality of her smallness. She looked, Joe Kennedy had said once in the salesman's room, like a débutante in a Sunday paper. Almost she had been, but nobody in the Bristol Motor Car Company knew about the début or Aunt Cecilia's luckless investments or that Dinah, who lived with her aunt, hadn't always lived in a small apartment. Joe, who thought her the smallest, prettiest girl he had ever seen, called her the Dinah Mite.

The new salesman's name was Jimmy Ingalls, and he was twelfth and last on the blackboard in the sales manager's office where a salesman's name climbed or dropped by his record of cars delivered.

Even when Dinah's eyes were elsewhere, her mind saw Jimmy clearly: his straight and rather soldierly slimness, the firmness of his mouth and chin, the stubborn, flashing look in his dark brown eyes, his olive skin, clear scarlet over the cheek bones. Even the erect, dark stubble of his hair looked stubborn and young.

"Wonder why that guy doesn't call me up?" Joe Kennedy said at Dinah's elbow. He perched himself on the edge of her desk and looked at Jimmy Ingalls taking another name. "Well, Dinah, the Great American Salesman, the Burning Youth, is still on the job."

"Why," Dinah asked, "doesn't somebody tell him?"

"My dear child," Joe said, "we've kidded the shirt off him. He thinks we're jealous of his list and the commissions he's footin' up in his mind."

"I feel sorry for him. He told Ted Mahony it was practically a matter of life and death with him to keep his job and sell a lot of cars."

"I hope he will!" Joe's lean, skeptical face beamed with interest. "For the last coupla years the public's been drivin' a bunch of struggle-buggies up and down the highways and about all we can do is wait'll they fall to pieces." All used cars to Joe were either egg beaters, struggle-buggies or jaloppies. "Maybe Jimmy can change all that. They tell me K. M., the Big Boy in Detroit, is turnin' purple about the sales—"

"Joe, please!" Dinah begged. "I hear all of it every day. I dream about it nights."

DINAH literally had dreamed at times about K. M., Joe's Big Boy in Detroit. He was the vice president in charge of sales, a fire-eating executive by the name of K. M. Rush, and in Dinah's dreams he had roared through the depression staring incredulously at sales sheets, wiggling his horns and exhaling flames.

"Jimmy," Dinah said, "is in some kind of a jam."

"Put him outa your mind," Joe said, "and think of me. He's just another depression bud who came outa M. I. T. in June and he's lucky to get a job."

The telephone rang and Dinah said, "Hello?" Then, "It's for you, Joe."

Joe reached for the telephone and answered guardedly. Dinah left the desk.

Jimmy, free for the time, was feverishly drinking water. In most of his spare minutes Jimmy was either drinking water or hovering over a plated and polished motor bisected for the show.

Impulsively Dinah reached him beside the chassis where he was once more peering into the gleaming halves of a carburetor. He rose up, reddening, as if she had caught him off his guard.

"I wondered," Dinah said, "if you realized that all the names you take at the show you have to contact."

"Certainly," he said, hoarse and annoyed. "Every ten days."

"I mean"—Dinah, too, faintly reddened—"it will take so much of your time in the busiest months of the year right after the show—"

"I understood," he said formally, "that I was to turn in my list to be circularized."

"The salesmen don't really turn in their best names," Dinah told him. "They like to keep them. Some of them turn in very few."

His momentary stare, chill and remote, made Dinah feel like an evil influence.

"Some of these guys," Jimmy retorted, impatiently clearing his throat, "even turn in names that are phony. Well, I'm not that kind of a salesman." He added stiffly as Dinah moved away, "Thank you."

JOE, Dinah noted, was replacing the telephone receiver in its cradle. She went back slowly to give the angry burn in her cheeks a chance to cool.

"My child," Joe announced, "the Vulcan Motor Car Company has taken us over!"

The Vulcan was the high-priced aristocrat of the company's line.

"How do you do it?" Dinah marveled. "I mean, Joe, you're always full of rumors—"

"Rumors!" Joe complained. "This is a fact. I room with a bird who sells Vulcans. They're smart, Dinah, gettin' a franchise for a smaller car. When the jaloppies begin to crumble, it's the small car that'll sell."

"Oh, dear!" Dinah's face grew sober. "Will the Vulcan salesmen do the selling?"

"Nope," Joe said. "One salesman pushin' two cars of a different price class never works out. Nobody's fired. Stover, the Vulcan's top-kick, will stay in his own showroom and boss us from the heights. 'Smatter of fact, I begin to smell business. We're takin' on some new men."

An hour later Joe released another rumor.

The Vulcan outfit, he grumbled, was injecting into the Bristol's sales force a high-pressure salesman by the name of Roy Morrison.

"He is to show us how to sell!" Joe told Dinah. He sweetly puckered his mouth and bowed. "I am encouraged. I know him, the poor fish. He wears spats."

The show closed Saturday night. Mr. Morrison, a florid, elegant young man with confident eyes, turned up in the Bristol showroom Monday morning.

He was promptly christened "Spats."

As usual after the show, Dinah, in her office between the salesmen's room and the sales manager's office, spent her lunch hour over a sandwich and a glass of milk, with a sales manual open before her, rehearsing the new salesmen.

Dinah would read aloud, "What type

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

transmission is used in the 1933 Bristol cars?"

And whatever haunted salesman was pacing the floor—notably it was never Jimmy Ingalls—would tell her, if he could, that the Bristol car was equipped with synchronized transmission with helical-cut gears.

Jimmy, Dinah gathered, pored over his manual in the furnished room in which he slept—if indeed he slept, which Joe Kennedy doubted. Jimmy, Joe said, was beginning to reap the harvest of the staggering list of prospects he had hung around his neck at the show. Dinah thought a lot about Jimmy.

ONE night, dressing in her bedroom for a benefit dance of her cousin's school, Dinah told her aunt about him, but Aunt Cecilia's mind was remorsefully occupied with a white and silver dress spread on the bed for Dinah to wear—it had cost exactly fifteen dollars in the smallest of shops—and she answered vaguely:

"Is that the young man who brings you home in his demonstrator and calls his brother's motor an egg beater?"

Dinah laughed. "No. That's Joe. Joe's grand, Aunt Cecilia. Jimmy's snooty and rude."

She dropped the dress over her sleek black head and reappeared with her lovely shoulders sheathed in a lacy web of silver. She seized her street coat, muffled her chin in its worn fur collar, lightly kissed a dejected furrow on Cecilia's forehead and went down to the car her cousin had sent to get her. The idea of meeting Jimmy Ingalls that night was as far from her thoughts as any other catastrophe on the eve of a dance.

Nevertheless when Dinah entered the ballroom, Jimmy was there, dancing with Claire Tyndall, one of her cousins.

Claire, dancing by, shrieked, "Dinah!" seized Jimmy's hand and dragged him out of a sparkling whirl of colors penciled with black and white.

"Dinah," Claire cried, "you have to take him off my hands. I'm on a committee. His name is Jimmy Ingalls and Ted Braley made him come. He was in Ted's class and he's got the most beautiful mother you ever saw in your life! We met her in Bar Harbor. Jimmy, this is Dinah Low. Dance with her." Claire darted away.

Jimmy, electrified, flushed and rumbled incoherently.

"I'm sorry," Dinah said politely. "Claire's crazy. All the Tyndalls are crazy. They're cousins of mine. You don't really have to dance with me."

"I'd like to," Jimmy said, distressed. He looked as if he meant it.

He danced well, but Dinah's silence bothered him. He said, after a time, ducking the stag line in the central part of the ballroom:

"Gosh, why on earth didn't you—tell me?"

Dinah raised calm dark eyes. "Are you a snob, too?" she murmured.

Jimmy reddened again. "Too?" he challenged, annoyed. "Miss Low—" the sound Jimmy made was an unmistakable snort—"you ought to edit telegrams. You can certainly pack a bunch of wallops in a handful of words."

He turned impatiently at a tap on his shoulder and relinquished Dinah in silence to another partner.

THE next twenty minutes for Jimmy were angry, stubborn and futile. He cut in again and again on Dinah's dances and lost her in continuous raids from the stag line. It aroused in him competitive furies and increased his thwarted sense of disadvantage. He reached her again, dancing with a lively young man inclined to whirl, and Dinah had in her hand a torn fragment of silver wrenched from her dress.

"Dinah," Claire cried, "you have to take him off my hands. I'm on a committee"

He thought, tapping her partner on the shoulder, "Darn' fool. He must have torn her dress when he grabbed her."

Rashly, as he closed her up in his arm, he offered sound advice about the stag line.

He was genuinely sorry about her dress and he must be feeling, Dinah decided, as she had felt at the motor show—concerned for his welfare. She gave him back his identical "Thank you!" polite and aloof, and it said in substance what Jimmy's tone had said at the show—that all of this, the dress and the hazards of the stag line, were Dinah's own business.

This time even his ears grew red. The young man who tapped him on the shoulder wondered with a grin what Jimmy had been up to and why Dinah had stepped on him.

After that Jimmy aimed his pursuits at a red-haired girl who seemed to like him, and in the morning when Dinah passed him in the showroom and nodded and smiled, his response was stiff and formal.

In February Jimmy was still twelfth on the manager's blackboard and Spats Morrison had become so argumentative a topic in the salesmen's room that Dinah dreaded his sales.

"Spats is gettin' the breaks," Joe told her one morning. "I've sold more cars than he has, only the weather's punk and my dumb-bells aren't takin' delivery. Why don't you bounce him when he comes in here, hangin' around?"

"I type and double-check his orders," Dinah said. "Yours too." She added significantly, "I haven't learned yet how to throw salesmen out of this office when I'm busy."

JOE bowed from the waist. "Suppose I talk less." He sat down by the door and opened a paper. 'One word more," he said in an undertone. "Stover's golden-haired boy is approaching out of the showroom in his indispensable spats. I suspect he's sold another car. When he hums like that and walks hoppy you could sell him for what he thinks he's worth and make a fortune."

"A clean deal!" Morrison crowed in the doorway. "No trade-in. Type it, will you, Dinah? Ask your Uncle Roy how to sell 'em, Joe."

"Yeah?" Joe said dispassionately. Dinah, Joe noted over the rim of his paper, typed part of the order with Morrison bending over her. Well, if he leaned any closer, Dinah could handle that.

Dinah did. She said distinctly, "Please keep out of my way!"

Morrison murmured maliciously, "Oh, forget Joe!" And momentarily blinded by an indestructible belief in high-pressure impulses, he kissed Dinah lightly on the back of her neck.

It seemed to Joe Kennedy that the whole office exploded. The impact of Dinah's small hand left a scarlet streak on Morrison's cheek, and simultaneously a long, lean, active body with an order in its hand took off in a flying bound from the showroom doorway immediately back of Joe. Joe's eyes identified Jimmy Ingalls and popped despairingly. In Joe's opinion nothing of Jimmy had touched the floor as he sailed through space, and immediately afterward Morrison shot across the room with Jimmy's hand in his collar, lost his balance and went down with a thud. He leaped up, red with anger.

A knot of salesmen sprang up in one of the doorways.

(Continued on page 37)

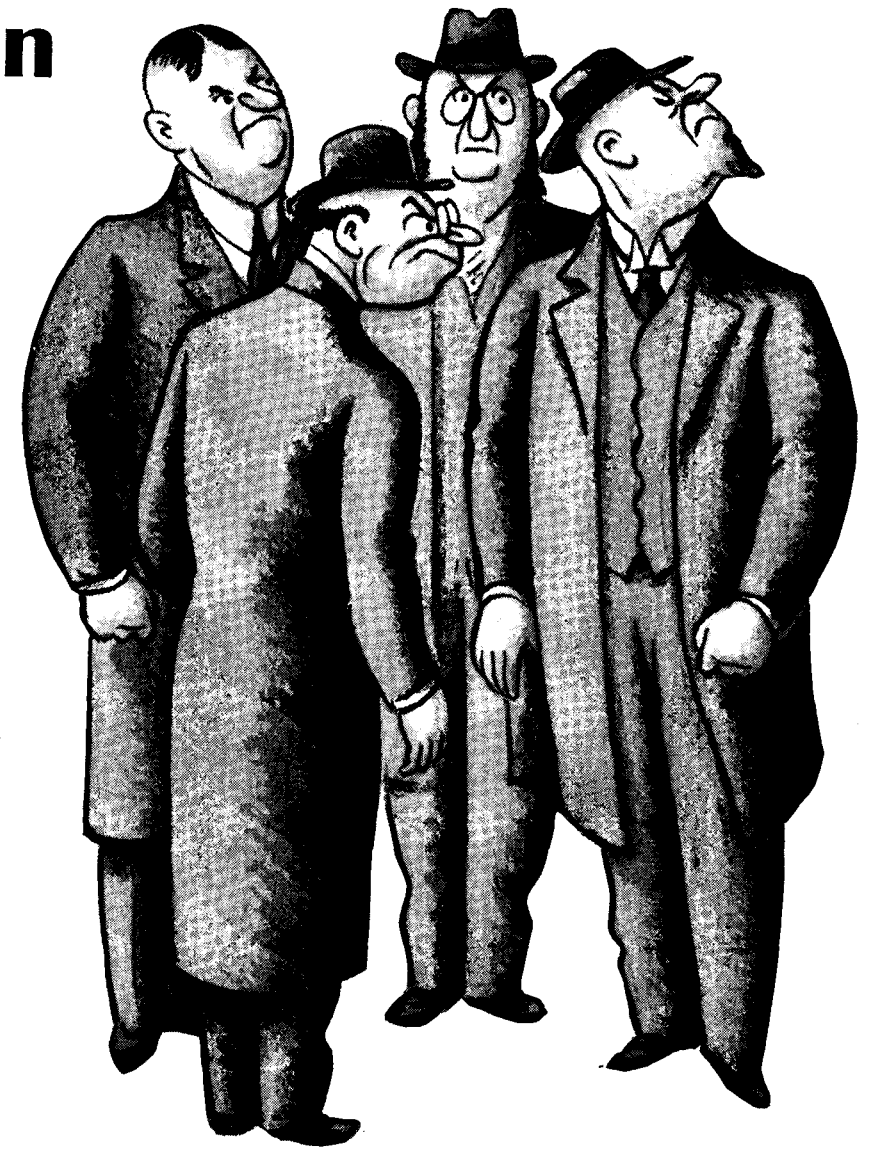
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Red Enough to Win

By Walter Davenport

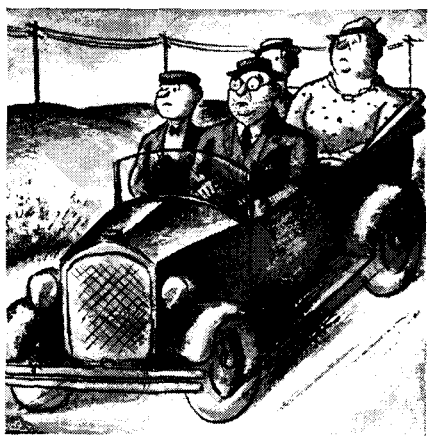
ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG

The farmer this year is going to vote, as usual, against something. For all the government doles, moratoria, corn-hog subsidies and federal loans, the drought and other things still annoy him. The platform that hits most heads will get his support. That's where the Farmer-Labor platform in Minnesota shines. It promises to do something about everything but the weather. Walter Davenport in his annual swing of the country reports the ruddy spectacle



One may clearly see the open alliance of the conservatives of both of the major parties

Farm-Labor politics holds no hope for white-collar vagrants



The boys are always a trifle suspicious of the city dwellers

WHEN the final burning word was written into the platform of the Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota a few weeks ago, a gentleman named Lundholm broke the brooding silence that had been his during the palavers. As far as I am able to learn Mr. Lundholm was just about the only person present who had not obtained the floor and delivered himself of a comprehensive review of what was going on in the world—and what was not—with particular emphasis on Minnesota. And in Minnesota a great deal had not been going on, most of it being financial.

Mr. Lundholm had been content to listen, being ever anything but a wordy soul, betraying little emotion except occasionally to look without favor upon a brace of young ladies who had the cigarette habit rather badly. The platform, as you may have heard, was ruddily radical, if a bit inconsistent, after the fashion of political professions of faith. Not one temporizing syllable had entered it and it was read by a chilled, conservative element outside the convention in an over-my-dead-body manner. It demanded "a complete reorganization of our social structure into a coöperative commonwealth" and notified all and sundry that "capitalism had failed and immediate steps must be taken by the people to abolish it."

Going on in that extremely readable vein, it demanded exemption from taxation "of homesteads in the city and on the farms to the value of $4,000." It asked for "public ownership of all mines, water power, transportation, communication, banks, packing plants, factories and all public utilities." All of this was to be accomplished in "a peaceful and lawful manner"—a project which caused several of the delegates to express a fear that some slight difficulties might be encountered in the courts.

Recognizing this possibility, there was a movement (which died aborning) to write in something of an altering nature about our court system. But nobody came forward with anything approximating adequacy. Therefore the courts were ignored, leaving the platform writers to proceed to the settlement of unemployment, which they proposed to do by operating idle industrial plants and distributing the produce thereof among the needy. And right there they hastened to add that public ownership should not extend to "bona fide coöperatively-owned-and-operated enterprises," of which there are nearly 6,000 in Minnesota, most of them the creations and property of the Farmer-Laborites. You see, therefore, that complete hysteria did not dominate the convention.

We shan't irritate you with too much detail but we may as well dispose of this platform review while we're on the subject. For example, all insurance and insurance companies were to be taken over by the state. This plank was responsible for quite a flurry, accompanied by several outspoken doubts.

They Didn't Miss Much

Some of Mr. Milo Reno's Farmers' Holiday Association men were pretty frankly worried about what Mr. Reno, a successful insurance man in private life, might say to that. They admitted that something uncompromising ought to be said about the foreclosure of farm mortgages by insurance companies, but they weren't at all sure it would be completely wise to turn all insurance business over to a government agency which (who could tell?) might some day become more politically minded than absolutely necessary to the best interests of insurance. But it went as written, the majority feeling being that it probably wouldn't happen for a while anyway.

Then the platform came out vigorously for soaking the rich wherever found by means of "graduated taxes effectively administered on large incomes, gifts and inheritances," which would result in the "restoration of unearned wealth to the community and state." After that the writers had it ridiculously easy. They declared for "the immediate payment of the soldiers' bonus by Treasury notes and the repeal of the economy act." And so on down through a laudable maternity insurance and old-age pensions to a final demand that the government "investigate the munitions industries and take over such plants and operate them. . . ."

It was at this point, I am informed, that Mr. Lundholm emerged from his monkish contemplations.

"There's one thing we overlooked," said he with dignity. "I wasn't going to say anything, thinking maybe this being a sort of farm gathering it would crop out sooner or later. What," asked he, "about the weather?"

His words, suggesting mockery, were not well received. Several delegates, irked perhaps by Mr. Lundholm's possible lack of inward gravity, bore down upon him demanding details. Did he not know that very little, if anything, could be done in a political platform about weather? But Mr. Lundholm, who, one gathers, is the sort of man who has yet to be convinced that political platforms are more than bait-boxes for the uncaught fish, was not routed, holding his ground nicely.

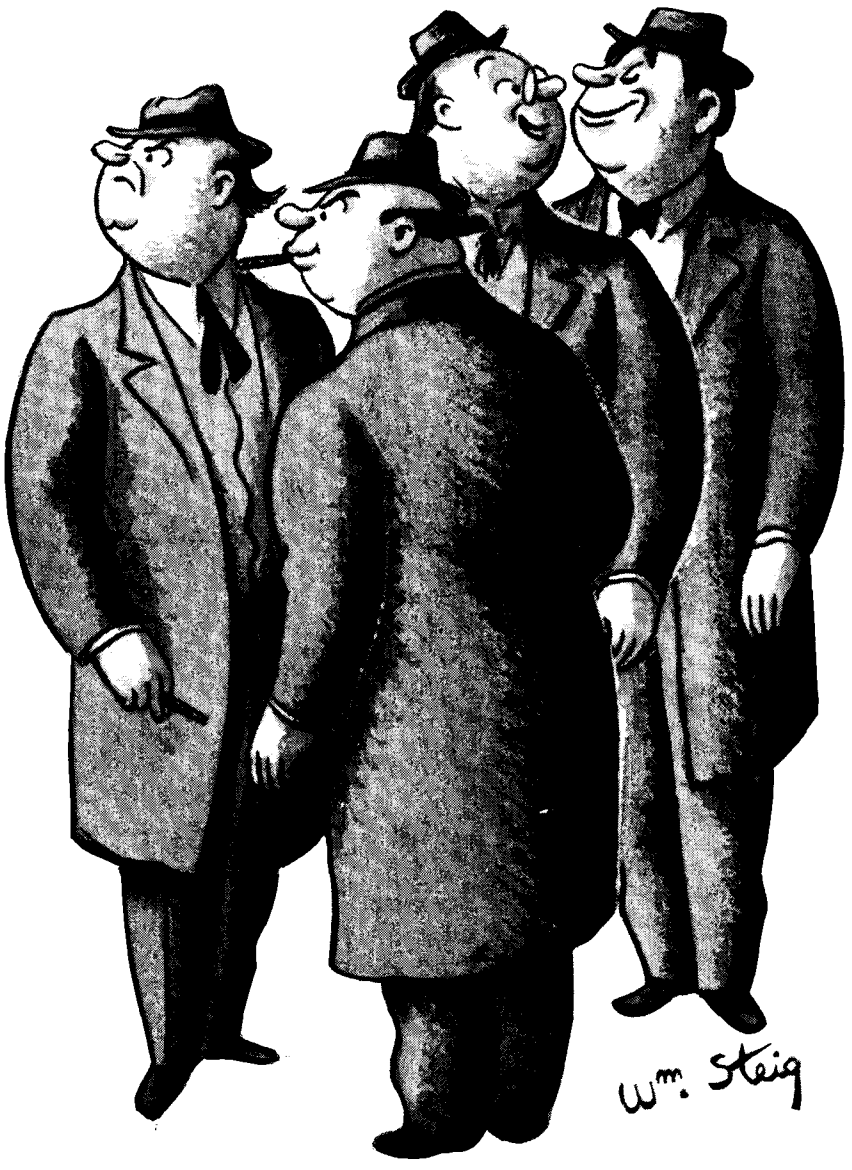
"I just thought I'd mention it," he replied mildly. "I wouldn't be surprised if several things we call for in our platform are going to be sort of hard to manage, and I didn't think a matter like droughts ought to be overlooked. 'Specially," said Mr. Lundholm, "when we're looking for votes. It's right dry upstate."

But They'll Get the Votes

But in spite of his non-aggressive skepticism, Mr. Lundholm will doubtless vote in November the complete Farmer-Labor ticket. And along with him will vote a considerable majority of Minnesota's electorate, with the result that one of this country's ablest politicians—the Honorable Floyd Bjornsterne Olson, six feet two inches and 180 pounds of blond collaboration of Norway and Sweden—will be reëlected governor of the state, much to the satisfaction of the Roosevelt administration. Similarly and without much more opposition, the Honorable Henrik Shipstead, the taciturn dentist who has been the Farmer-Labor party's sole representative in the United States Senate for some years, will be returned to Washington. That done, Minnesota will return to the exhausting business of wondering what's going to happen next.

The Republicans admit it. The Roosevelt branch of the Democratic party admits it—somewhat rejoicingly. Only the professionals in the still surviving Al Smith contingent of the Democratic party refuse to say so openly. And one is privileged, of course, to doubt the sincerity of their professed optimism. The Republicans (and this goes for virtually all Republicans west of Chicago) admit almost cheerfully that whatever microscopic chances they have had of returning even into the neighborhood

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



At the same time, there is a noisy uniting of the liberal elements under the banner of the New Deal

of their past successes were swiftly obliterated by the choice of Mr. Henry P. Fletcher as National Chairman and the retention of party control by such veteran plutocrats as Messrs. Mills, Reed and Hoover The Minnesota Democrats have nominated a gentleman named Regan to give battle to Governor Olson. Mr. Regan will be thoroughly defeated, large numbers of Democrats voting for Messrs. Olson and Shipstead, following the lead of the Roosevelt banner carrier, Mr. Joe Wolf. Mr. Wolf is Mr. Jim Farley's local patronage dispenser and he has been assured that the New Deal regards the current governor and senator as trustworthy knights. The Regan faction is still voting Al Smith, and even Mr. Smith will admit this to be a bit futile.

The Decline of the Old Parties

As for the fate of that platform, it is extremely likely that it will follow the path of other political avowals of principle and declarations of purpose. Even in Minnesota the people have come to look upon platforms as something a convention has to have—like delegates and beer. For one thing, Governor Olson will hardly have that command of the state legislature necessary to effect such reforms even if he considered them feasible, which he doesn't. Furthermore, it is more than mere guesswork that the wholesale translation of that platform into law would not have the complete sanction of the membership of the Farmer-Labor party. That platform was written from the pocket and stomach, not the head. The Minnesota farmer is broke but not truly radical.

"We haven't any more use for the conservatives than we have for droughts," said one of them to me. "And I'm not so sure there's much difference. But we ain't red radicals. The politicians talk awfully red but they got to talk red this year if they want jobs —and who doesn't? We're voting for Olson just as we would vote again for Roosevelt—not because we think either is going to work miracles, but because we know they're doing the best they can by us and because there ain't anybody else to vote for."

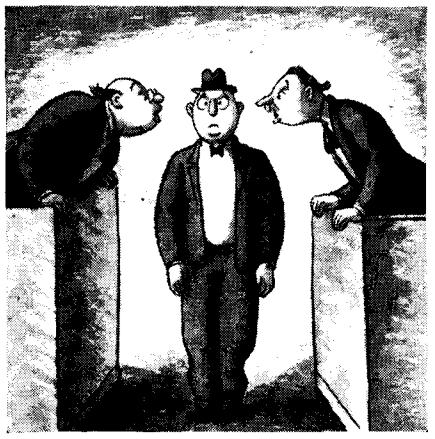
For our immediate purpose, however, it isn't very important what becomes of the Republican party in the West and Midwest. And we may as well rejoice that it isn't, because it would be a scandalous waste of time. Western Republicans—the leaders, that is—are not gloomy. They have long since passed that point. They are quite resigned. Here and there, there is some talk of doing what hopeless minorities so frequently do—cast their lot with the least offensive (the most conservative) candidate of the other party, hoping thereby to avert the calamity they see in an undiminished strength of Mr. Roosevelt's administration. But seldom, very seldom, are the erstwhile financial angels of the Republican party going so far as to contribute money to such a cause. And where they are contributing, it is merely small change.

Furthermore, the Democratic party, as such, isn't heaven-bound either, the only thing keeping it from following the other so-called major party into the ditch being the President of the United States. For the most part, the Democratic party west of the Mississippi River and bordering thereon is a very dispiriting sight. Any observer wandering through the West who is able to find where the Democratic party ends and the Republican starts has to have something more than conventional equipment. Not until one gets west of the Mississippi does it become quite clear that out of this political snarl is coming a completely new party line-up. There may be no change in names but there will be a radical change in faces and purpose.

Auctioning Off the Treasury

In the West, to an extent probably never before approached, you may see clearly the open alliance of the conservatives of both parties and hear the noisy uniting of the liberals under the standard of the New Deal. You don't get it from the newspapers because they, too, have joined the rush to one side or the other. The majority of them are either frankly conservative or merely mildly liberal. Generally speaking, the older and richer papers are the conservatives, the ones with the largest financial stakes to protect. And in this the papers are wholly typical of the people.

St. Paul was the Mecca of America's underworld



Fidelity to Roosevelt is the theme song of every party

It may be the national policy of the Republican party to deplore Roosevelt-ian centralization of power, higher taxes and industrial and agricultural regimentation (whatever that is), but local office aspirants on the Republican tickets are avoiding all that as one steers clear of a bear trap. There is but one outspoken issue—Relief. Both sides are promising the voters the whole United States Treasury doled out in larger and more frequent gobs. A few apprehensive ones are frank to admit that they don't know just what will happen when, presently, the United States Treasury falls a bit shy of ready cash. But by and large the conventional campaign speech sounds like an auction. And not even the magic name of Franklin Roosevelt is the sole property of any one party. Republicans as well as Democrats are assuring an ear-weary populace of their fidelity to the principles of Franklin Roosevelt. Here and there, as for example Senator Patterson of Missouri, Republican congressional candidates are finding it most embarrassing to talk in popular terms about the New Deal, having already demonstrated their opposition. But very few people in Missouri regard it as important what Senator Patterson says, the consensus being that he isn't going back to Washington on the people's money. And he probably isn't.

Only a few in the West are paying much attention to the anti-Administration speeches of Senator Borah. And they are almost exclusively Republicans plus a certain number of such ultra-conservative Democrats as the venerable and in many ways remarkable Billy Adams, former governor of Colorado. Mr. Adams, forty years a member of the legislature and thrice governor of a normally Republican state, was dragged out of retirement by Colorado's conservatives because they (Democrats and Republicans alike) were convinced that he was the only man in the state with a possibility of defeating Miss Josephine Roche, the extremely liberal head of a six-million-dollar mining corporation and the Colorado favorite of the White House for the Democratic nomination for governor. Miss Roche happens to be one of the few strong political leaders the West possesses. After a few weeks Mr. Adams withdrew, apparently in despair.

But Mr. Borah does not give complete comfort even to those who are reading his speeches with hopeless hope. They concede that Mr. Borah is a courageous independent. But he offers them nothing but criticism—and they can't pay their taxes or finance their business with criticism. Besides, they have yet to learn from Mr. Borah what to do about it all. His strongest appeal is to the man with money—money that he hopes to conserve. He has failed to alarm the masses who cheer the Administration because it offers them cash.

A Third Party Not Likely

It would be just as well not to put too much faith in whatever talk one hears of the rising or birth of a third party. New party alignment, yes, but there is no present indication of a third party except in two or three states where such a creation is a mere local political expedient of farm leaders or, as in Wisconsin, a vehicle for the ambitions of former Governor LaFollette.

At the moment the only outward and visible signs of such a development are the vigorous agrarian movements in Wisconsin, North Dakota and Minnesota, with milder manifestations in Oregon, Iowa, Michigan and South Dakota. By far the best organized and most likely to succeed are the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota and the Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota. But there isn't a hint of cohesion or unity between any two of these movements.

In Wisconsin the third-party movement is, as in the other states, purely local. It is largely the creation of former Governor Phil LaFollette, who yearns to be governor again—and will probably fail. This year at any rate. Here the idea is not regarded with bubbling enthusiasm by Senator Bob LaFollette, who fears that it will merely add another complication to his already rocky road to reëlection. Phil LaFollette spurned the invitation of the Farmer-Labor party to take their designation for his faction, preferring to cling to his father's party title—Progressive. Furthermore, there is very little kinship between the Wisconsin platform and the Minnesota, the former being nothing to prickle one's scalp.

(Continued on page 31)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gay Deceiver

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Henri Duvernois

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

FOR several years Monsieur Francis Ennemond had ceased to live a life of his own. Once he had been a famous man-about-town, now his only interest lay in observing his young friend Antoinette, widow of Monsieur Jorèbe.

At her husband's death Madame Jorèbe, always a model wife, had sighed profoundly — with relief. Strikingly beautiful, fashionable and young, she was content with the sentimental friendship of her elderly admirer. His waning splendor seemed finer to her than the awkwardness and vanity of any young man. Monsieur Ennemond was master of an art in which she had not yet made a beginning. Would she ever? He preferred to think not.

When she showed interest in a dancing partner he would discourage her by sly insinuations. "Too bad," he would say, "that he has flat feet—or that he is dull—or that his grammar is bad—or that he has such a clammy handshake." Antoinette always ended by agreeing with him. It was charming, too charming to last. The catastrophe came in the person of Lucien Camourlot, son of Monsieur Raymond Camourlot (hay, grain and feed).

Madame Jorèbe was spending the summer in a large villa at the seashore. Monsieur Ennemond had rented a room in a near-by hotel. They used to meet each day to go for a ride. It was during one of these excursions that Lucien Camourlot galloped up, bareheaded and wearing cowboy pants and a white silk shirt open at the neck. He was riding a thoroughbred that had been made nervous by the flies. After greeting Antoinette, whom he had met during the preceding winter at various dances, he proposed a short gallop to quiet his horse, whose curvetings seemed to worry him.

Madame Jorèbe's horse followed the newcomer, while the old man's wise hack snorted without moving from his tracks, tired by simply watching the others run so fast. Monsieur Ennemond did not urge him on. Instead he turned around, retraced his path and waited for Antoinette.

SHE came back intoxicated with fresh air, her hair in disorder, a smile on her face.

"What a madman!" she cried. "But he seems to be a nice boy. Don't you think so, Francis?"

"He a madman?" Monsieur Ennemond laughed. "A timid madman. He was scared to death on that famous thoroughbred of his. Besides, he has false teeth."

"What an idea! His teeth are superb. What's more, you didn't get anywhere near him. No, Francis, the trick won't work this time."

"He looks like a fellow who would have false teeth," Monsieur Ennemond insisted. "And he's a fool."

Madame Jorèbe was offended. She played dreamily at dominoes, went so far as to say that the clicking of the pieces made her sleepy, and retired early to bed.

Lucien was prowling round the neighborhood. The old gentleman took him by the arm, simulating the liveliest sort of friendship.

"A walk on the beach?" he suggested. "You're having a pretty good time down here, eh? A fellow like you must turn all the ladies' heads."

The young man didn't have a chance. A simple soul dwelt in his athletic frame. At the end of ten minutes he had opened his heart completely:

"He a madman?" Monsieur Ennemond laughed. "He was scared to death!"

"I am terribly in love with Madame Jorèbe," he told his companion, "and since you tell me that your relation to her is simply that of an uncle or indulgent godfather, I don't see why I should conceal from you the fact that I think she loves me. Give me your advice. What shall I do now?"

"HE'S a fool," thought Monsieur Ennemond. "It remains for me to prove it. And prove it I shall." Immediately, in a flash of genius, he hit upon a plan.

"Call on her at her house tomorrow at five o'clock," he began. "She will be enchanted to see you. . . ."

"What clothes shall I wear?"

"Formal clothes, with gloves."

"Will we be alone?"

For a long moment Monsieur Ennemond stared into his companion's face as though to assure himself that he was worthy of sharing a secret. Then he said: "Alone . . . with the lion."

"What lion?"

"A flesh and blood lion, a magnificent adult lion that answers to the name of Flip. A cousin of Antoinette sent him to her from Abyssinia. She would be furious if she knew I had warned you. She amuses herself, child that she is, in surprising her guests. . . ."

"The lion's in a cage, of course?"

"Not at all. He has the run of the place."

"Is he . . . cross?"

"Up till now he hasn't caused any accidents."

"Good! Just the same, you never can tell . . . I'll take a cane with me anyway. I can never thank you enough. . . ."

"So," thought Monsieur Ennemond. "He'll be nervous and appear even more of a fool than he is by nature."

Next day young Camourlot bought a stout cane with an iron ferrule and as he rang at Madame Jorèbe's gate he was stirred by contradictory emotions. A servant called from a distance: "The gate is unlocked, Monsieur, you may come in."

But Lucien pretended to be deaf. He didn't want to run the risk of meeting the lion face to face at a turn of the garden path. He waited for the servant, who led him into the living-room. Lucien hastily shut all the doors. Then he stood listening. Not the slightest sound of growling; but he thought he could hear heavy breathing in a neighboring room.

"I'll make a brave show," he promised himself. "Antoinette wants to test my courage. All right. When the lion appears, I shall smile, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, and I shall start to talk about something else at once, so that they'll take him away quickly. . . . Besides, his mistress will be there. . . . They say that at the Abyssinian court lions are allowed to walk about everywhere. . . . I have even heard that this animal is never the first to attack. . . . And this particular one must be well fed. . . ."

"How pale he is!" thought Madame Jorèbe, catching sight of the young man. "Poor boy!"

"LET me take your cane," she said. "Eh? Oh, no . . . I'll keep it . . . I have the habit of holding my cane in my hands. . . ."

"And why are you standing there behind the piano?"

"The smell of rosewood reminds me of the forests of Guiana. I have traveled a great deal. I know all the big cats by heart. . . ."

"At the first alarm," he calculated, "I'll climb on the piano. From there I can make a jump for the chandelier. I don't see any sense in dying stupidly just to please an eccentric woman who seems a good deal less beautiful than she did yesterday."

The conversation languished. . . .

"You don't know Flip!" cried Madame Jorèbe. "I must present him to you."

"The moment has come!" thought young Camourlot. And the heroism with which he had armed himself melted.

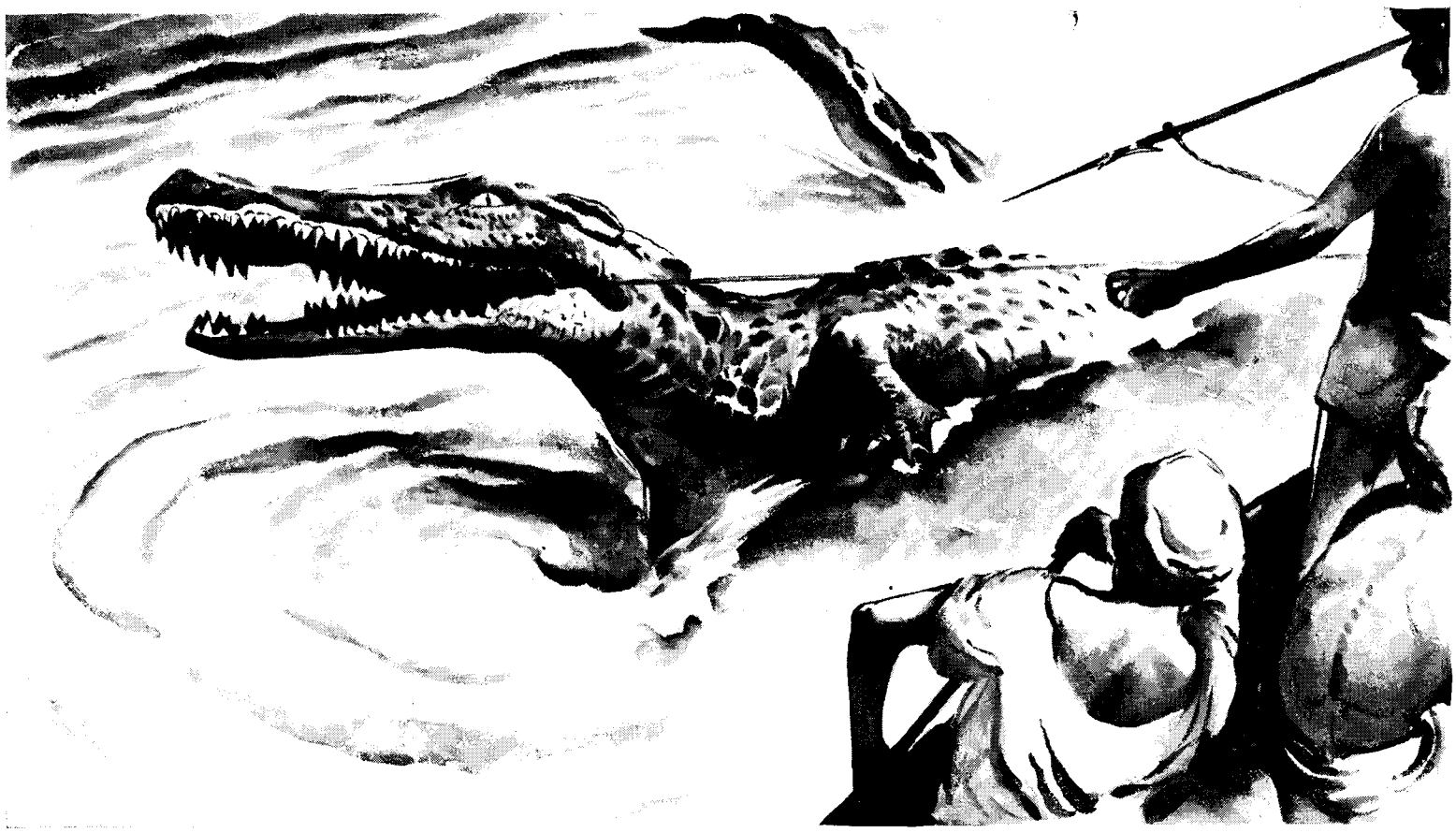
"No!" he shouted. "No! I'm not that much in love. I have a right to my own tastes. . . . Besides it's late; my parents are waiting for me. . . . I'll just be going along. . . . Kindly accompany me to the gate. . . ."

Some minutes later Monsieur Ennemond arrived in a flurry.

"You're here at last!" said Antoinette. "Monsieur Camourlot has just been to call. You were right about him. I never want to see him again! You wouldn't believe it, my dear, but that idiot is afraid of dogs!"

"I've scored again," thought Monsieur Ennemond. And he wondered, a little sadly, how much longer his supremacy could last.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Naga was half out of the water, his yellow side showing, when Ali stabbed with the spear

Tears for a Crocodile

The Dyaks around Sandakan Bay say he wasn't a crocodile at all—he was a naga, a dragon. He breathed out fire and smoke from his nostrils and he would eat nothing but human flesh. Maybe that was partly exaggeration, but the fact remains that he was the biggest crocodile alive. Frank Buck saw and touched him and he ought to know

By Frank Buck

ILLUSTRATED BY R. H. COLLINS

THERE is an old fiction in the Far East that crocodiles weep over the victims they devour. This is pretty generally believed by a great number of the natives of Malaya. The idea is that the crocodile feels so sorry for the man or animal he must eat that he weeps copiously before making his attack, and again afterward at the memory of a delicious meal. I have had natives swear to me that they have actually seen crocodiles weeping bitterly on the banks of jungle streams. Whether it was before or after the meal they couldn't say—they wisely hadn't gone close enough to inquire.

It is from this old belief that we get our expression of "crocodile tears," which we use to describe false or affected weeping and hypocritical sorrow. At any rate, you gather that it is no news when a crocodile weeps over a man; it has been done for hundreds of years, and is an accepted fact, at least in the East. The news element in this story is of a man weeping over a crocodile—and the thing that makes it news is that *I* was the man!

Now I have no love for crocodiles. In fact, I detest these aquatic reptiles more than any creature that swims, crawls, runs or flies in the jungle country. They are sly as serpents and fierce as tigers and, although there are no statistics, I think it safe to say that many more natives are killed each year by crocodiles than by all the species of jungle cats put together.

At any rate, the Dyaks of Borneo, the tribesmen who live along the sea coasts and the inland rivers, look upon the crocodile as their deadliest enemy. If they catch one alive they are cruel beyond measure. They can't exactly be blamed—it may be the crocodile that last week devoured the headman's sister.

The crocodile apparently is very partial to human flesh. The alligator, our American kind, is largely a fish-eater. The alligator has a shorter and broader snout than the crocodile, and the teeth of the lower jaw shut into pits instead of into marginal notches.

Very seldom will the alligator touch meat, and then only in the direst necessity. But the crocodile is a meat-eater. He will eat fish, but he prefers meat—any kind of meat from man to monkey, and from cats to fowl. And he gets them all.

A Raid on the Laundry

The women of the Borneo Dyaks still do their washing in the most primitive way. They go down to the bank of the nearest river, wade into the water to their knees, and beat the clothes on smooth, water-polished rocks. I used to think American laundries were pretty bad until I had a few shirts washed to ribbons by the Dyaks!

These old-fashioned laundry methods give the crocodile his big opportunity. He will drift slowly down with the river current, almost submerged in the dark water, his back looking exactly like a bit of dead log floating in the sunlight. But all the time he will be edging slowly toward the laundry. Not head-on—that would give him away—but sideways, slowly, gently, with the least motion of his big tail, just as a log might drift.

When he is within striking distance

Incredibly it moved until I could see the reptile's head and eyes

he wastes no time. He hits like a sudden, splashing bolt of lightning. His great tail rises slightly from the water and swings like a side-swiping battering-ram. There is no resisting it. That crocodile may be anywhere from twelve to twenty feet long, and his tail is as hard as iron. It strikes a terrible, stunning blow, often crushing bones and knocking its victim unconscious.

Then, while the rest of the laundry splashes to the bank with screams of terror, the crocodile seizes his victim in long, cruel jaws—jaws that make a shark's seem small by comparison. For a good-sized crocodile will have four- or five-foot rows of teeth.

He makes for deep water then, as fast as he can go. Once there he plunges under and hugs the bottom, holding firmly to his victim until the unfortunate laundress—or whoever it may be—is drowned.

After that he comes to the surface with his victim, pivots on his tail, and circles rapidly until he literally twists off his meal!

The Dyak's Deadliest Enemy

What he does not desire at the time, he buries. Finding a soft spot on the bank, he carries the remainder of his meal there and covers it with mud and leaves. Many a native who has disappeared has been found by his friends or family half buried by a crocodile on some swampy river bank.

I have been going to Sandakan, on the northern coast of Borneo, for many years. It is one of the stops of the little steamers that ply the Sulu Sea and the South China Sea from Zamboanga in the Philippines to Singapore. I have brought many rare animals and birds back to America from Borneo, and on each of my trips to the East I usually get there at least once.

The very first time I landed at Sandakan I heard about Naga Besar, the

(Continued on page 40)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Woman in Love

By Kathleen Norris

COPYRIGHT, 1934, BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

The Story Thus Far:

DUE to the rascality of Maynard Mallory, a Hollywood actor, Tamara Todhunter, a lovely young San Francisco girl, is forced to solve a terrifying problem—the most terrifying which can confront any woman. With the aid of wise Mother Laurence, whom she had known in her convent days, she solves it. The nun has an old friend, Mary Hutton, a widow, with an old home in the country. There, in that rambling old home, Tamara becomes the mother of a little girl—"Mary Laurence," who is known to the neighbors as Mrs. Hutton's niece.

Eight years pass. Tamara, now a popular stock company actress, meets George Davis, a brilliant but dissipated lawyer. Deeply interested in him, realizing that drink is slowly ruining him, that he loves her, and that she can save him if anyone can, she makes an amazing discovery. Mary Hutton has often spoken of her son, who, driven from home by his stepfather, had disappeared. George Davis, who speaks frequently of his mother, of whose whereabouts he knows nothing, is that son!

A happy reunion between mother and son ensues. Meanwhile, from Tamara's own lips Davis has heard Tamara's story (he does not ask for the name of the man involved; he says he prefers not to know it) and he has asked her to marry him. Confident at last that his drinking days are over—he has joined the staff of a great law firm, become one of San Francisco's cleverest attorneys, secured the nomination for the office of District Attorney—Tamara now promises to become his wife.

Within a few days—after Tamara has had the joy of seeing the man she loves fight and win a singularly difficult murder case—they are married. Returning from an ecstatically happy honeymoon, far from any newspapers, they learn of another murder case. It appears that a well-known motion-picture actor has been indicted on a charge of having killed his wife. With Mary Hutton, who knows all the details, Tamara and George discuss the tragedy. Oscar Mullins, the district attorney against whom George will soon be running, is, Mrs. Hutton says, fiercely eager to get a conviction.

Alone with George, Tamara, white and shaken, hands him a letter. "Read it," she says calmly. The letter is from Maynard Mallory, *the actor under indictment!* George glances through it. "So," he says, "he wants me to defend him. Why should I? He's nothing to you, is he?" "No," Tamara replies slowly, "he is nothing to me. But he is—Mary's father!"

VIII

AFTER a long time George said: "Well, what of it?"

Tam laughed out nervously in sudden deep relief.

"That's what I was wondering! What of it!"

"He may want me to defend him," George said. "I'll tell him I can't. And that'll be that."

"But then if that made him mad," Tamara said apprehensively, "what could he do?"

"Exactly nothing, Tam. The day has gone by when the—what was it?—the lightest breath of scandal against a woman's name was enough to damn her in decent society."

"Anyway," Tam argued, small and earnest, curled against his shoulder on the arm of his chair, with her blue eyes blazing with excitement and her soft hair tumbled about her forehead, "anyway, he couldn't tell anyone that you wouldn't take the case, because that would mean that everyone might think you thought he had a pretty weak defense!"

"Exactly." George fell to pondering. "I don't think he'll even ask me," he said.

"Just the same, I wish it wasn't Mayne!" Tamara said anxiously. "I haven't seen him for eight years. I never want to see him again."

"He is evidently a choice variety of skunk," George said. "But never mind, Tam—you told me all this, and I'm the only one that matters."

"He thinks you don't know," Tam surmised shrewdly.

"I suppose that's it. I suppose he saw your whole life in his power. Well, he's in pretty deep water now," George added. "I've not seen the first stories, of course, but there seems to be pretty strong public feeling against him already."

"But, George," Tam asked, rubbing her forehead softly against his, her eyes on the fire, "how could any man be such a complete fool as to murder a woman in a hotel bathroom? Mayne isn't a fool. He's pompous and conceited—well, not even that as much as most of them," Tam went on, thinking. "But he's somewhere in the forties—not like a wild kid going frantic."

"Drink?" George asked briefly, thinking.

"Not much. What disturbs me," Tam added, her eyes on the fire, "what disturbs me is that—that I hate to have the whole thing stirred up. I hate to hear the old names. I wish we could get hold of the Roys and go straight back into the high mountains again until the Mallory trial is over! There's no use saying I'm ashamed of the sappy idiot I was eight years ago. I despise Mayne—I resent him—but after all he did only what any man'll do if a girl makes it easy. I was the fool."

"Never having done anything wrong myself—" George said, twisting his face about a little to kiss her chin. "Never having disgraced a mother like mine, or done time in an Arizona jail, I can be shocked at something you did when you were nineteen!"

Tam's head snuggled closer against his.

"GEORGE," she said, "as long as you love me, as long as you'll believe in me, I don't care what happens! I haven't many friends in San Francisco; I don't care about anyone except you and your mother and Mary. It's heaven to be with you here at home, and have you to talk to me, and I'll not worry about anything as long as you don't!"

But much later she added suddenly in a wistful voice, "Just the same I wish it was somebody else than Mayne!"

"Forget it. Nobody knows it except you and me," George said. "And nobody else ever will!"

"It's only on Mary's account," she said suddenly.

"Does he know about Mary?"

"I wrote him, once. For her sake, of course. I wrote him that I must see him, that 'something had happened.'"

"And what'd he say when you saw him?"

"I never did see him. He didn't write or come up, and a few weeks later I read that he had gone to New York. I've never seen him since."

"Ha!" George said. "So you don't know whether he knows or not?"

"No. But the thing that frightens me is that he might have my old letter. Would he have it, George?"

"Probably. He wouldn't have written you as he did if he hadn't some evidence of some sort."

"Well, you see, if he has heard of Mary—"

"I don't see how he could. I don't exactly see him putting in any claim on the child. She's my mother's adopted ward now; it's all legal, and, if necessary, some day we can fabricate a niece of Mother's who died in Australia," George shrugged, finishing his phrase on a note of scorn.

"He might tell her!"

"I don't see how. He doesn't even know of her existence. If he suspects it he must also think that you gave the baby away for adoption. You had six or seven years playing in stock with no talk of a baby, no story of adopting a baby. All we have to do is sit tight until they hang him."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Tamara came to herself with a start. She was in the courtroom and the man whose friendship had cost her so many tears, all those long years ago, was sitting here on trial for his life

"You think they will?"

"Well, it looks that way."

"He may get a life sentence. I wish," Tam said, with a nervous laugh, "I wish you were already district attorney, George!"

"OH, THEN we would be in the soup! Thank the Lord," George said devoutly, "it's up to Mullins."

"This is August, George. Suppose you're elected in November, and Mayne's convicted, and they appeal, and then you *are* district attorney?"

"Now, look here, my beautiful little bird-brain of a wife," George said, "you stop *worrying!* Just face the whole thing with your eyes wide open, and don't let it get you. The one person to protect is Mary, and she's only a youngster and as safe as a church down here with my mother. If Mary ever gets on to anything when she grows up, we'll simply have to lie to her, that's all. If Mallory wants to see me I'll see him. He'll ask, 'How's Tamara?' and I'll say 'Fine.' He'll say, 'I wish that I could see her,' and I'll give him one good look and say, 'She'd rather not see you and I understand her feelings.' If there's any talk of my taking his defense, or assisting his defense, I'll dodge it. I'll tell him there's every chance of my being sent to New York and I can't be sure of being here."

"You make me feel equal to anything!" Tamara said.

But she wondered if he was a little more concerned than he chose to let her suspect when he went away early the next morning, and she knew that matters had taken some sort of unexpected turn when he telephoned her at about four o'clock to come into town and have dinner and stay the night. He had to see "a man," and was not coming home.

Tamara dutifully changed from muddy garden wear to her prettiest town apparel and drove into the city's crowded traffic just as the five o'clock whistles were blowing. When she joined George at the Fairmont Hotel, she looked her loveliest in her dark blue suit and hat with the fresh soft frills of a white blouse at her throat and a sable skin loose about her slender shoulders. George, who looked tired, brightened at the sight of her, and they went at once upstairs to the big rooms with a bay view in which he had already put his bags.

He accused his wife of having had too much to drink, and she cried in anger at his reproach

"LET'S have dinner up here, George, and let's not wait too long! You look as tired as a *sheep,*" said Tamara.

"I am. I'm dead."

"Well, then—" She snatched the top covers from a bed, flattened pillows. "Lie down here at once!" she said. "I'll order dinner."

"Tam, the way I adore you is simply nobody's affair," George murmured.

"I love you too, old man." She had lowered shades, put coats and hats away, telephoned for a dinner card. Now she came to sit beside him, her chair wheeled about to face him, and laid her small hand on his hand. "Want to sleep or want to talk?" she asked.

George sighed deeply.

"I've seen Mallory," he began. Tamara's healthy mountain brown faded a trifle.

"You've seen Mayne?"

"Yep. He's here in the city jail. I talked with him for about an hour. Forty, you said? He looks eighty!"

"Why did you see him?" Tam asked in a light, frightened voice.

"Well, things have been developing rapidly since I said goodby to you this morning," George said. "Here's your dinner card," he interrupted himself. Tam went to the door, murmured, came back to her chair. "We've had a pretty hot day," George resumed, holding her hand. "In the first place old Martell—that's the old man—got into it. It's all sort of tangled up, Tam, and I'll have to begin at the beginning," George went on, rubbing his forehead restlessly. "You see, old Martell has it in for Mullins, the district attorney. The whole firm has, for that matter; they hate him and his gang and his machine. They want to blast them out this November in a way they'll never forget. And our outfit is honest, Tam. I don't say that a lot of the aristocratic old law firms in this city would touch Martell, Hunter and Martell with a ten-foot stick. But we're absolutely square, if we do take sensational cases and handle 'em sensationally. And we're after Mullins.

"WHEN I got into the office this morning old man Martell was there. He's been sick and he doesn't often come in on Mondays and he's never early, so I knew that something was up, but I never suspected the Mallory case until he came right out with it. No 'How'd you like your trip and how's your wife?'—nothing like that. Just 'Davis, we want you to handle the Mallory case. We want you to do it whether he's got a chance or not. It isn't slated until early October and it may run over until election, and we want you in it, right in the public eye!' I said it looked pretty sour to me and I didn't think it would do us any good, and the old man began to rave and say that he had gotten where he was by taking hopeless cases and playing hunches and he would bet even money that Mallory got off."

"George! Then what?"

"Well, Bill Martell took his father on for a hundred right off the bat, and they were sort of kidding about it, and then Hunter came in. Hunter's never been a special fan of mine; he thought old Martell was crazy to take me in. But he came round after the Butler case—that was that taxi case—and he said, 'Well, I guess the old man has a brain wave now and then!'"

"And what'd *that* mean, George?"

"Well, it was the old man who picked me off a political platform and took me into the firm. This was after you'd got hold of me, Tam. I was cruising around doing nothing much and he heard me make a speech—oh, this was more than a year ago. I told you how that happened. He corralled me after the meeting and said, 'Why don't you study law, young man?' and I said, 'Because I don't need to. I was graduated from Columbia ten years ago.'" George laughed, enjoying the memory, and was suddenly sober again. "Well, all that's beside the point," he said. "The point is that Hunter came in this morning and said, 'I hope we haven't let you in for anything, George, but the truth is we think

(Continued on page 32)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cussed Damozel

She was a breath-taking lady with a taste for meddling. Up to a certain point her cousin Kay thought she was pretty wonderful. They speak now—but not too warmly

By Elmer Davis

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

WHAT you thought of Norma Dexter was likely to depend on whether you had been married to her, or at least in love with her. She was easy to look at—tall, willowy, auburn-haired—and clever enough to hold down a good job; and if, when she talked, she had no discretion at all, she certainly wasn't malicious. Her own affairs interested her so much that she seldom talked about other people's.

Her cousin Kay, however, thought she was wonderful. She'd got into the habit back home, when she was in high school; and Norma, already married (though not for long) had a freedom that looked like heaven to a girl of fourteen. And when, years later, Kay came to New York, she didn't have to go through the weary search for a job, the lonesome months before she had any friends, that fall to most young people who come to town fresh from a small college a thousand miles away.

Norma found her a job, and an apartment; and Norma took her right into her own set—artists and writers and men and women about town, whose names Kay had been hearing for years. It made her feel as a child might feel if it were personally introduced to Cinderella and Snow White and Jack the Giant Killer.

So she'd been in town a month before she called up Mark Lattimore. He had graduated from her college five or six years before, and had come back for commencement the year Kay finished. Mark had a good job with a good law firm, and when he heard that Kay was thinking of trying her luck in New York he wanted to do everything for her—help her find a job, introduce her to his friends. But she was just as glad, now, that she hadn't had to depend on him, for she could guess that the job he really had in mind for her was being Mrs. Lattimore. Kay liked him immensely, and when he kissed her, the night before he left, she liked that too. But she wasn't ready, yet, for anything decisive. . . . Still, it made her very happy to see him again. But when she explained why she hadn't seen him sooner—

"Norma Dexter?" he exploded. "Is she your cousin? The one they call the Blessed Damozel?"

"Oh, is that what they call her?" asked Kay suspiciously. "Why?"

"Well, she looks like a Rossetti picture; and after office hours you can usually find her leaning over a bar. . . . Oh, yes, I know that crowd; I've done some legal work for some of them. . . . Not their divorces; our firm doesn't handle that sort of practice. . . . So she's your cousin. Well!"

"What about it?" Kay demanded. "What's the matter with Norma? If you're narrow-minded enough to be down on her just because she's had a—a stormy life—"

"I'm not down on Norma," he assured her, hastily back-tracking before her wrath. "I only know her casually, but I like her well enough. What she does is her business; but the way she does it—I mean, if she only wouldn't insist on telling everybody all about her private affairs—"

"Well, that's Norma; she's always verbalized everything, even if it would have been better left unsaid. You've got to take her or leave her, as she is—and I take her!" said Kay defiantly. "I think she's swell!"

"PROBABLY I would too, if I knew her better," he surrendered. And then, in a different tone, "But why do we waste time talking about Norma when we're together for the first time in months? Kay—"

"Please, Mark! Not now!" He wanted to know why not now; and she didn't know how to tell him, tactfully, that when you'd just arrived in New York and had everything before you, you didn't want to settle down and stay put.

He smiled at her—solid, trustworthy, desperately in earnest.

"I guess you're right about that," he admitted. "And you know that whenever you're ready to say the word you'll find me waiting."

"Darling," she told him, "your technique is terrible! You ought to leave me a—a touch of uncertainty."

But a few days later she met Lester Vane, and after that she had all the uncertainty any woman could want.

She'd been delighted for years by his sketches and cartoons; but when she met him she discovered that his work was only a part of Les, and not the most fascinating. But Norma warned her about Les' fascination.

"He's charming, Kay, but you can't pin him down."

But Kay found she liked to play around with him; and eventually he told her he loved her—but casually, as if it didn't matter. He made love to her as much as she'd let him, but that seemed casual too.

And then, one spring Sunday, she found herself alone in her apartment, waiting for him to call her up—with, at last, an assured confidence. When he kissed her goodby last night he had said, "We'll go on with the argument tomorrow." Not that you could exactly call it an argument, for he hadn't exactly asked her to marry him; still, they were talking it over. Kay had almost lost hope of ever getting him even that far; and in her excited amazement she had said some things she rather regretted now. About how she'd want a husband who'd stay put; or if not just that, at any rate a man she could depend on. Whereat Les had only grinned. She was sorry for it today, as she waited hour after hour for that phone call that didn't come.

Eventually she told herself that she ought to be glad Les didn't call her. Last night he had been so eager—and today he might be out sailing, or off to California, or making love to some other woman. You simply couldn't depend on him, and she'd have been a fool to try. . . . Then at last the telephone rang; she snatched it up, quivering with relief.

"Hello! . . . Oh, hello, Mark. . . . No, I'm not engaged for dinner," she admitted. "Why, that would be lovely. Drop in around seven, will you?"

Good old Mark! When he said he'd be there at seven, you could expect him at seven. And now, if Les called up, she'd tell him—

But she never had the chance to tell him; and even Mark was difficult this evening. Usually he was a shoulder to lean on—solid, undisturbed, and undisturbing. But tonight they somehow got to talking about Norma, and the collapse of her latest love affair.

"She's a bad influence on you, Kay," Mark said. She gasped. "Yes, she is," he insisted. "She's always surrounded by this atmosphere of unhealthy excitement, and you admire her—"

"Yes, I admire her—but I'm rather sorry for her, Mark. All her flounderings—these great romances that flicker out so soon—only mean that she's looking for the right man to settle down with. It's just her bad luck that there don't seem to be many men of the kind you can settle down with any more—at least not in our crowd," she added cheerlessly.

"I DON'T think much of your crowd," said Mark. "Possibly no crowd looks very good to its lawyer, but—I'd like to take you out of it, Kay."

"I know, my dear." She looked at him affectionately; if it weren't for Les— But no matter whom you married, you ought to go into it with a hurrah of enthusiasm—no backward glances at another man. "I like you better than anybody else," she told him.

"But—" He shrugged in resignation.

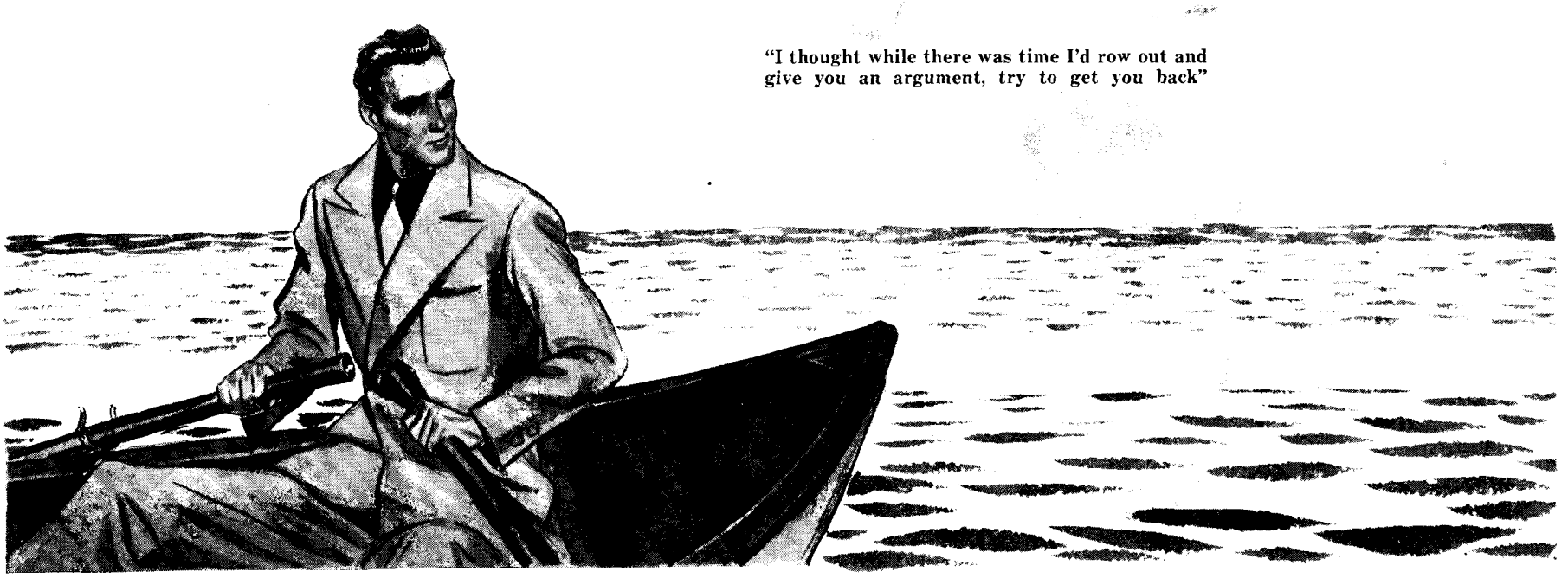
"Take your time," he said. "I want you to be sure. . . . But I've got some friends that I think you might like, if you got to know them. I'm getting some of them together for a cocktail party on Thursday; will you come? I'll ask Norma too, if you like," he offered. "And perhaps, when it's over you'll both stay for dinner with me."

"I'd be delighted—and so would Norma, I'm sure. . . . You have to grant Norma this much—she always gives us something to talk about."

IT WAS Thursday morning—four whole days—before Les called her up; and in those days she had had time to do a good deal of thinking.

"Oh, you?" she said. "I thought maybe you'd gone to California."

"California? No, only Connecticut."



"I thought while there was time I'd row out and give you an argument, try to get you back"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What were you doing in Connecticut?" (As if she cared.)

"Looking at a yacht that a couple of chaps are going to sail to Cherbourg. They want me to go along." (So it hadn't been a woman, at any rate.)

"That sounds like a wonderful trip," she said heartily. "I hope you have a swell time."

"Huh? Oh, thanks. . . . But I'm not sure that I'm going."

"Why not?" she asked, her heart thumping.

"Well—" He hesitated; it was like him not to commit himself over the telephone. Or anywhere else. "What about dinner tonight?" he suggested.

"Don't you think it's a little late to go on with the argument?" She knew that was atrocious technique, but the words had simply tumbled out.

"Argument? What argument?" His perplexity sounded genuine, but she knew him too well to take it for anything but tactics—or caution.

"Never mind," she said frigidly. "You've probably confused me with three or four other women. I'm the blonde on Central Park West. . . . Anyway, I've got a dinner date this evening."

"Then break it." (She'd broken dates for him before.) "What—you won't? Why not? Who's it with? . . . Mark Lattimore?" he snorted. "Who's Mark Lattimore all of a sudden, that you won't break a date with him?"

"HE'S the man I'm going to marry," she heard herself saying.

"What? No! Kay, you can't; he'd bore you to death! Besides, I'm the man you're going to marry." (There—he'd said it at last!)

"Oh, no," she corrected him, amazed at her own calmness. "Maybe you might have been, Sunday; but this late in the week, you're only the man who's going to help sail a yacht to Cherbourg. I hope you have a glorious trip, Les. Send me a picture postcard from quaint old Europe."

"But, listen—" he began. But she had listened to enough.

She hung up the telephone, and wondered what on earth she had done. She wasn't sure she wanted to marry Mark at all.

But in the taxi that took her to Mark's apartment to meet his friends she found her imagination playing with the idea, more and more. She hoped she'd like his friends, and she was glad she was looking her absolute best today; she'd like to send them home thinking that good old Mark would be lucky to get a girl like that. And then, when they heard the news—

His friends were solid people, whom her friends might have called stodgy; but Kay could appreciate solidity just now. Norma was here, also looking her absolute best; and Mark's friends, looking at her, listening to her, were like children at their first circus. Especially there was a big, weatherbeaten man named Jerome Parmenter; presently he took Norma off in a corner, where they talked as if this was the moment for which they had been waiting all their lives. When the party broke up, Norma told Mark that she was sure he'd excuse her for not staying to dinner; she and Jerry had so much they wanted to say to each other— And out they went together, leaving Mark scowling after them.

"WHAT'S the matter?" Kay asked. "Do you object to her starting a romance on your premises?"

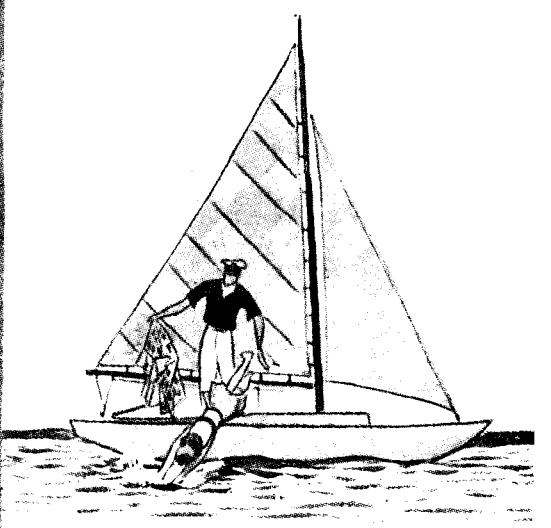
"I don't like to see her starting anything with Jerry Parmenter."

"Why not? Is he married? Norma's rather scrupulous about that."

"No. That's just the trouble. He's been building railroads in Borneo, and he's hardly seen a white woman for two years. I have an idea he's about ready to settle down; and if he falls for Norma—"

"She'd settle down too, Mark, if she found the right man."

(Continued on page 48)



He had just time to realize how well she looked before she dived over the side and streaked away toward the distant Point

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man who Saved the World

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT

The Story Thus Far:

IN ROME, the Princess Elida di Rezco di Vasena attempts, unsuccessfully, to assassinate her aunt's husband, General Berati, one of Italy's great leaders. Martin Fawley, American under-cover man, who has just accepted a perilous secret assignment from Berati, witnesses the attack. He is amazed when the general, saying nothing to the police, contents himself with exiling the princess for one year. A few days later, a pawn in a vast game of European intrigue, he receives his first orders. Instantly he is off, in a car, for the French Alps.

His instructions are to learn what he can of the elaborate underground French fortifications there, and to determine the exact location of a remarkable anti-aircraft gun which the French are known to possess. Arrived at his destination, he is informed by the French military that he cannot remain, that if he is again seen in the vicinity he will be shot. Whereupon, working at night, he explores the entire region and, detected by the guards, narrowly escapes with his life—*and* all the needed information.

A blue envelope (all of Berati's orders are in cipher, and in blue envelopes) awaits him on his return to his base of operations, Monte Carlo. As he prepares to open it, a visitor arrives, introduces himself as Adolf Krust. Aware that Krust is a German of vast wealth (and one of the world's most skillful political intriguers), Fawley welcomes him warmly, then finds himself greeting two more callers: Mina Heldersturm and Greta Müller, Krust's beautiful young nieces. The German, it appears, is in need of a golf partner. Will Fawley kindly play with him? Fawley will. And he does. Then, returning to his suite, he takes a nap.

He is awakened by a slight noise in an adjoining room. Leaping from his bed, he tiptoes toward it, confronts—*Greta Müller!* "What does this mean?" he demands. The girl smiles. "Merely this," she replies calmly. "I was lonely. I took the liberty of calling on you. You were asleep. I have been waiting for you to wake up."

Accepting this explanation (with a large grain of salt) Fawley has a long talk with the girl, dines with her. Among their fellow diners is *the Princess Elida!* . . .

Mina and Greta, Fawley soon learns, are not Krust's nieces; they are "students of politics" who are eager to see Krust become Chancellor and decide how Germany shall be governed. Krust, according to Greta, is in Monte Carlo to keep a close eye on Italy—and Berati. The girl mentions Krust's "rival." "Who," Fawley asks, "*is* his rival?" There is a long pause. Then a whisper: "*Heinrich Behrling.*"

IV

THE communist?" Fawley exclaimed.

She shook her head.

"Behrling is no communist. He is not even a socialist. He is the apostle of the new Fascism."

"Krust, then?"

"If I am telling you secrets," she said, "I shall be very ashamed of myself. I do not think, though, that Adolf Krust would mind. He has tried to make a confidant of you. Krust is for the reestablishment of the monarchy."

"Heavens!" Fawley murmured. "I thought that General von Salzenburg was the head of the aristocratic party."

"So does he," she replied simply. "This is *our* trouble, you see. We are not united. Come to Berlin and you may find out. Why do you not get Berati to give you a freer hand? Then I think that we could convince you."

"But, my dear child," Fawley protested, "I am nothing to General Berati. I am just an agent who was out of work whom he has trusted to make a few observations. I have never even met his chief. I am a subordinate without any particular influence."

She shook her head.

"You may deceive yourself or you may think it well to deceive me," she said. "Adolf Krust would never believe it."

"By the bye," Fawley asked, "where has your reputed uncle hurried off to?"

"You tell me so little and you expect me to tell you everything," she complained. "He has gone to San Remo to telephone to Berati. If Berati permits it he will go on to Rome—that is what he is so anxious to do. To go there and not be received, however, would ruin his cause. The other side would proclaim it as a great triumph. Von Salzenburg, too, would be pleased."

"You seem to have a very fair grasp of events," Fawley remarked as they entered upon the last course of their dinner. "Tell me, do you believe in this impending war?"

Again she showed signs of impatience. She frowned and there was a distinct pout upon her full but beautifully shaped lips.

"Always the same," she exclaimed. "You ask questions, you tell nothing and yet you know. You take advantage of the poor little German girl because she is sentimental and because she likes you. Ask me how much I care and I will tell you. What should I know about wars? Ask a soldier. Ask them at the Quai d'Orsay. Ask them at Whitehall in London. Or ask Berati."

"These people would probably tell me to mind my own business," Fawley declared.

Her eyes twinkled.

"It is a very good answer. . . ."

(Continued on page 44)

"There is nothing to be done in this fashion, Maurice," she insisted. "Major Fawley is our guest"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PLYMOUTH HAD TO BE BETTER..

TO FORGE SO QUICKLY AHEAD

TAKE A MINUTE to study the chart on the right. It shows that a dramatic change has been taking place in the low-price field.

It shows how thousands of car buyers have discarded their old ideas about automobile values . . . how they have stopped buying by habit and are letting *merit alone guide their choice.*

Maybe you know some of these people who have switched to Plymouth. If you do, we suggest that you ask them why.

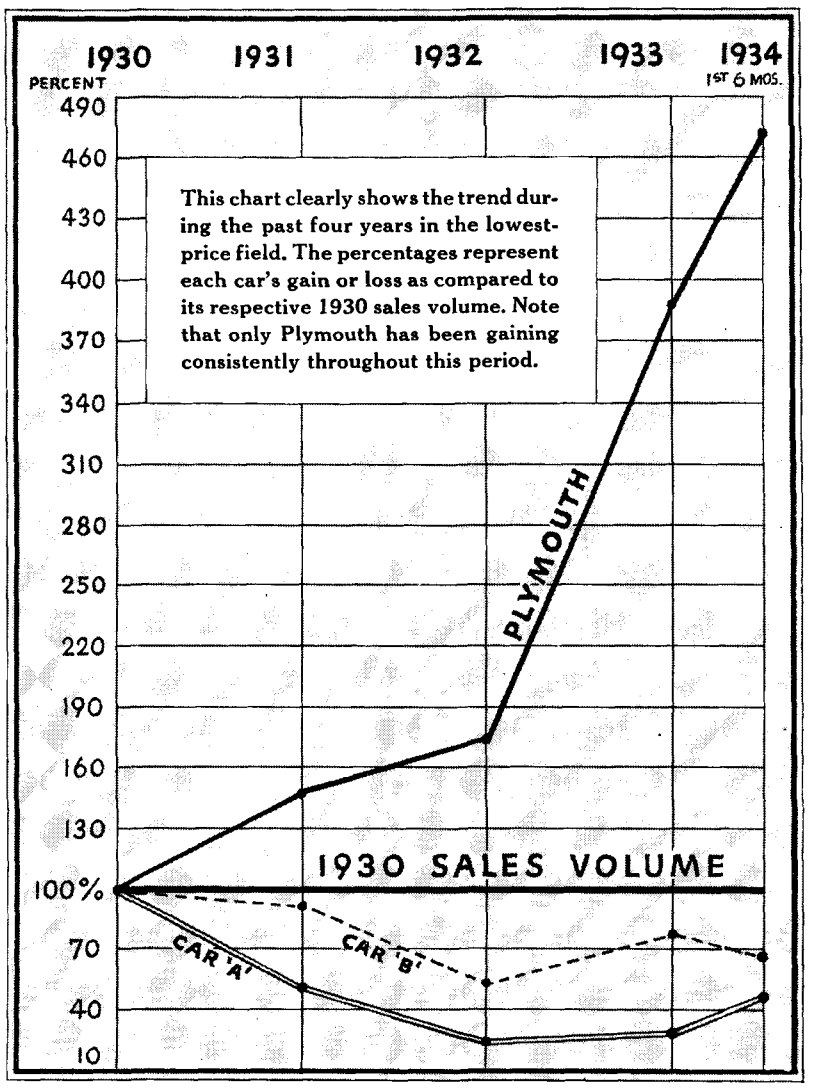
Naturally, Plymouth *had* to be better to make them change their minds . . . to win them over from two big rivals who had previously dominated the low-price field for years.

Plymouth engineers realized this. So they purposely gave Plymouth many *extra* features that low-priced car owners thought were beyond their reach. They gave it Hydraulic Brakes and a Safety-Steel Body . . . and Individual Wheel Springing . . . and Floating Power engine mountings.

It is these four basic features that have made Plymouth a safer car on today's busy highways . . . a more comfortable car on short drives and long trips. Every car owner needs these engineering advantages. Yet, in the low-price field, only Plymouth has them all.

Now is the time to forget prices and habits . . . to compare values alone. For "All Three" low-priced cars cost virtually the same. You *can* buy a new Plymouth for practically no more than the cost of any low-priced car *without* Plymouth's features.

Ask any Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler dealer to demonstrate Plymouth's extra features. You can't be sure that you're picking the right car unless you do.



NOW COMPARE THESE VALUES... Prices as low as $485 for the Standard Plymouth. Plymouth Special Six $560 up. De Luxe models start at $595. All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Your dealer will gladly arrange convenient time payments to fit your budget. Just ask him for the Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Plan.

PLYMOUTH $485 AND UP F. O. B. FACTORY DETROIT

SOLD BY DODGE, DE SOTO AND CHRYSLER DEALERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four different times I vibrated with the infinite

The cards are then cut to see who gets the total

How to be a Winner

By Don Marquis

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTONIO PETRUCCELLI

I BOUGHT one of those little automatic gadgets for scoring contract bridge the other day. You probably know what I mean . . . you turn a cardboard wheel and read through a window how many points you have just lost in penalties, without the trouble of adding it up for yourself.

I was interested to see that the device had no mechanism for scoring Post-Mortems, Alibis, the Criticism of Kibitzers, or Brilliant Second Thoughts.

This omission makes it useless for the game in which I occasionally take a hand. Alibis, Post-Mortems, Criticisms, Recriminations, Rebuttals, take far more time than the actual dealing, bidding and playing of the hands.

SO I am now hard at work perfecting a gadget of my own which will give these important matters their proper place and value in the game—in the game as it is actually played. Some of the new rules on which my scoring system is predicated follow:

1. No table at bridge is complete without a physician in attendance, or a registered trained nurse competent to take the blood pressure of players.

2. When the blood pressure of any declarer, upon receiving a rebuke from partner, registers 200, the 200 is added to the penalty score of the opponents.

3. Vulnerability doubles blood pressure score.

4. The attendant nurse shall have at all times one of those little thermometers that are stuck under the tongue and then squinted at.

5. In case the dealer opens with a bid of One Club, and his partner carries him to Six Clubs, and the dummy, upon being laid down, shows less than one honor trick, the temperature of Declarer while playing hand, if it goes as high as 110 degrees, shall be added to the number of carriages, automobiles or other vehicles at Dummy's funeral. The cards are then cut to see whether the total belongs to the Declarer or The Adversaries, and whether it should be carried as a penalty or a premium.

6. If the total of respiration count, blood pressure count, temperature figures, upon being doubled and redoubled when vulnerable, exceeds 1,400 points, it counts as a Grand Slam for the nurse.

WHAT bridge needs right now is simplification, in my estimation. The game aforesaid, in which I occasionally take a hand, is infested by twelve or fifteen players, each one of whom is an Expert Critic. As they patronize three of four different systems, there is a great deal of acid discussion, after each bid, as to just what the bid meant, and how no one but a complete and congenital moron could have failed to understand instantly what it meant. In addition to my new scoring gadget I am going to recode all their systems, and personal variations of systems, for them, in the interests of simplicity and directness.

The new system resulting will be based on mathematical and psychological principles. This sounds somewhat complicated, perhaps, in itself, but I don't know that it confuses me any more than the words of a young gentleman, a casual partner, who explained to me recently, upon sitting down at the table opposite me:

"When my opening bid is in a red suit, and my second bid is in a black suit, that means I have a strong no-trump hand; and it is my third bid which you want to pay attention to."

What bridge needs right now is simplification

Some of the conventions I have heard expounded lately have gone so far beyond anything you would expect from a mere game that they ought to be catalogued under the head of statesmanship.

My suspicion that bridge is something more than a pastime, that it is really a Cause, a Life Work, has lately been confirmed by a volume entitled: The Official Book of the New Standardized System. It is issued by the Advisory Council of Bridge Headquarters; and one section of it goes in heavily on the psychological element.

To play good bridge, it seems, one must put himself In Tune with the Infinite, and Vibrate in Harmony with the Cosmic All. He must be careful about his diet, too. I quote from pages 260 and 261 of the Official Book of the New Standardized System:

"Avoid hearty eating before play. Stick to a simple diet of whole grain breads, vegetables and fruits. . . . One should eat and drink in moderation. . . .

"When the strain of the game has irritated you, take time to get away to an open window or good air and get quick relief by this simple breathing exercise: Put your forefinger against your right nostril and breathe through the left for eight counts; then press the left nostril and exhale quickly through the right nostril for four counts. Inhale through the right again and continue the process for two minutes. . . ."

It sounded so simple, and was recommended so explicitly by so many eminent bridge heroes, that I tried it the last game I was in.

At the end of an hour my partner and I were down 5,200 points. It didn't seem right. I said to my partner:

"I can't understand it. I have been eating nothing but fruit and nuts for a week."

"Nuts?"

"Yes, nuts. And four different times tonight I put myself into harmony with the cosmic all, and vibrated in tune with the infinite. I also did my breathing exercises."

"I thought I saw you once putting your right forefinger over your right nostril, when the contract was three no-trump," he said. "I thought on a three no-trump bid you had to put your left forefinger over your right nostril."

"No," I said; "my understanding of the conventions is that you do that when you have been jumped from Five Clubs to Seven Spades."

"I WONDER," said my partner, "if the explanation of our downfall could be that we didn't have enough Aces and Kings in our hands when we made some of those bids?"

"Nothing as simple and easy as that could possibly be the explanation," I said. "The answer must be something more occult."

For answer my partner pressed his thumb to both nostrils, and waved the four fingers of his left hand derisively in the air three times. Upon being pressed for an explanation of this undignified gesture he replied it was his answer to the system makers and teachers; and said that after this he was going to get enough Aces and Kings in his hand, and breathe through his mouth if he felt like it.

The British Islands, parts of France and other portions of Europe are habitable in the winter time only because of the direct and indirect influence of the Gulf Stream. If it were not for the Gulf Stream they would be as cold as a lizard's heart. And where do they get the Gulf Stream? They get it from America, that's where they get it from; and they don't pay a cent for it.

The Gulf Stream is an undeveloped national asset. A series of piers and breakwaters could be arranged so as to deflect the Gulf Stream on this side of the Atlantic, and control its course across the ocean . . . send it here, there or t'other place, as we choose. If we got a bit peeved with some European country, we could turn off its Gulf Stream in winter, as a landlord turns off the heat from a tenant who hasn't paid his rent. What a vast asset could be made of the Gulf Stream in international relations, in diplomacy, may be seen at a glance, without elaboration of detail. I hope that the national government takes this matter up before private capital grabs it off and gets piratical about it.

The European idea seems to be to adjourn debt-paying for the duration of the world.

---

i never in my life have penned
a rhyme about the heat
but that the weather changed that night
and froze its tender feet.

archy

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"It must be Canada Dry"

THERE is no finer pick-up after a hard work-out than a thirst-quenching glass of ginger ale. And there's no finer ginger ale for these *extra*-thirsty times than Canada Dry. Rightly it's called The Champagne of Ginger Ales ... dry, sparkling, fragrant as wine from a bottle dusty with age. Deep refreshment follows every sip. Of course, "it must be Canada Dry!" For, with all its extra goodness, it costs no more than ordinary ginger ales. If you like long-life sparkle, try Canada Dry's Sparkling Water, too.

BIG BOTTLES, 20c **12-OZ. SIZE, 2 for 25c** *(plus bottle deposits)*

Slightly higher in some localities due to higher freight rates

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Polo Goes American

By Quentin Reynolds

It was born in Persia and worked its way westward around the world. For years it was a rich man's monopoly, a sport that belonged on Long Island. Now it's turned democratic—cow hands play it. And East and West are at it again for the championship

PHOTOGRAPH BY
IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

In Rube Williams, the Western polo team has "the best dog-goned back in the country"

HE'D ride through a brick wall if he could find a horse as crazy as himself. I've seen him gallop downhill into five strands of naked wire." The cow hands used to sit on the top bar of the fence that formed the corral and watch Rube Williams. They'd watch him break broncs and they'd watch him leap fences without any thought of what was on the other side.

"He's crazy—he'll get his," they'd say, but they'd say it proudly, for after all he was one of them. But Rube would keep on riding as though he had a special license that said he was immune to getting seriously hurt. Of course he'd break a leg or a collar bone now and then but that was all in the day's work. Then when he was better he'd mount a horse and dash all over the landscape that served as a setting for the town of Llano, which is in Texas.

There was a youngster named Cecil Smith down there too working as a cow hand (they call them cow hands, too, not cow boys) on his father's ranch. Rube Williams of course was just about the last word in that section and naturally young Smith imitated him.

Soon they were saying, "That Smith kid is crazy, too. Why don't those two settle down and stop this circus riding?"

Well, you might as well have asked a couple of frisky tornadoes to settle down. Rube did quit his wild riding but only to get a job with a man named George Miller, who was located in Austin. Miller was a horseman. Once he bought, bred and sold cow ponies. Wire fences and small automobiles had cut down the profit from cow ponies, so he turned to polo ponies. Now he bought, bred, trained and sold polo ponies. Rube Williams, who had never seen a polo mallet in his life, got a job training the polo ponies. Rube took to polo like a kitten does to cream.

He persuaded young Smith to come to Austin and work with him. Work? Say, it was fun for those two. The only difficulty he had was, at first, trying those postage-stamp English saddles. Smith thought he'd fall off, after riding the big western saddles all his life. But he didn't fall off and of course after a while he got so accustomed to the English saddle that he felt right at home sitting in one.

Then Miller started sending Rube and Smith afield with his ponies. Finally he sent them all the way to Long Island. They discovered Long Island and Long Island discovered them. Each was pleased. They were just a couple of cow hands on the loose—but they were great riders, great natural polo players and they knew horses. They were also two great guys. There is a freemasonry about this game of polo lacking in most sports, and the Hitchcocks, the Whitneys, the Guests and the rest of the Long Island polo set took the two cow hands to their hearts.

Polo Supremacy Moves Westward

Smith and Williams played with and against the best players on Long Island—which meant then the best players in the world. Smith might, for instance, make a great shot which would beat Tommy Hitchcock's team and don't you think that Hitchcock wouldn't rush over and with eyes glowing with friendliness congratulate him on his great play. Sure he would. And he'd mean it. They improved every time they played; but, good as they were, no one thought at that time that the two Southwesterners would one day upset the tradition of Long Island polo supremacy. But they did that little trick. They did it, you'll remember, in Chicago last summer when the Western team of which they were members beat the Eastern team. Williams and Smith reached the heights during that series.

The good gray fathers of polo (heads of the United States Polo Association) were a bit fearful of the outcome of that series. Now the United States Polo Association is a strange anomaly in sport-governing bodies. It is a sensible, intelligent, broad-minded body of men who really love the game of polo and who rule it sensibly and intelligently, without any of the petty jealousies or undignified squabbles which mark other sport-governing bodies.

Louis Stoddard, chairman of the U. S. P. A., went out to Chicago to watch the Western team in practice. He knew that polo was going to be introduced to a new public—the World's Fair visitors—and he wanted them to like this game to which he had devoted so many years of his life. A one-sided match would be dreary. Instead of attracting interest to the sport it would kill interest in it. And like everyone else he thought that the Eastern team had too much of an edge on the Westerners. He watched the Westerners practice and he confided his worries to Rube Williams.

And Rube Was Right

"Hell!" Rube said. "Stop worrying about our team. Why, we got those Easterners outmanned. Aidan Roark is a swell No. 1; Elmer Boeseke is a great No. 2; Cecil Smith is a marvelous No. 3 and," Rube has a grin that crinkles his whole face up, "in Rube Williams we got the best dog-goned back in the country."

Well, for one game and for half of another Rube Williams was the best dog-goned back in the country. Then he got mixed up with Earle Hopping and Hitchcock in a scrimmage, and when the three ponies disentangled themselves Rube's leg hung limply and it had a peculiar twisted look.

All eyes in the press box were on Williams now. Everyone was puzzled. That ol' Rube hurt? Nonsense. That old iron man hurt?

"I wonder what's the matter with him," Bob Kelley, the polo writer, said to Major "C Square" Smith, the Army player.

The major, like Williams a Southwesterner, drawled, "Shucks. I reckon he just come apart. He's held together with wire anyhow."

"They ought to make him set his own bones," Kelley said, trying to laugh it off. Those polo writers all liked that Rube, you know.

Well, Rube didn't come apart. He broke his leg, though. That's polo these days.

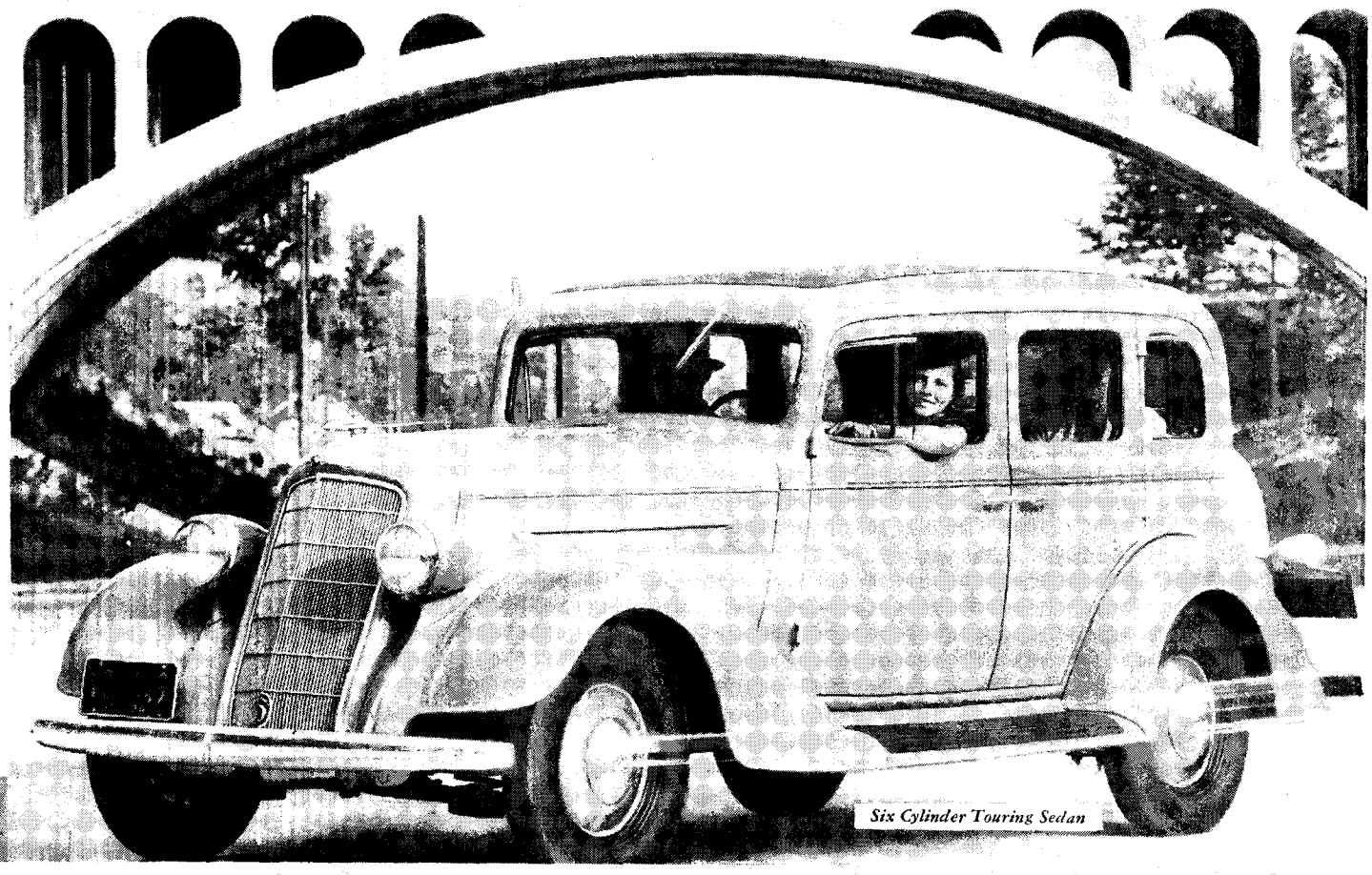
That East-West series which, of course, went to the Western team, was a great Pier Eight fight from start to finish. Oh, it was beautiful polo, too, but beautiful polo is a hard, hell-for-leather polo, a game in which men neither ask nor give quarter.

Smith got his bumps too, in that game. He was playing beautifully. You know

(Continued on page 42)

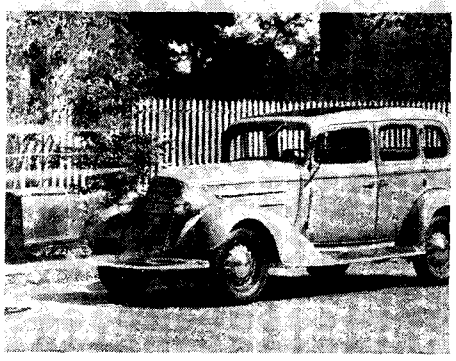
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU MUST HAVE *all* THESE FEATURES...



Six Cylinder Touring Sedan

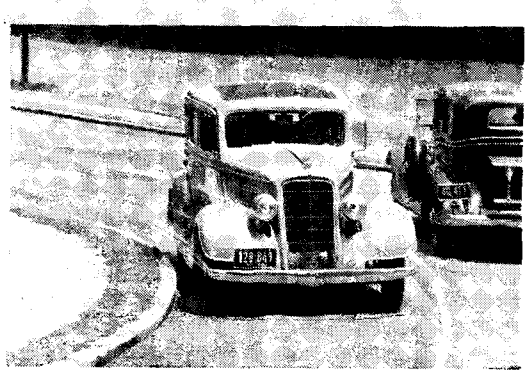
to get ALL 'ROUND PERFORMANCE *like this...*



SUPER-HYDRAULIC BRAKES—Quick as a wink, yet s-m-o-o-t-h, these safety brakes bring you from 40 miles an hour to a full stop in 2½ seconds, without swerving.

KNEE-ACTION WHEELS—No bouncing on rough roads. Knee-Action Wheels, with soft coil springs, "walk" over bumps and holes, without jarring passengers.

CENTER-CONTROL STEERING—Steering is so easy that the car almost "steers itself." No road shock reaches the steering wheel. Straight ahead, even in mud or gravel.



RIDE STABILIZER—No sidesway on curves. No "roll" at high speed. You sit upright, relaxed—Oldsmobile is always in balance, always on an even keel.

ALL-SILENT TRANSMISSION—How easily, quietly, you shift! Not a sound, not a hint of clashing, even in first and reverse. You never dreamed a car could be so quiet.

FISHER NO DRAFT VENTILATION—All the fresh air you want, winter *or* summer, in any kind of weather. Prevents fogging of windshield. No dangerous drafts.

POWER AND SPEED—84 horsepower in the Oldsmobile Six. 77 actual miles per hour. And you never saw such pick-up—5 to 60 miles per hour in 27½ seconds!

ECONOMY—Low original cost. Low maintenance cost. 17 miles to the gallon at "50." Even more at lower speeds . . . And Oldsmobile's famous long-life durability.

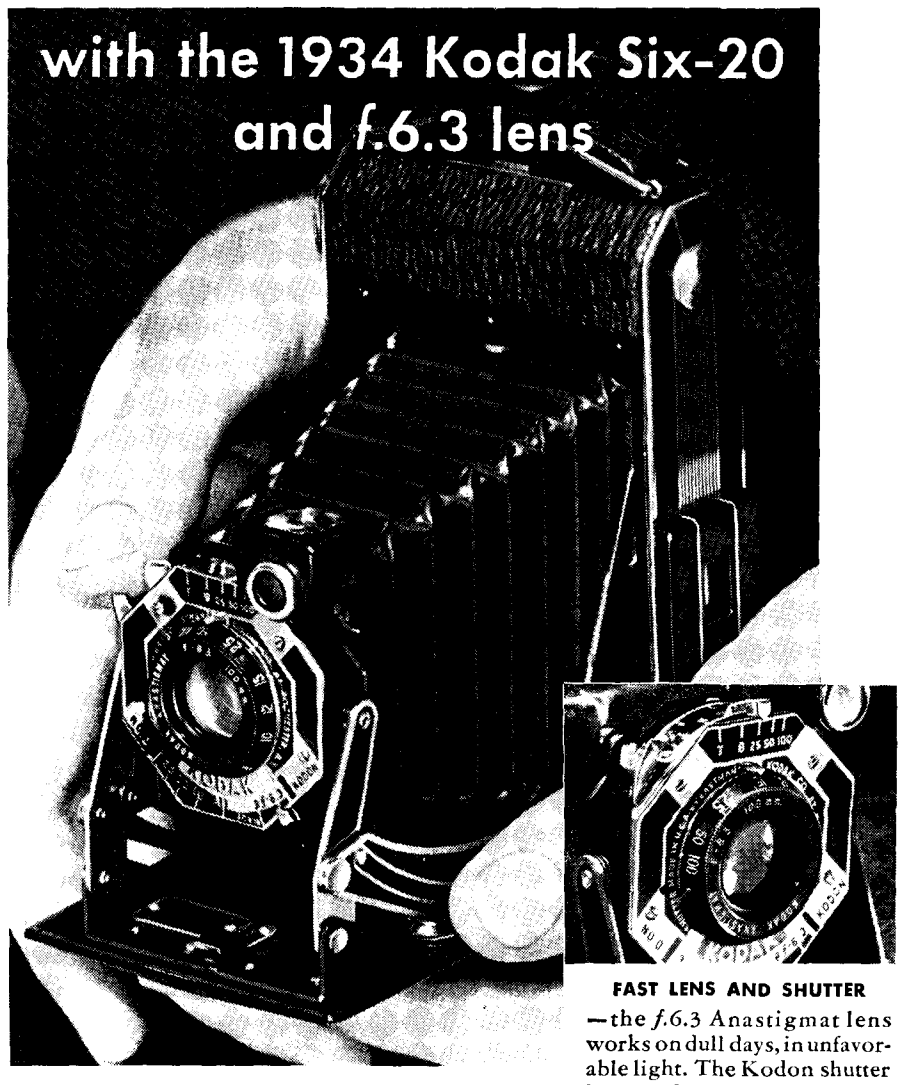
OLDSMOBILE $650 *and up*

Sixes $650 and up, Eights $885 and up, list prices at Lansing subject to change without notice. Spare tire with lock, metal tire cover, bumpers front and rear and rear spring covers built in all cars at extra cost.

BIG, ROOMY GENERAL MOTORS VALUE . . ONE LOOK MAKES YOU WANT IT . . ONE RIDE PROVES YOU'RE RIGHT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

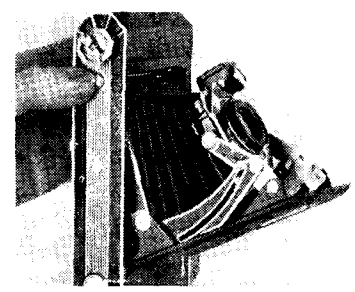
This year...
fine snapshots are so easy



FAST LENS AND SHUTTER
—the *f*.6.3 Anastigmat lens works on dull days, in unfavorable light. The Kodon shutter has speeds to 1/100 second, fast enough to stop most action.

THIS new Kodak does so much more than older cameras do. The fast Kodak Anastigmat lens (*f*.6.3) gives new scope to your pictures . . . the eye-level finder makes it easy to follow moving objects . . . and the split-second shutter "stops" them in action. The camera springs open—at the touch of a button. Good snapshots come naturally to the Kodak Six-20.

Richly fitted. For 2¼ x 3¼ inch pictures, Kodak Six-20 with *f*.6.3 lens costs $17.50. Kodak Six-16 with *f*.6.3 lens, for 2½ x 4¼ inch pictures, $20. Others from $14 up. At your dealer's.



ACTION FRONT
—it opens itself. No fussing, no fiddling. Just press a button and out leaps the lens into full picture-taking position.

Snapshots at Night

The fast lens (*f*.6.3) lets you in on this latest indoor sport. Two or three inexpensive Photoflood bulbs . . . a roll of Kodak "SS" Film . . . and you're ready to make snapshots . . . indoors . . . at NIGHT. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

EYE-LEVEL FINDER
—a real convenience for following moving objects—when snapping children—for sports. Springs up at touch of finger . . . folds flat when not in use.

IF IT ISN'T AN EASTMAN, IT ISN'T A KODAK

Keep Up with the World
By Freling Foster

Even horseshoes have been known to start forest fires. On a hot, dry summer day in 1931 and again in June of this year, a fire was started in a forest of New Mexico by sparks which flew from the steel shoe of a horse when the animal slipped across a rock.—*By B. W. Kemp, Apache Creek, New Mexico.*

Derelicts are as dangerous to navigation as submerged icebergs. As many as a thousand have been reported in the North Atlantic in a single year. Many drift great distances before they are found and sunk, the record being held, it is believed, by the Fannie E. Wolston, which—when last seen in 1893 off Savannah—had floated 7,000 miles in two and a half years.

Earthlight still puzzles scientists. It is a light of greatly varying intensity that sometimes illuminates the nocturnal sky, and is not attributed to sunlight, moonlight or starlight. Some believe it to be a feeble auroral discharge, yet it occurs in the absence of any well-defined aurora and in all parts of the sky.

The diamond has always been known as the hardest thing in the world. Yet several authorities state that it is not harder than tantalum. When this pure metal is well hammered, a diamond drill makes little impression upon it.

Moxibustion still is one of the popular panaceas of Japan, being considered efficacious in all kinds of illnesses from rheumatism and eczema to headache and fainting spells. The doctor just places a pile of moxa leaves on the affected part of the body and sets it on fire. The spot gets burned—and well!

Some of the roulette wheels in the Monte Carlo Casino lose consistently year after year despite the law of averages. Although all wheels are tested three times daily, there are six out of the 65 tables that lose annually about $40,000 each, while the other 59 win $65,000 apiece. These "losers" are not removed, however, because they attract patrons.

The destructive power of an army of locusts is almost beyond belief. Swarms have been known to be seven miles wide and 13 miles long. When they land, they eat everything—crops, wooden structures, the bark of the trees and clothes off of wash lines. Even small sailing boats have been capsized by the sheer weight of these insects on the sails.

Some international athletic records hold for long periods. In America, Ewry's record for the standing broad jump has not been broken in 30 years, and Wefers' record for the 300-yard dash in 38 years. In England, Crossland has held the record for the 20-mile run for 40 years and Griffith the record for the 20-mile walk for 64 years.

Phosphorus is the only one of the 93 chemical elements that has ever been changed in color by pressure alone. Recently its atoms, when squeezed at a **pressure** of seven tons to the square inch, turned from white to black.—*By George Smith, New York City.*

Using an ophthalmoscope, a physician is able to look into the interior of the human eye and tell, by the condition of the blood vessels and nerves, whether the patient has any one of a number of diseases such as brain tumor, heart lesion, hardening of the arteries, Bright's disease, diabetes or meningitis.—*By Dr. F. E. Tamarkin, Englewood, New Jersey.*

From early times to the present day, many countries have maintained sanctuaries, sacred or consecrated places, where criminals were safe from arrest. These refuges were areas in and around churches, temples, monasteries, and sometimes sections of cities. Centuries ago in Arabia, even stolen cattle that had been driven into these enclosures could not be recovered by the owner. —*By Harold McDonald, Newark, New Jersey.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publishers.

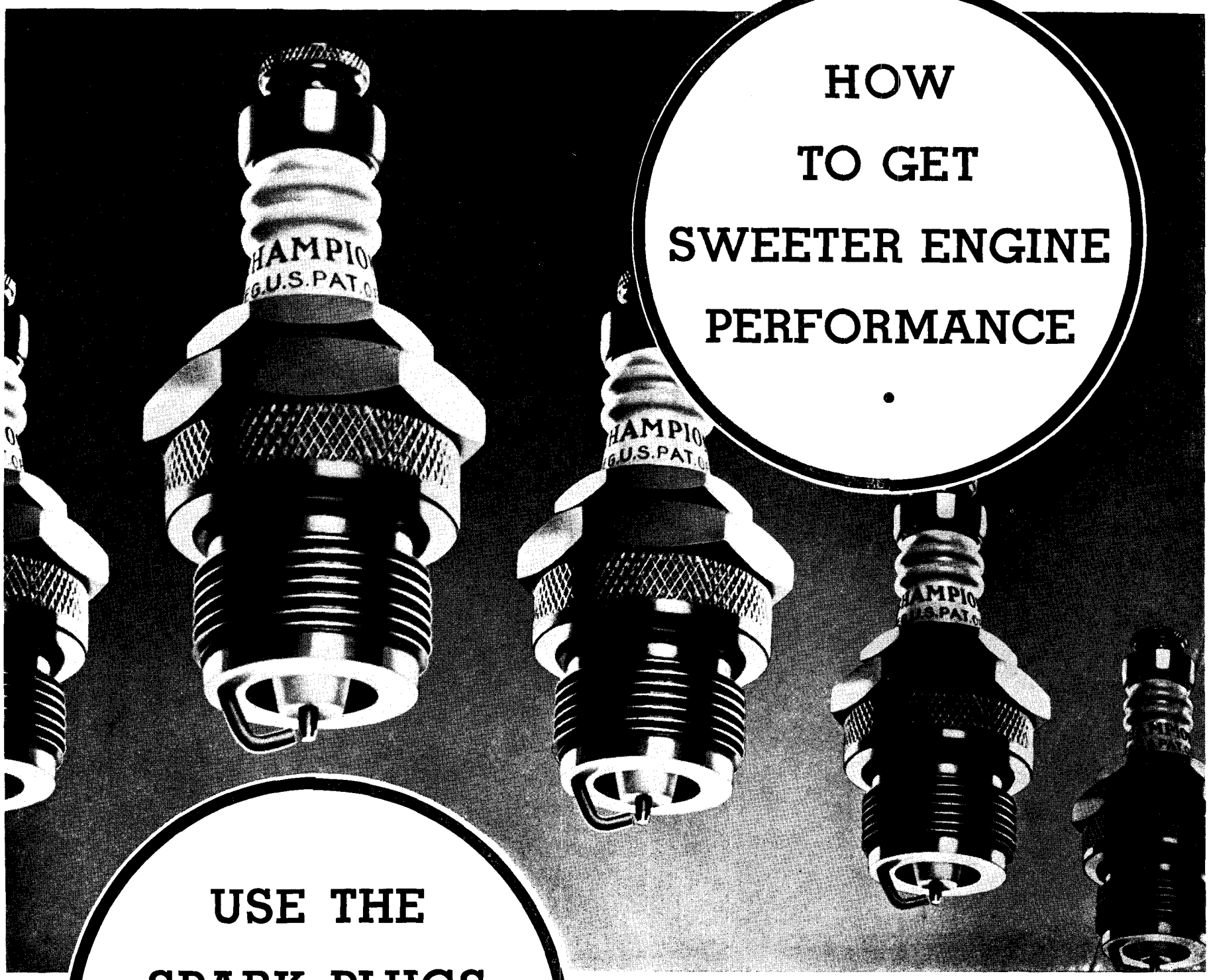
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The snapshot will keep me close to you until then—

★ A snapshot of the girl—what strange and wonderful things it does to a young man's heart! How close it brings her . . . her smile, the fragrance of her, almost the touch of her hands. "Write to me—don't forget pictures!" How miraculous it is that love has this way to talk across the miles . . . Now snapshots are more satisfying than ever. Kodak Verichrome Film has given them a naturalness and freedom next to life itself. Try Verichrome for your next pictures. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Don't just write it—PICTURE IT—with snapshots

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



HOW TO GET SWEETER ENGINE PERFORMANCE

USE THE SPARK PLUGS CHAMPIONS USE

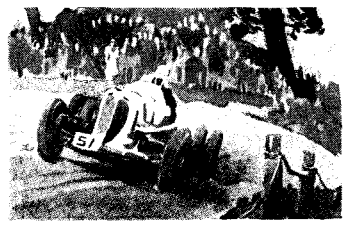
When we say an engine is "sweet" it implies lightning acceleration, smoothness at idling and top speeds, effortless power, and withal, maximum gas mileage. Few motorists realize that spark plugs are one of the most vital factors in maintaining new car performance. It's a matter of record that Champion Extra Range Spark Plugs make every engine a better performing engine. This is conclusively proved by the great majority of the world's racing victories won with Champions in the last eleven years. So, to get sweeter engine performance for your car insist on Champion Extra Range Spark Plugs. For maximum performance, efficiency and economy change spark plugs every 10,000 miles.

CHAMPION
EXTRA-RANGE SPARK PLUGS

NRA CODE APEM 34-01

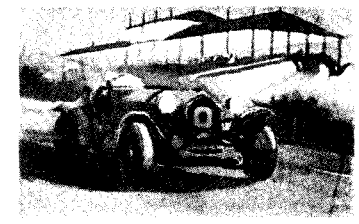
See Champion Spark Plugs made from the raw sillimanite ore through processing, forming of insulators, assembling and testing, in the great Ford Motor Company exhibit at the Century of Progress

ST. LOUIS—*A stock Auburn Six Brougham equipped with Champions recently set what is believed an unequalled economy record for cars of its size and weight. Distance 441 miles. Average 26.89 miles per gallon.*

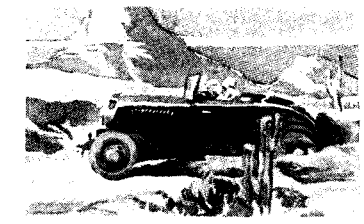


ENGLAND—*The Shelsley Walsh Hill Climb, one of England's severest tests of men and motors, was won in record breaking time by Whitney Straight in a Champion equipped Maserati.*

ESSINGTON, PA.—*Champions made a clean sweep of the Essington Inboard Championship Races. Six official world's records and two unofficial records made this example of Champion's better performance outstanding.*



FRANCE—*The Le Mans 24 Hour race, recognized as one of the world's most difficult road races, was won by Chinetti and Etancelin in a Champion equipped Alfa-Romeo. All firsts went to Champion equipped cars.*



LOS ANGELES—*Driving a Champion equipped stock Ford V-8, Bob McKenzie smashed existing stock car records between New York and Los Angeles. Time 54 hours and 40 minutes by Western Union timing.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Nice Price

Continued from page 9

what it costs to keep up these private yachts is a sin and a shame when you start to figure out the number of people in the world who are looking for breakfast money. But then Benny South Street is always talking of things of this kind, and sometimes I think maybe he is a dynamiter at heart.

We go putt-putting along under a big bridge and into a sort of lane of boats, and Benny South Street says we are now at the finish line of the large boat race and that the Harvards and the Yales row down this lane from away up the river, and that it is here that they have their tongues hanging out and are nearly all half dead.

Well, it seems that we are in the way, because guys start yelling at us from different boats and shaking their fists at us, and it is a good thing for some of them that they are not close enough for us to get a pop at them, but the old pappy guy keeps the motor boat putt-putting and sliding in and out among the boats until we come to a spot that he says is about a hundred yards above the finish and a great spot to see the best part of the race.

We are slipping alongside of a big white boat that Benny South Street says is a private yacht and that has a little set of stair steps running down one side almost into the water, when all of a sudden Sam the Gonoph notices his feet are wet and he looks down and sees that the motor boat is half full of water and furthermore that the boat is commencing to sink.

NOW this is quite a predicament, and naturally Sam the Gonoph lets out a slight beef and wishes to know what kind of accommodations we are paying for, anyway, and then the old pappy guy notices the water and the sinking, and he seems somewhat put out about the matter, especially as the water is getting up around his chin whiskers.

So he steers the boat up against the stair steps on the yacht and all of us, including the old pappy guy, climb out onto the stairs just as the motor boat gives a last snort and sinks from sight. The last I see of the motor boat is the hind end sticking up in the air a second before it disappears, and I remember the name that is painted on the hind end. The name is Baby Mine.

Well, Sam the Gonoph leads the way up the stairs to the deck of the yacht, and who meets us at the head of the stairs but Mr. Hammond Campbell in person, and who is right behind him but the young doll I am talking with in the hotel lobby, and at first Mr. Campbell thinks that we come out to his yacht to pick up a little of his 3½ to 1, and he is greatly disappointed when he learns that such is by no means our purpose and that we are merely the victims of disaster.

As for the young doll, whose name turns out to be Clarice, she gazes at Sam the Gonoph and me with her eyes full of questions, but we do not get a chance to talk to her as things begin occurring at once.

There are quite a number of guys and dolls on the yacht, and it is a very gay scene to be sure as they walk around laughing and chatting, when all of a sudden I see Sam the Gonoph staring at a guy and doll who are leaning over the rail talking very earnestly and paying no attention to what is going on around and about them.

The guy is a tall, dark-complected young guy with a little mustache, and he is wearing white flannel pants and a blue coat with brass buttons, and white shoes, and he is a very foreign-looking guy, to be sure. The doll is not such a young doll, being maybe around middle age, giving her a few points the best of it, but she is a fine-looking doll, at that, especially if you like dolls with gray hair, which personally I am not so much in favor of.

I am close enough to Sam the Gonoph to hear him breathing heavily as he stares at this guy and doll, and finally the dark-complected young guy looks up and sees Sam and at the same instant Sam starts for him, and as Sam starts the young guy turns and takes to running in the other direction from Sam along the deck, but before he takes to running I can see that it is nobody but Society Max.

Naturally, I am somewhat surprised at seeing Society Max at a boat race between the Harvards and the Yales, because I never figure him such a guy as will be interested in matters of this kind, although I remember that Society Max is once a life guard at Coney Island and in fact it is at Coney Island that Sonia gets her first peek at his shape and is lost forever to Sam the Gonoph so I get to thinking that maybe Society Max is fond of all aquatic events.

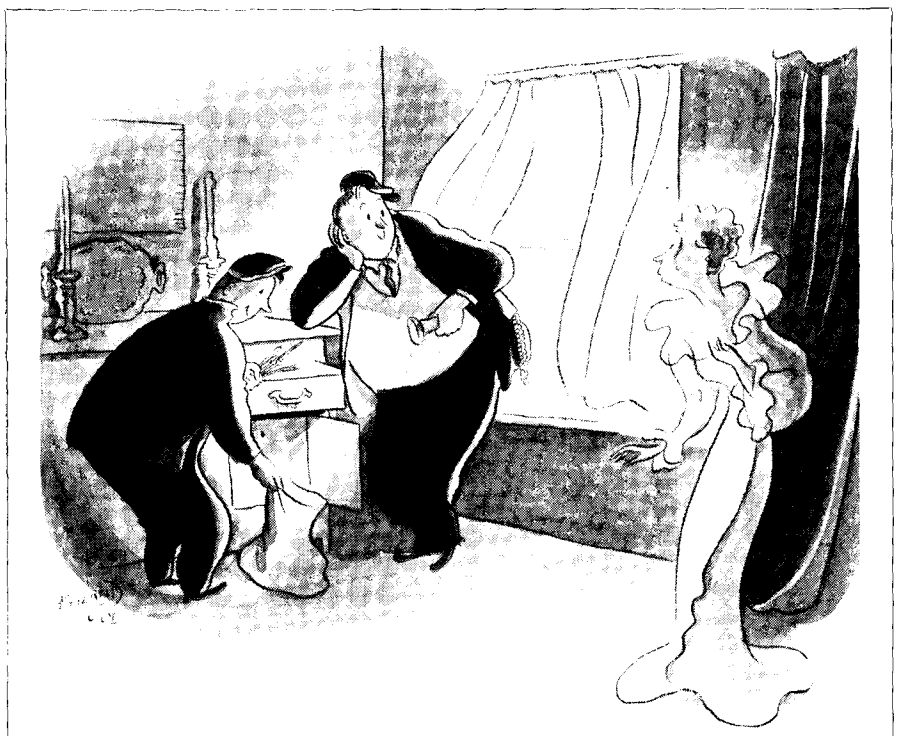
Now of course the spectacle of Sam the Gonoph pursuing Society Max along the deck is quite surprising to one and all, except Benny South Street and old Liverlips and myself, who are aware of the reason, and Mr. Hammond Campbell wishes to know what kind of game they are playing especially after they round the deck twice, with Society Max showing much foot, but none of us feel called on to explain. Finally the other guys and dolls on the yacht enter into the spirit of the chase, even though they do not know what it is all about, and they shout encouragement to both Sam the Gonoph and Society Max, although Max is really the favorite.

THERE is no doubt but what Society Max is easily best in a sprint, especially as Sam the Gonoph's pants legs are wet from the sinking motor boat and he is carrying extra weight, but Sam is a wonderful doer over a route, and on the third trip around the deck, anybody can see that he is cutting down Max's lead.

Well, every time they pass the gray-haired doll that Society Max is talking to when we come on the yacht she asks what is the matter, Max, and where are you going, Max, and other questions that seem trivial at such a time, but Max never has an opportunity to answer, as he has to save all his breath to keep ahead of Sam the Gonoph, and in fact Sam the Gonoph stops talking, too, and just keeps plugging along with a very determined expression on his puss.

WELL, now all the whistles on the boats in the river around us start blowing, and it seems this is because the large boat race between the Harvards and the Yales is now approaching the finish, and one and all on our yacht rush to the side of the yacht to see it, forgetting about everything else, and the side they rush to is the same side the stair steps are on.

But I am too much interested in Sam the Gonoph's pursuit of Society Max to pay any attention to the boat race, and as they come around the deck the fifth or sixth time, I can see that Sam will have Max in the next few jumps, when all of a sudden Society Max runs right down the stairs and dives off into the river, and he does it so fast that nobody seems to notice him except Sam the Gonoph and me and the gray-haired doll, and I am the only one that notices her fall in a big faint on the deck as Max dives.



"Don't worry, lady. We boys are just having a scavenger hunt!"

ROLAND COE

Naturally, this is not a time to be bothering with fainting dolls, so Sam the Gonoph and me run to the side of the yacht and watch the water to see where Society Max comes up but he does not appear at once, and I remember hearing he is a wonderful diver when he is a life guard, so I figure he is going to keep under water until he is pretty sure he is too far away for Sam the Gonoph to hit him with anything, such as maybe a slug from a Betsy.

Of course Sam the Gonoph does not happen to have a Betsy on him, but Society Max can scarcely be expected to know this, because the chances are he remembers that Sam often has such an article in his pants pocket when he is around New York, so I suppose Society Max plays it as safe as possible.

Anyway, we do not see hide or hair of him, and in the meantime the excitement over the large boat race between the Harvards and the Yales is now so terrific that I forget Society Max and try to get a peek at it.

But all I remember is seeing the young doll, Clarice, kissing Sam the Gonoph smack-dab on his homely puss, and jumping up and down in considerable glee, and stating that she knows all along that Sam will figure out some way for the Harvards to win, although she does not know yet how he does it, and hearing Mr. Hammond Campbell using language even worse than Sam the Gonoph employs when he is pursuing Society Max, and saying he never sees such a this-and-that boat race in all his born days.

Then I get to thinking about the gray-haired doll, and I go over and pick her up and she is still about two thirds out and is saying to herself, as follows:

"Max, oh, my dear dear Max."

Well, by and by Mr. Hammond Campbell takes Sam the Gonoph into a room on the yacht and pays him what is coming to all of us on the race, and then he takes to asking about Society Max, and when Sam the Gonoph explains how Max is a terrible fink and what he does to Sonia and all, Mr. Hammond Campbell hands Sam five large G's extra, and states to him as follows:

"This," he says, "is for preventing my sister, Emma, from making a fool of herself. She picks this Max up somewhere in Europe and he puts himself away with her as a Russian nobleman, and she is going to marry him next week, although from what you tell me it will be bigamy on his part. By the way," Mr. Hammond Campbell says, "not that it makes any difference, but I wonder whatever becomes of the guy?"

I AM wondering this somewhat myself, not that I really care what becomes of Society Max, but I do not find out until later in the evening when I am at the Western Union office in New London, Conn., sending a telegram for Sam the Gonoph to the guy who runs his farm in New Jersey telling the guy to be sure and watch the onions, and I hear a newspaper scribe talking about the large boat race.

"Yes," the newspaper scribe says, "the Yales are leading by a boat length up to the last hundred yards and going easy, and they seem to be an absolute cinch to win, when No. 6 man in their boat hits something in the water and breaks his oar, throwing the rest of the crew out of kilter long enough for the Harvards to slip past and win. It is the most terrible upset of the dope in history," he says.

"Now," the scribe says, "of course a broken oar is not unheard of in a boat race, but what No. 6 says he hits is a guy's head which pops out of the water all of a sudden right alongside the Yales' boat, and which disappears again as the oar hits it.

"Personally," the scribe says, "I will say No. 6 is seeing things but for the fact that a Coast Guard boat which is laying away down the river below the finish just reports that it picks up a guy out of the river who seems to be alive and all right except he has a lump on his noggin a foot high."

I do not see Sam the Gonoph again until it comes on fall, when I run into him in Mindy's restaurant on Broadway, and Sam says to me like this:

"Say," he says "do you remember what a hit I make with the little doll because she thinks I have something to do with the Harvards winning the large boat race? Well," Sam the Gonoph says, "I just get a note from her asking me if I can do anything about a football game that the Harvards have coming up with the Dartmouths next month."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

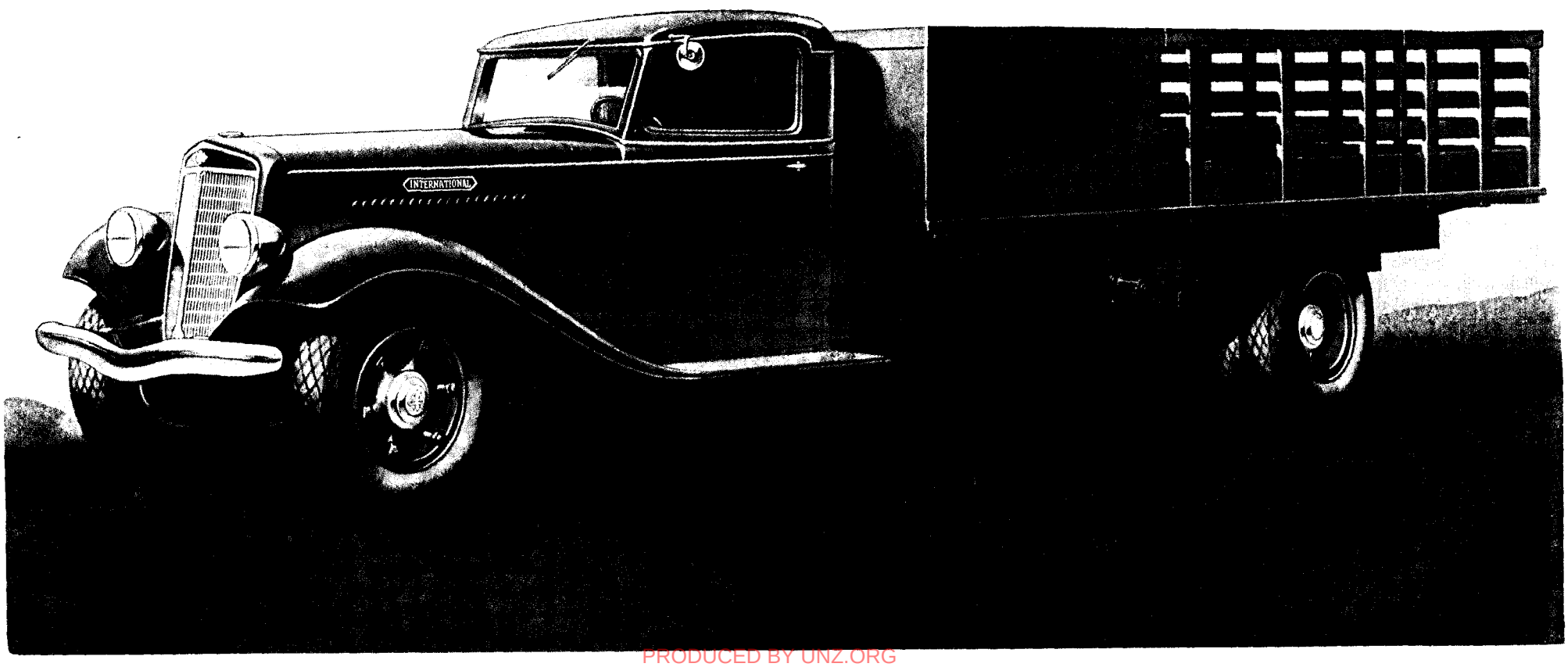
INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

ARE ALL TRUCK

In every inch of Design

In every ounce of Construction

TRUCK quality must be of a different stamp than PASSENGER-CAR quality. Truck users want rugged stamina, for rigorous service! That is why you have lately seen in the truck advertising of some manufacturers so much talk of "all truck." They are aiming to satisfy the demand. But they are only now claiming what International Trucks have *delivered* for many years—EXTRA capacity for taking punishment and giving value. For more than twenty years the International Truck builders have built *only trucks*. No automobiles—no tempting opportunity to compromise. The new streamlined Internationals, with all their beauty of line, give you International ALL-TRUCK QUALITY. Sizes from ½-ton up, chassis f. o. b. prices from $390 up, at all International branches and dealers. International Harvester Company of America, Inc., 606 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Just Red Enough to Win

Continued from page 13

In North Dakota the leader of the movement—there known as the Non-Partisan League—is the apparently unsinkable Governor William W. Langer, who was renominated for that office despite his conviction for soliciting (and getting) campaign funds from Federal Relief Workers.

It's not at all unlikely that North Dakota might have reëlected Mr. Langer even if, at the time, he were serving his eighteen months in a federal prison. But there was the chance that such an election might be declared illegal with the possibility of having the Langer machine completely ruined. Mr. Langer, more than a trifle apprehensive of losing control of the state to such enemies as Lieutenant Governor Ole Olson and Senator Nye, presently "declined the nomination and bade his numerous following to vindicate him by electing a suitable substitute. Thus, as this is being written, Mrs. Langer stands a glowing chance of succeeding her husband, who would, in the event of her election, be North Dakota's Jim Ferguson.

In North Dakota the dominant Langerites will assure you that Wall Street is behind the conviction of Governor Langer and there is no use replying that a large number of Wall Streeters would not mind doing a couple of years themselves in a nice, comfortable, safe jail after a survey of their once lusty and fatly remunerative businesses. Senator Gerald Nye of North Dakota is in warm accord with the conviction of Mr. Langer, but he is in the minority. However, Mr. Langer is far from national importance and we have to look further if we seek a head man for this rebellion.

No Giants in the West

Except for Governor Olson of Minnesota, of whom we shall have several interesting things to say in a moment, the movement possesses no man with anything approximating national dimensions. It is admittedly a party of disaster, a hard-times political shelter. It dwindles to the vanishing point in normal times. It offers no broad and demonstrable philosophy whereon it might elevate a whole people and, alas, is in no important element different from the old Populist party. It offers nothing tangible to the industrial worker, being almost exclusively a farm movement. Certainly it offers no attraction for the forlorn white-collar vagrants who are today roaming the Western roads in broken-down trucks and expiring flivvers, by families and groups held together by a common distress.

But none of this third-party talk one hears in the West offers much to any except the farmer. The Farmer-Labor party, the best of the several movements, offers no more to the small merchant than it does to the white-collar worker. Its membership, overwhelmingly rural of course, is more than a trifle suspicious of the city dweller whatever his economic squalor may be, whether he is an employer or an employee.

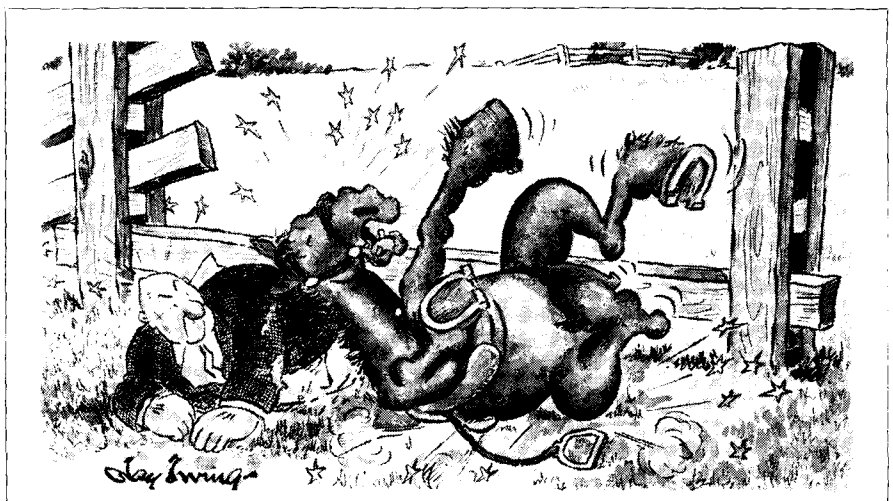
In Oregon a third party is in the process of having a go at the coming elections. Here, too, it is a purely agrarian movement, although it hoped to benefit from Portland's labor troubles without actually participating therein further than to feed the strikers as the Minnesota farmers are feeding the Minneapolis-St. Paul teamsters' unions. But the Oregon movement has just about as much in common with the Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota, the Non-Partisan League in North Dakota and the Progressives in Wisconsin as a dead dog has with a fox hunt.

As we have pointed out, all these unrelated movements are clearly local expedients set up to take full advantage of the current temper of the farmer. None produces a leader worthy of second thought except, of course, the Farmer-Labor party in Minnesota.

His Excellency Floyd Bjornsterne Olson of Minnesota is desirous that none of us kid ourselves regarding the trend of the approaching elections. It is his outspoken opinion that victory will go to the candidate who stands on the most radical platform—particularly in the agricultural states.

A Hard Man to Fool

Ten or twelve years ago when Mr. Olson was a very young and alert county prosecutor in Minneapolis, the police of that city dragged into the lockup three ignoble felons who had been caught robbing the gullible public by means of a confidence game that embodied all the poorer features of all the old flimflam rackets. Mr. Olson was summoned to give these lads the customary preliminary examination.



"My goodness! How much lower do you think I can make it?"

JAY IRVING

He asked them some extremely simple questions—such as their names and weren't they thoroughly ashamed of themselves. Instead of answering, they began to debate among themselves just what sort of a story they would tell this Big Swede—and stick to it.

When they had finished they turned to Mr. Olson and were about to tell him their nicely chosen story. But Mr. Olson declined to listen. He took one of them and at his suggestion Police Officer Swanson took the other two. When they had hurled the boys into separate cells, well separated, he addressed each of them substantially as follows:

"The next time you boys talk your racket over in front of a *goy* prosecutor, pick one who doesn't know Yiddish."

But how were these lads from distant New York to know that Floyd Olson was born and reared in that part of Minneapolis' North End where the city's Jews predominate?

His opposition insists that Mr. Olson is not a true radical, that his leftness came of the trend of the farmers of Minnesota rather than from any moral conviction of his own. But his opponents would say that, of course. Whether the man is wholly sincere or an opportunist is of no particular moment here anyway. When he addressed the Farmer-Labor convention that drew up that scorching platform he said: "I am not a liberal but what I want to be—a radical."

Whatever he is (and it is not an easy thing to define or discover) he is a most practical politician. Certainly there was no sign of radicalism or even pronounced liberalism in his policies as county prosecutor. Yet he was one of the best prosecutors as well as one of the fairest Minneapolis ever knew. Twice, for example, after having achieved convictions that were regarded as impossible, he turned after a few months and asked the court to release the convicts because subsequent events had shaken his faith in the court's first decisions.

He was elected governor of Minnesota in 1930 and discovered in time, as did most state executives who have served since, that there were years wherein even a talented man could not display his wares to great advantage. He tried without success to establish a state recovery act fashioned after the model of the NIRA. He went through all the motions of an embargo on exports of Minnesota's agricultural products, only to learn, as did others, that the restoration of prosperity is not within the powers of any one state. He made a number of praiseworthy, if not strikingly successful, moves to simplify the cumbersome governmental machinery of Minnesota.

In short, Mr. Olson, a man of more than average executive ability and political acumen, finds himself and his neighbors just about where they were in 1930 except, perhaps, that they are the richer for the federal government's bounty.

Farmer's Friend in the Making

Certainly there appeared nothing in Mr. Olson's first four years as governor to indicate that he was more than the militant champion of the farmer, with very little beyond vehement declarations coming of it. Like all wise politicians, he is not given to speak freely of his ambitions, but most of Minnesota expects to see him succeed Senator Schall in the United States Senate in 1937.

Therefore it is not because of any magic in his administration that the rest of the country may regard him with interest; it is rather that if the farm revolt takes on nation-wide political proportions there is no man visible now so well prepared to be its leader.

And this is necessary to understand: While Mr. Olson is a political liberal—make it radical if you choose—he is not what we are so prone to call a reformer. At any rate, reforms are incidental to his program—social reforms rather than reforms of public morals. It is his belief that the latter will of necessity follow the former.

He will admit without hesitation that in the general conduct of government it is desirable perhaps to have a nation, a state or a municipality free of vice, crime and all the other contributors to the collapse of law and order. But it is still quite a riddle to a great many people in Minnesota why Governor Olson, with his powers of removal and the like, has not done something pretty definite about St. Paul.

It is impossible for the stranger to enter the municipal offices of the city of St. Paul, to say nothing of the headquarters of business organizations, and not be assailed at once with lamentations that the public press should have given the city such celebrity as a center of major crime. However, when one goes into the subject with any seriousness there arises the wonder that St. Paul hasn't done something corrective on her own.

Until very recently, at least until official St. Paul itself became frightened, the city was what is known to professional criminals as a lay-over town. The late John J. O'Connor, who died about ten years ago, is given the blame. O'Connor (The Big Fella) was chief of police off and on for the better part of thirty-five years—a giant of physical strength, a tyrant and utterly ruthless. It was his belief that it was impossible to prevent criminals from visiting a city but that a deal might be made with the underworld whereby the bandit, the stick-up man, the bank-robber and all the rest of the plundering men would understand that they might lay over in St. Paul and spend their money and even reside there without interference from the police, provided they didn't "work" in St. Paul.

The Forgotten Cities

They will tell you in St. Paul that this arrangement worked rather nicely while the Big Fella was alive, but failed when the direction of the police fell into weaker hands. That's not altogether true. At any rate, during the past four years St. Paul has been gang-ridden and a wide-open shooting gallery for such celebrities as Dillinger, Harvey Bailey, Francis Keating, George Machine-Gun Kelly, the Terrible Touhy Mob (although Mr. Touhy himself was given to copious tears when facing a court), Alvin Karpis, Fred Barker and the like. Neither Chicago, New York nor Kansas City could boast a finer criminal record than St. Paul and kidnapping was developed to surprising heights.

All of which is now an ancient story. But in it is the reason why so many weary citizens of Minneapolis and St. Paul are wondering whether Governor Olson might not have added to his stature by standing forth as a defender of the cities as well as the farms. But perhaps that's because they are not professional politicians.

But even Governor Olson is not big enough—not even in his home state where he dwarfs all the other politicians—to stand alone. He has a firm grip on the coat tails of President Roosevelt, assuring the voters that he is body and soul a follower of the New Deal and is willing to go farther at any time the federal administration gives the nod.

"Floyd," said one of Minnesota's bankrupt farmers, "is just the kind of a leader the folks want. He will go as far as any man in the party and get there first if given a couple minutes' notice. And he won't go a bit farther. With a man like that you can always tell where he is."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Woman in Love

Continued from page 17

there's some important publicity for you in this Mallory case, and I guess we've kind of committed you to it.' "

"Oh, George, no!"

"Well, it kind of looks like it. Hunter said that last week the old man told the press that if we felt that the man was innocent we would take the case."

"But how could anyone possibly feel that he was innocent!"

"Oh, that's the usual form. That's to help influence public opinion. Meanwhile," George resumed his report, "meanwhile it seems that Mallory wrote them."

"Wrote the firm?"

"Yep. Asked that I should handle the case. I didn't see just what else I could do."

Tam's eyes were far away.

"Can you make any sort of case for him, George?"

"I don't know. Bill Martell has dug up a lot of stuff and there's another man sizing it up. Meanwhile, Hunter asked me if I'd go out with him and see Mallory. 'That'll sort of commit us to it, won't it?' I said. 'No,' he said, 'but of course if we turned it down after that it'd be sort of a blow to his side.' "

"Oh, George, isn't there any out?"

"It doesn't look that way now. I care mostly about you, Tam. I'm afraid it'll worry you to have me in it. But as far as I'm concerned it's only another job, and Hunter says if we make any sort of showing at all and get any sort of a verdict except flat 'guilty' it'll be a big thing for the firm. I don't think we can. I think they'll hang him. Poor fellow, he was trembling and sweating as he talked about it. I'm going to see the rooms in the Victorine tomorrow, but I don't see myself digging up any angle that'll help."

"He denies it, of course? Why doesn't he plead manslaughter and take life? Then at least he'd have a chance."

"YOU can't plead manslaughter when your wife is found with her head hammered in! It won't work. Martell says that someone may have climbed in from the fire-escape."

"On the fifth floor? Could anyone?"

"Well, anything could happen, of course. If we could locate some enemy of his— We may send Duncan down to Los Angeles. Our man down there's been hunting about for a week."

"Oh, Lord," Tam said with a sigh as a waiter unobtrusively entered with the little dinner table. "Our camp in the high mountains seems ten years ago!"

But after dinner she was in better spirits and faced the situation with more philosophy.

"We are adventurers," she said stoutly. "Why should we be afraid of anything?"

"We're not," George said. "Nothing can happen."

"I don't see what can! We've found each other; we love each other; Mary's safe and sound with your mother. It's all built on a rock," Tam summarized it. "I'm not going to get scared just because something brings up the past suddenly."

She was silent for a few minutes and George watched her seated like a child in her straight-backed chair, with her eyes round and blue in her flushed face and her soft hair in a tumble.

"It is strange that I am a woman with a past," she said in a wondering voice, after a while.

"That's just a phrase!"

"Yes, but so's everything a phrase. Everything seems to be just as much or as little as you make it," Tam said.

" 'Jailbird's' a phrase, too," George offered. Tamara laughed.

"It's too funny, thinking of you as a jailbird!"

"We think of types when we use those words, I suppose. The woman with a past has always been slinky and furtive, with rouge and dyed hair—not a square kid like you, working herself to death to support her mother and keep her brother out of jail."

"And the jailbird has always had a two days' beard and a shirt with no collar—"

George laughed in his turn.

"And look at us!" he said.

"Look at us, upstairs here in the Fairmont, looking out at the bay, looking over toward our Sierras, married—" Tam's voice died on a note of content. After a while she said, "Only—only he mustn't find out about Mary!"

"Mary doesn't come into it at all."

"No, but suppose he began to investigate—began to wonder."

"He won't, Tam, for a thousand reasons. He doesn't want to put himself before the public in that rôle—the rôle of a man who threw a woman down, especially when that woman happened to be you. He doesn't know anything, and he's not going to get any details from *me!* No, that won't come into it at all. I'll do my best for him because of the firm, just as I would for anyone else mixed into a killing—if he did kill her."

"George!" Red-cheeked, round-eyed, she was facing him squarely, her hands clamped on the arms of the chair. "Do you mind horribly?" she asked. "I mean—its being Mayne."

"I don't think of him as having anything to do with us at all," George said. "Women do that sort of thinking. The past doesn't mean so much to men. A man may wish he hadn't been such a young skunk to his mother—something like that," he added, musingly. "But as a general thing the future's the big bet!"

"A girl keeps wishing she could go back!" Tamara said, on the same reminiscent note. She drew a great breath. "But we go on from here!" she said. "Only I can't have my Mary hurt."

"Marriage is a damn' marvelous thing," George said, reflectively. "Well, I'll go to it tomorrow and see what I can dig up. But I don't believe I can do much for him!"

TAMARA and the charming middle-aged wife of Warren Hunter attended the last days of the trial.

"I can stop on my way from Atherton," Mrs. Hunter had said. "You're somewhere in the San Carlos neighborhood, aren't you?"

"I'll be in town anyway," Tam had answered. Nobody interested in the Mallory case must find them in Belmont just now; nobody must see Mary with her wide dark eyes and white skin, and just her father's manner of tossing her black hair from her forehead.

"But you're not going to miss the final summing-up?" Mrs. Hunter had demanded. Tamara had answered perforce that of course she was going to court for the end of the case.

So Tamara and kindly Margaret Hunter were smuggled in to inconspicuous chairs by old Tim Garvey, for forty years the jealous guardian of the court, and they shared the almost unbearable thrill of the final scenes. Tamara's eyes were on the prisoner as he was led in. She felt the blood leave her face, and the cold sweat on her hands. Mayne Mallory again. He looked an old man—fat, soft, fearfully sobered.

THE usual rustling of papers and moving of figures was going on inside the rail; the usual whispered consultations. But for an hour every seat in the courtroom had been occupied. Nobody moved there. Tamara studied the jury: seven men, seven women. They had had two substitutes from the beginning; Tamara wondered which two they were. They were serious-looking folk; one man looked stern and cruel, one woman motherly and soft and irresolute in type.

Mayne! She remembered the road tour of "Five Sons," Mayne splendid as the lead, herself with only a small part to play. She remembered the diminishing enthusiasm of the company, its disenchanted comments upon poor hotels, bad weather, small audiences. Not that Mayne had cared. He had had a wire from a Hollywood manager; he even had had to cut the last two performances to rush off to sign a new and flattering contract. She had come home to ruin and poverty and despair and idleness. Tamara remembered her forlorn attempts to keep up the association with the Telegraph Hill crowd. They had not wanted Mayne's cast-off sweetheart; they had wanted her only while Mayne had. There had not been a real friend among them to whom she could turn in her bitter need.

Tamara came to herself with a start. She was in the courtroom and the man whose friendship had cost her so many tears, all those long years ago, was sitting here stout and elderly and haggard, on trial for his life.

Eight years had intervened between today and that hideous Sunday in Sacramento when he had said goodby. Eight years of stuffy dressing-rooms and shabby theaters, padded hoopskirts and Columbine costumes; the little Duke of Reichstadt, Pollyanna, Polly of the Circus, Judy of Daddy Longlegs. Pete Willey telling her that she had to put more pep into this part and that. "For criminy's sake put some life into it, Todhunter!" and Bell Willey talking of her boys, and telling everyone that she spelled her name without the final "e."

"Warren looks terribly blue. I'm afraid it's all up with us," Margaret Hunter whispered. "That's little Billy Martell over there, see, whispering to someone. He's as much interested as his father is!"

"George looks tired, too," Tam said. There was an odd weight at her heart. The best thing that could happen would be to have a quick verdict of guilty returned, and a retrial refused. But then what of Mayne? How would he fight? "Mayne Mallory reveals old affair with attorney's wife in claiming Davis did not exert full powers of defense!" Would that be a headline some night?

"No, no," she said in her heart. "Newspapers don't do that sort of thing!"

"Here's Mullins; now for fireworks!" Mrs. Hunter said, beside her. Tam's heart began to beat hard and steadily with a sort of sickening fright; she looked now and then at Mayne's silhouette. He was looking down most of the time, now and then he glanced at the district attorney; now and then George spoke to him. Tamara noticed that whenever Mullins scored a point with unusual vehemence and eloquence George found something that must be murmured to Hunter or the younger Martell. The defense lawyers appeared more and more absent-minded and uninterested as the speech went on.

MULLINS had not finished when the judge adjourned for the lunch interval; Mayne was led away and Tam and George went up to the Fairmont with the Hunters for lunch. The men seemed tired; George, the ordeal of whose address to the jury was just ahead, said that he thought he would take a quick shower. He asked Tamara solicitously if it would not be easier for her to drive down to Belmont and wait for him to join her and his mother there, but Tamara answered with a sort of quick, feverish smile that no, she would like to get the whole thing now. And when the court reconvened she was in her place.

Mullins opened the afternoon session with the second half of his speech. He seemed fresh and strong as he addressed the jury. He repeated what he had said in the very beginning: that in a country like England such a trial as this would take but twenty hours instead of twenty days, and the merciless and bloodthirsty brute who had committed it would long before this have been sent to his account. He dwelt with a trembling voice upon the trusting beauty and confidence of the dead woman—a wealthy woman, a woman who, because of the love hunger, the home hunger in her heart, had returned to her murderer after divorcing him.

That he could actually be speaking of a living fellow creature, whose heart was cruelly alternating between hope and fear, seemed incredible to Tamara. The whole scene was incredible; it was all a dream. Mayne, Mary's father, sitting there silent and helpless as the machine-gun words struck full at him; herself the wife of his attorney and that attorney's mother the "Aunt Mary" of her strange refuge years ago! It was all unbelievable! She saw a newspaper artist sketching her: San Francisco's well-known actress, Tamara Todhunter, now the wife of Mallory's attorney, George Davis.

When Mullins sat down, breathless, with his forehead running water, there was a pause. The entire room was held in a sort of hush, through which the district attorney's impassioned sentences were still echoing.

"This man has placed himself voluntarily outside the category of those of us who are still old-fashioned enough to appreciate our women, who feel that the sacred gift of a woman's love and companionship. . . . Florice Fanette was young and lovely . . . in the radiant flower of her extraordinary beauty . . . other men desired her, longed for her

(Continued on page 34)

Let's Look at the Record

How did your congressman vote on the important issues of the New Deal? That's the best yardstick for measuring his claims to reëlection. The voting records of all members of the House of Representatives on the important measures before the Seventy-third Congress have been compiled and printed in a booklet for easy reference.

Send 5 cents in stamps to Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Horrible! If the Tires had not GRIPPED!

THE GOODYEAR MARGIN OF SAFETY *stopped this car* SHORT— *but 8,400 tests show new tires of other makes* SLIDE *14 to 19%* *farther than Goodyear "G-3's". And that's too far*— SOMETIMES!

IT happens in a second. You jam on the brakes—but often it takes more than brakes to stop in time!

For brakes can only stop your wheels—it takes tires with GRIP in the center of the tread to STOP the car!

That is why the most important fact to remember in choosing tires is this:

The new Goodyear "G-3" All-Weather will stop your car quicker than any other tire—and keep its grip 43% longer!

The blowout bugaboo

Insurance records show that *skidding, sliding, failure to stop after applying the brakes cause* FIVE AND ONE-HALF *times as many accidents as blowouts!* But little is said about that because other tires do not have those tight-gripping, sure-stopping blocks of rubber you find in the center of a Goodyear tread.

The Goodyear margin of safety

Your own common sense will tell you that *center traction means safety*—and that judgment is verified by 8,400 stopping tests which proved that even new tires of other makes slide 14 to 19% farther than the "G-3" All-Weather—and worn tires up to 77% farther!

Think what this margin of safety, *this 14 to 77% difference in your favor,* means when life itself is a matter of inches!

Maximum blowout protection in every ply

And when you consider that, in addition, this great new "G-3" keeps its non-skid safety grip *twice* as long as any tire tested against it—that it is built with Goodyear's patented Supertwist Cord in every ply for *maximum* blowout protection—why force your luck on slippery treads when "G-3's" extra safety costs no more?

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

GOODYEAR

NRA CODE

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Woman in Love

Continued from page 32

. . . her heart was true to the man she first had loved . . . not as successful as she . . . not rich . . .

"Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, if this monster leaves this courtroom a free man then justice is indeed dead in San Francisco, and no one of our women may lay herself down to sleep tonight beside her little children in safety. . . ."

"Bosh," Tamara had said fiercely in her heart as she listened. "Bosh, bosh, bosh!" But was the jury thinking it was bosh?

There was a pause, then George stood up and began to talk quietly and the blood came back to Tamara's heart. The room was completely still. No one moved; there was neither murmur nor rustle as the words went on, clear and natural, without effort or affectation. George skimmed the general history of the crime and the trial smoothly; there was but one point he wanted to make. He felt it was what might be called a small point, but if it happened to be one that his learned colleague Mr. Mullins could not with all his eloquence explain then it was as valuable to his client as the most perfect alibi ever presented in this or any court.

THE jury had seen the actual bathroom walls that had been the silent witnesses of either a brutal and stupid murder or a strange, dramatic accident. They were familiar with these walls; the walls had been photographed, and he had placed in evidence enlargements of every foot of them. He was prepared to reconstruct that bathroom from these enlargements right before their eyes, and prepared to show they had been spattered lightly, evenly, with a spray of fine blood drops. Across the farther door, across the walls on both sides, this evidence had flown in a fine spray. *Where had the murderer been standing when that first wild shower of blood drops had flashed evenly from Florice Fanette's head to those walls?*

"He must have been standing somewhere, ladies and gentlemen. You have heard experts, scientists, professional men tell you that that blood spurted instantaneously at the touch of whatever surface or weapon touched that woman's head. There was but one violent blow, and immediately after it the fine spraying of blood.

"If a man killed her some of that blood struck him. And where he stood the wall must be clean. Where is that clear space of wall? Where is that fine spray interrupted by the space of even one hand's breadth, much less the breadth of a man's body? The body of the man who killed Florice Fanette must have interposed itself somewhere between that bloody flight of drops, and been sprayed by them.

"That, very simply, is my point. And I say that until it can be settled we run the danger of condemning an innocent man. Within an hour or two you will all file out of that jury box to consider a man's life. I ask you not to scatter your thoughts over the evidence you have heard here in the last three weeks. We don't deny this man and his wife quarreled. We don't deny that the defendant had accused his wife of having had too much to drink, and that she had cried in her anger at his reproach. That is admitted.

"We do assert that after the quarrel the friends who were spending the night in the room next to the Mallorys' room, Augustine and Mrs. Burnett, old friends from Hollywood, left the Mallorys. That before they went to their own room, an adjoining room, Florice said to Helen Burnett, 'When you two have finished with the bathroom let me know. I feel woozy. I've been overdoing it and I think I'll take a hot bath and see what that does for me.'

"Then you heard Helen Burnett testify that while she was brushing her teeth she heard heavy breathing from the adjoining room and called in to her husband, 'Could Mayne be off asleep already? It sounds as if someone was sawing wood in there!'

"Helen Burnett finishes her ablution and calls in to Florice—you remember that the two families were sharing one bathroom—'All clear, Florry!' and she goes out of the bathroom at the door we have called the farther door, and presently, reading in bed, she hears a bath running in that bathroom and hears Florice fussing around in there. Florice turns the key in the lock, and says through the locked door, 'Nighty-night, Gus and Helen! Lord, I do feel queer!'

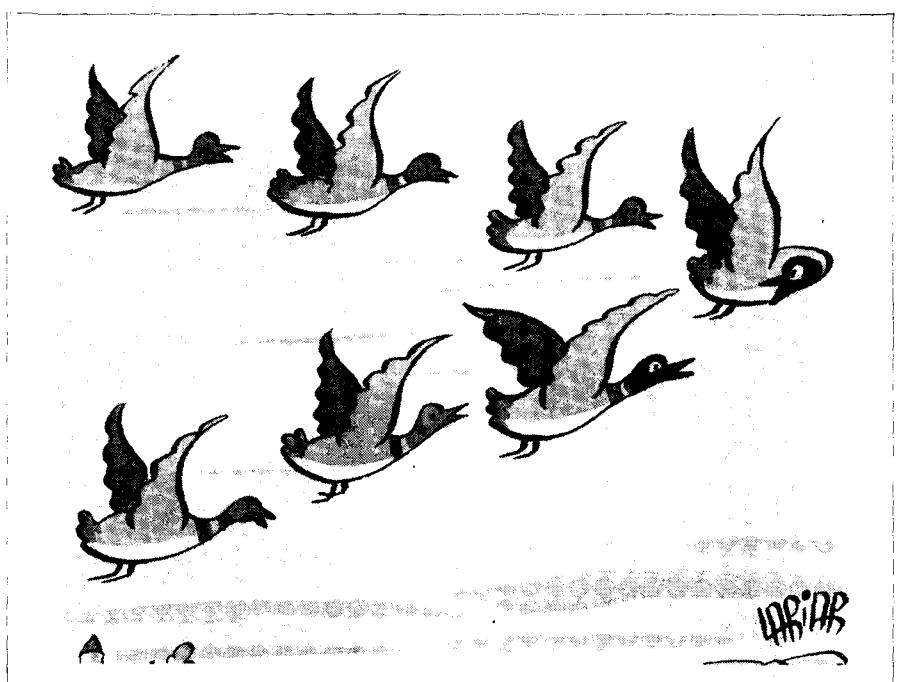
"Not long afterward—Helen Burnett says perhaps fifteen minutes and perhaps half an hour afterward—she hears a bump and a splash and then hears Florice chuckling. Or, she says, it might have been someone laughing in the hall. We know now it was the breathing of a dying woman, but she didn't know that. Helen Burnett turns to her husband and says, 'She certainly took a slide that time!' but he is sound asleep with his glasses on and his magazine open in his hands, and she leans over and takes off his glasses and throws his magazine on the floor and snaps off his light. Then she sees that it is two o'clock and thinks that she has a nine-o'clock engagement in a beauty parlor next morning and snaps off her own light.

"NOW, after you had been thoroughly satisfied as to that little sequence of events, ladies and gentlemen, you heard the testimony of not less than nine witnesses, including five doctors. Each and every one of those witnesses testified to knowledge of a death or a serious injury resulting from a bath-tub slip. One of them was an insurance agent who read you accounts of twenty such accidents. You saw Mrs. Underhill and Mr. Tawman, both of whose heads have been actually trepanned as a result of falling violently in the bathtub.

"This woman had been eating and drinking heartily, she tells her friend that she feels 'woozy,' that she hopes a bath will help her—make her feel better. And her foot, as she presently stands up in that bath—her soapy foot slips and her whole body goes up and her head down violently, so that it strikes the washstand and this fine spray of blood instantly is flung all about the end of the room, to prove to you and to me and to us all that she was alone when this catastrophe occurred. . . ."

The voice went on, on. George was not weary. He had looked tired at luncheon; he seemed exactly himself now, not straining or posing or acting, but simply and eagerly and honestly saying what he really believed to the jury. Tamara, her whole soul and being and consciousness concentrated through the eyes that watched him so fixedly, knew that he believed it. And when the judge's turn came to speak she thought that he believed it too.

THE jury, duly instructed, filed away, and again the court emptied and Tam and George went to the hotel to look at the papers and rest and await results.



"Here's one we learned at Roosevelt Field!" LAWRENCE LARIAR

The summer afternoon was cold and windy, with grit and chaff blowing in the gray, unfriendly streets; it was good to reach their room in the hotel, and look out at the steely bay ruffled in the tides, and the leaden sky that brooded over the white college buildings on the far-away Berkeley Hills.

"Awful to come down out of the big mountains and get mixed right into this sort of thing, Tam," George said, stretched on his bed with his hands beneath his head.

Tamara, in a comfortable robe of loose velvet reminiscent of theatrical days, went about the room contentedly. She had stopped to buy a sturdy little clump of pale pink, creamy white and lavender stock. She put the flowers into a green glass bowl, set the room primly to rights, established herself in a low, luxurious chair opposite George.

"Strange!" she said.

"What's so strange?"

"Strange," Tam repeated, "that I don't mind it. Even Mayne, sitting there, fighting for his life, doesn't matter. It's all like a dream. You're all that matters, George."

She smiled at him as she said it, but there were sudden tears in her eyes.

"I have it so badly," she said, "I'm so madly, drunkenly, blindly in love with you that nothing else counts. No woman ever felt for a man what I feel when my big husband gets humpily up to his feet and begins to talk."

George said nothing. He blinked, and looked down at the small hand that lay in his, and looked at her again.

"I don't care about anything that happened before we met each other," Tam said. "I don't care whether you get Mayne Mallory off or not, or whether he blabs the whole thing to somebody or not; it's nothing to me whether you're elected district attorney or not. I just want always to be with you, George, always. You opposite me at breakfast, and holding my coat for me, and driving the car, and telling me you love me—that's all I want."

"Shut up," George said.

"Perfect love," Tam began again, "casts out fear. But I am afraid—of just one thing. I'm afraid we'll sometime have to be parted."

"After all," George said, "what else is there but just us?"

"There's nothing else. I don't care about anything or anybody else. Except," Tam added, with a little conscious smile for herself, her own inconsistency, "except that I won't have that crook Mullins think he can talk you down, and I hope they'll elect you district attorney!"

"That's all," George agreed.

They went out for dinner, glancing at every newspaper headline they passed; no more news of the Mallory case. At nine George went out to see his client. "No news now until tomorrow," he said, joining her later at a movie. He and Tamara had fried oysters at a little street stall and went home.

THE next morning he slept late, exhaustedly, and Tamara had to wake him to tell him that the jury had reached a verdict and was coming back. Exactly eleven minutes later he and she were in a taxi rushing to the courtroom; they were there not a moment too soon. Mayne was already in his place, looking older and baggier and more haggard than ever; the judge came in. And almost immediately the door back of the jury box opened and the twelve men and women were again facing the court. Had they reached a verdict? No, they had not. They could not come to an agreement.

There was a general sense of lessened tension in the courtroom, and even a spurt of forbidden laughter. The judge spoke regretfully, reproachfully, to the jury, and sent the talesmen back to their isolation. Again the court emptied and Tamara and George went up to their new apartment on Taylor Street and unpacked kitchenware and china, getting themselves tired and heated in the process.

Now and then they spoke of the case.

"I kind of think it's going to be flat 'guilty,' Tam."

"Maybe not."

"How should you feel if it were?"

She crouched, musing, beside a half-emptied crate, staring into space.

"That'd be a strange thing! Mayne. Hanged," she murmured. "I—well, as far as he's concerned it wouldn't affect me one way or the other, George. There's no feeling of revenge—retaliation. At least I don't think there is in what I feel. But—but I'd be a little afraid of the effect on him. He'd want you to fight on—get a new trial—"

"Even that might fail."

At five they walked back to the hotel for hot baths and rest and that night to the movies again. Tamara's "frivolous" apartment on Taylor Street was almost ready for occupancy; she was eager to move. The next day the jury, still maintaining its complete inability to agree, was dismissed. The older Martell telephoned George the news

(Continued on page 36)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

She always thought Dull teeth were Natural

..until she tried a true film-removing tooth paste

To give teeth new brilliance, remove film. But be sure to use Pepsodent—no other well known tooth paste—equally safe—removes film so thoroughly.

FILM mars the loveliness of teeth. It is the greatest single cause of tooth decay. And, if you use ordinary brushing methods, you may not escape this dangerous film, which forms constantly on everyone's teeth.

There is now one *best* way to keep your teeth free of film. Laboratory tests and scientific facts indicate that way is Pepsodent—known as the special film-removing tooth paste. For, of all other leading methods, none other equally safe, removes film so thoroughly. The cleansing and polishing material in Pepsodent is alone responsible. This film-removing material is *twice* as *soft* as the polishing materials used in other leading tooth pastes—many times as soft as that in leading tooth powders. Yet the way it removes film and cleans teeth is indeed impressive.

This polishing agent is contained exclusively in Pepsodent. That's why Pepsodent is really different. It works in a different way to give different results. When Pepsodent is so safe, so certain, how can you afford to entrust the care of *your* teeth to "hit or miss" methods or bargain dentifrices? Mail coupon for generous trial tube. Watch results! We believe you will want to use Pepsodent regularly twice a day thereafter. And be sure to see your dentist at least twice a year.

FREE 10-day tube

THE PEPSODENT CO., Chicago
Dept. 1609, 919 N. Michigan Ave.
Send 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

*Name*_____
4438

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

This coupon is not good after December 8, 1934. *Only one tube to a family.*

PEPSODENT

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HE NEVER GUESSED
LOPSIDED HEELS
were making his feet
GIVE OUT

MOST people have simply no idea how much foot trouble comes from wearing shoes with lopsided heels.

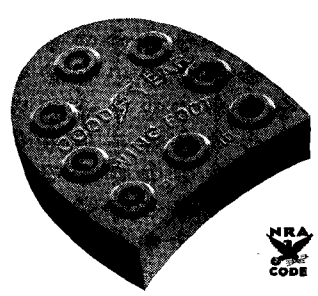
Yet 93% of America's leading orthopedic surgeons state: "Walking on run-over heels can injure the foot structure, temporarily or permanently." The heel-bone supports the arch. When the heel turns over at every step, the arch is twisted, *weakened* — often leading to flat foot, fallen arches and other ills.

Don't take chances! Keep your shoes and feet straight by wearing Goodyear Wingfoot Heels.

Goodyear builds these heels of such tough resilient rubber that they keep their shape PERMANENTLY; *distribute pressure* EQUALLY; *wear down* EVENLY — *preventing fatiguing, harmful strain.*

No wonder more people walk on Goodyear Wingfoot Heels than on any other kind—there's no foot-tonic like them. At all repair shops.

GOODYEAR



WINGFOOT HEELS
keep shoes and feet straight

Woman in Love

Continued from page 34

late that night, and Tamara could see how pleased George was. Another triumph! He and she slept late, and in mid-morning left the dingy city and the blowing fog behind them, and went down to the Belmont Hills.

The older Mary, the younger Mary with her small fingers stained with crayons, the great trees and the quiet meadow above the orchard welcomed them home, and Tamara felt that she could not drink deeply enough of the restful, quiet beauty of it, or hold it closely enough to her soul.

"You two have had a queer honeymoon," Mary Hutton said, when they were wandering up toward the woods, late in the sweet, silent afternoon. "Now what?"

"Now the new trial," Tam answered. "And the election. Besides campaigning and making speeches, George'll be rounding up fresh evidence for the trial. It's going to be a fight! And somehow, after this place and the high mountains the city seems so dirty and crowded, and the courtroom is like a bad dream. I think," Tam said suddenly, "if you and George are *really going to sit on that* wall for a few minutes, I'll get a rake. All this ought to be raked; the stream is actually choked with leaves and brush."

"I'll get you a rake!" George was gone, was back with two rakes. "Lord, it is good to be out here in the air doing this!" he said. "Why does any man ever do anything else!"

Mrs. Hutton sat on the old wall, contentedly watching the workers.

"I've been thinking something, Tam," she presently said. "And now that Mary's gone over to Jean's, I can speak of it. Between the trial and the campaign you and George will have to be a lot in town."

"We are just about ready to move into our apartment," Tam said. "We'll only get down here week-ends as soon as the excitement starts."

"Well, exactly. And I think I'll take Mary and go by way of Panama, on one of the Danish boats, to Europe."

TAM stopped raking, her eyes thoughtful.

"It's a good age to take her," Mary Hutton said. "I can put her in some art school where her gift will be developed and she'll get her French or German. We can live quietly over there just as well as here, and in the spring maybe you two'll come over and see us."

"Let me think," Tam murmured. And she sat down on another section of the crumbling old stone wall and brushed her hair from her wet forehead with a dirty glove. "Mary—way off in Europe," she said.

"You see, Tam, if Mullins should get ugly," George's mother said with a glance at him that immediately returned to Tamara, "it might involve Mary. Some one of them might investigate around here, or that wretched Mallory might talk. If we go, nobody knows anything; my name isn't yours; this old place can be closed. Lee Wing wants to go back to China anyway; we can slip away without a trace. And I believe it would be easier for you both. Politics are ugly things, when they get started, and the whole situation is enough of a strain without having us here!"

Tam looked toward George.

"What do you think, George?"

"You'd hate to let her go, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, that—" Tam said lightly, dully, with a shrug. And she looked away. Presently she got to her feet and began to rake again. "You're awfully good, Aunt Mary," she said, a little thickly. "I wish—I wish I made less trouble for everyone; I wish I knew how to thank you!"

"I'll find out about boats, then," Mrs. Hutton said, much relieved. "I love Germany, and they'll know what to do with her genius."

"You think it's really genius?" Tam asked, arching her dark brows.

"I know it is. Genius." The older Mary was always definite when it came to the younger one.

"I think that's a good idea," George said slowly.

"Well—then I do too," Tam said.

MARY had a rough brown hat and a belted brown coat, a camera, her first brief suit of jacket and skirt, and a trunk and a suitcase marked "M. H." Her ecstasies of departure were augmented by the fact that there were to be four little Swedish girls on board. Only twenty-eight passengers in all, and four of them beside herself girls *between six and ten!* This was too much excitement. Mary was actually pale as the last thrills of sailing day went their swift way, and Tamara, Mary's hand in hers, went about the boat inspecting the clean, plain quarters, the clean, wide decks. One whole month at sea faced Mary and the older Mary. "George," Tam said, when the Helga Helstrund was on her way, and she and George were walking uptown in that mood of exhaustion and flatness and heartaches that only partings give, "if we could only have gone too!"

"We'll go some day," George said. "I'll tell you what we'll do, Tam. We'll save until we have an income of five hundred a month—"

"Three," amended Tam.

"Four. Four hundred a month. Thoreau's idea was fifty dollars, but we'll double that three times. We'll save until we have five thousand a year, and fifty-five hundred."

"Why the fifty-five hundred?"

"Don't you remember the place we saw in that sort of sunken meadow over by Halfmoon Bay? The old ranch house with the poplars and the white barns? Remember we asked that cross-eyed woman what she'd take for it and she said fifty-five hundred? We'll buy that, put in a chimney and some grapevines, and store our books there. Then we'll wander about the world, drive down to Mexico City, go everywhere, and always come back there for summers."

"You could build the chimney, George."

"I could. And I could build you a grill. And maybe we could scoop out those rocks, or blast 'em out somehow and manage a swimming pool."

"It would be so good to have done with all the people who make life so fussy and musty, George. They're all so stupid, talking about what this one does and that one does! It would be so good to have just books and a garden and the sea, and each other, and Mary coming down to paint sunsets, and your mother discussing fertilizer at the supper table!"

"We'll do it, darling, as soon as we've got the kale," George said simply. "Cheer up now, for I'm taking you to the Palace Hotel for lunch."

"What," she said suddenly at the table, "what if the second trial were to be delayed and you were district attorney when it was held, then what would you do?"

"It won't be. It's called for the week after next, and I wouldn't take office until January. And it'll be shorter than the first anyway. But Lord," George mused, "that'd be a funny mess! I don't know that I've ever heard of that happening."

"Wouldn't someone else do it?"

"Yes—Collins could do it. He'd be assistant district attorney and I'd hand it over to him. Or the judge would appoint someone. Collins and I were talking about the case the other day," George said. "He thinks Mayne did it. 'You made a terribly smart defense, Davis,' he said. 'But that feller's guilty as hell! Women don't fall on their heads and spatter themselves all over bathrooms!'"

"Then Mayne wouldn't have much of a break this time?"

"Probably not. I don't know who he'd get to defend him if I was in office. Funny situation," George said, thinking. "I hope he'd not get Mullins!"

"Mullins could hardly act for him after the way he tried to hang him, George!" Tam said indignantly. "Mullins is going back to southern California anyway if he doesn't get elected. He really belongs down there."

"Mullins couldn't very well try to whitewash Mallory now," George agreed. "And certainly I wouldn't like the job of convicting him! But it'll all be over before election."

"If it weren't you'd simply have to put the case for the state and let it go at that, wouldn't you?"

"Under the circumstances that's all I would do. If it should come out that way I could easily plead," George said, "that I couldn't take both sides. Collins would do it."

IT WAS three weeks before election, and only two days before the opening of the new trial that Tamara, reading and idling before an autumn fireside, saw the headline on the first page of the afternoon paper: "Illness of Mayne Mallory May Delay Trial. Murder Suspect Suffers Sharp Heart Attack."

"That's all right," George reassured her, when they discussed it over their first dinner in the new apartment. "I talked that over with Bill Martell. If Mallory's illness goes on over election, and I do get in, as it seems likely I will, the court simply appoints another lawyer to defend the prisoner. It's lucky, in a way. I don't want to take it all on again."

"Yes, but suppose this man isn't as good as you are, George, and they find Mayne guilty, then what'll he do?"

"Who? Mallory?"

"Yes. Mayne. Mightn't he give the press—tell somebody—represent that you only took on his case because you were afraid of his talking?"

"My Lord, why should he have it in for me?" George demanded, stopping in his whole-hearted attack upon a thick steak to look at her wide-eyed. "I got the jury to disagree. What's he got against me?"

"Only that he would be fighting for his life, George, and he's a terrible coward, Mayne. In his terror, if he were actually going to be hanged, he'd grab at *anything—he'd say anything!*"

"He won't have a chance," George decided, after thought. "If I thought he'd try to pull anything like that I'd drop out of the district attorney race. But that would be throwing the firm down to begin with, and the party down too. I can't do that. You see the people really want the Mullins gang out, and I happened to be working for Senator Gorse when he exposed the whole

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thing, and it was natural to put me up to fight Mullins. I don't see myself quitting for anything now."

"Oh, dear!" Tam said on a sigh, after a long silence. "It would all be so easy if I hadn't been such a simple *sheep* eight years ago. We could do our best for Mayne then, and if things went against him not care. As it is, all the fun and excitement of the campaign is going to be spoiled by wondering—worrying—"

"Damn it, your worrying is all I care about! Try not to worry." George said, kissing the tumbled top of her soft hair, his big arm about her. For she had come around the dinner table to sit on his knee.

"Oh," said Tam, "I don't worry!" But to herself she sometimes added, "How can I help it? I've always had something to worry about, ever since I was a girl. Lance, Coral, Mother—work and dirt and poverty, and Mayne and Mary—poor little Mary!—and Lance again and Coral always, and trying to act when I knew I wasn't an actress! Nothing that was mine really ever was right until George. And now, if in any way I'm to get George in wrong with his firm—hurt his career—keep him from being district attorney and then senator and then—well, anything, that will be the worst of all!"

DURING these strange days she managed to move into their new apartment on Taylor Street hill. Its four erratically arranged rooms were balanced by the fact that it had a glorious view of the ever-changing bay, and it was near a fine market where Tamara could find alligator pears and squabs and sponge cakes, and practice her Spanish on Ramon. George had picked up a little Spanish in Arizona; Tamara was studying it conscientiously. The firm of Martell, Hunter and Martell had Mexican interests and she and George sometimes talked of going to Mexico City or Vera Cruz.

The campaign for many municipal offices, including that of district attorney, ran its course parallel to that of the second Mallory trial. George made speeches, raced about the city in a big car, was cheered in large meetings. Mayne shuffled in and out of the familiar shabby courtroom, sat dully staring at the floor, or raised heavy eyes to study the animated, confident face of his old enemy, Mullins. Mayne's lawyer this time was the famous old criminal lawyer Willoughby. The general opinion was that old Willoughby was the man he should have had from the first. George, prevented by his candidacy from active work in the trial, consulted with Willoughby. Mullins had found fresh evidence. He produced witnesses to the fact that Mayne Mallory when he had been drinking was a man given to violent displays of passion; he had once kicked a polo pony almost to death; he had injured a bell-boy once by knocking him down and had paid a fifteen-thousand-dollar claim of damages to the boy's parents.

"They've got him this time," George said. "This jury won't be out ten minutes."

"It makes me nervous," Tamara said. "*I wish it was all over!*"

(To be continued next week)

Sales Talk

Continued from page 11

"You're a fool, Ingalls!" Morrison snapped. "You'll be sorry for that."

Joe moaned and looked at the sales manager's door and warningly waggled his hands. He was caught in the act. The door banged open and Cowley, the sales manager, big and red-headed, froze Joe's hands in mid-air with a single look.

"You learning to be a juggler, Kennedy?" Cowley bawled. "What's going on in here?"

"I was about to thank Mr. Ingall's," Dinah said clearly, "for lifting Mr. Morrison's lips from the back of my neck."

Cowley flung up his arms. "Am I making moving pictures here," he roared, "or selling cars? Morrison, we don't pay Miss Low a salary for the use of her neck. Clear out of here, all of you!"

Joe went rapidly with the rest and sneaked back, sniggering.

"The Dinah Mite!" he said, guarding his whisper with a cupped hand. "My child, that was a sock! You can count your fingers yet on Morrison's pan. Here's Ingalls' order. Type it for him, will you?"

"Please thank him for me," Dinah said nervously, "for grabbing Spats. Joe, what did Spats mean, that Jimmy'd be sorry? Do you think Spats carries tales to Mr. Stover?"

"I know he does," Joe snorted.

Jimmy, in May, was still hanging on to his job, but he was floundering miserably in the red, and twice in as many months Stover had challenged his record.

"I swear to heaven," Joe said to Dinah, "Jim's unlucky. Even the weather takes a crack at him. If he's on the floor in the showroom, it rains and nobody comes in—"

"Alibis!" Dinah said scornfully.

"Maybe," Joe said, "but he works like a horse. One thing sure, if Ingalls is on the floor and a customer comin' in is somebody else's prospect, he don't try to grab the deal. Coupla days ago Spats was on the floor and a guy came in, one of my prospects—"

"I know," Dinah said soothingly. They all knew, even the porter.

The prospect Mr. Morrison had attempted to hijack had escaped and called Joe up and the consequent row in Cowley's office had been comparable only to the din in a lion's cage at the Zoo.

"You know, Dinah," Joe said thoughtfully, "this guy Ingalls is a graduate engineer. He oughta be able to sell. I mean, he knows a lot about a motor."

"I've heard him selling." Dinah looked up. "He isn't selling cars, Joe. He's selling Jimmy Ingalls."

"You gotta sell yourself, Dinah—"

"It isn't what I mean," Dinah said. "He's—showing off. He wants to show his prospects how much he knows and he overshadows the car and the sale blows up. You don't do that, Joe. You sell yourself to make the customer like you and then you talk right in on that and build up the car. I've heard you." Dinah colored. "I've listened."

THE peak months were over when Jimmy began to sell. In the latter part of June when sales were going off, Joe kept bringing in his orders for Dinah to type.

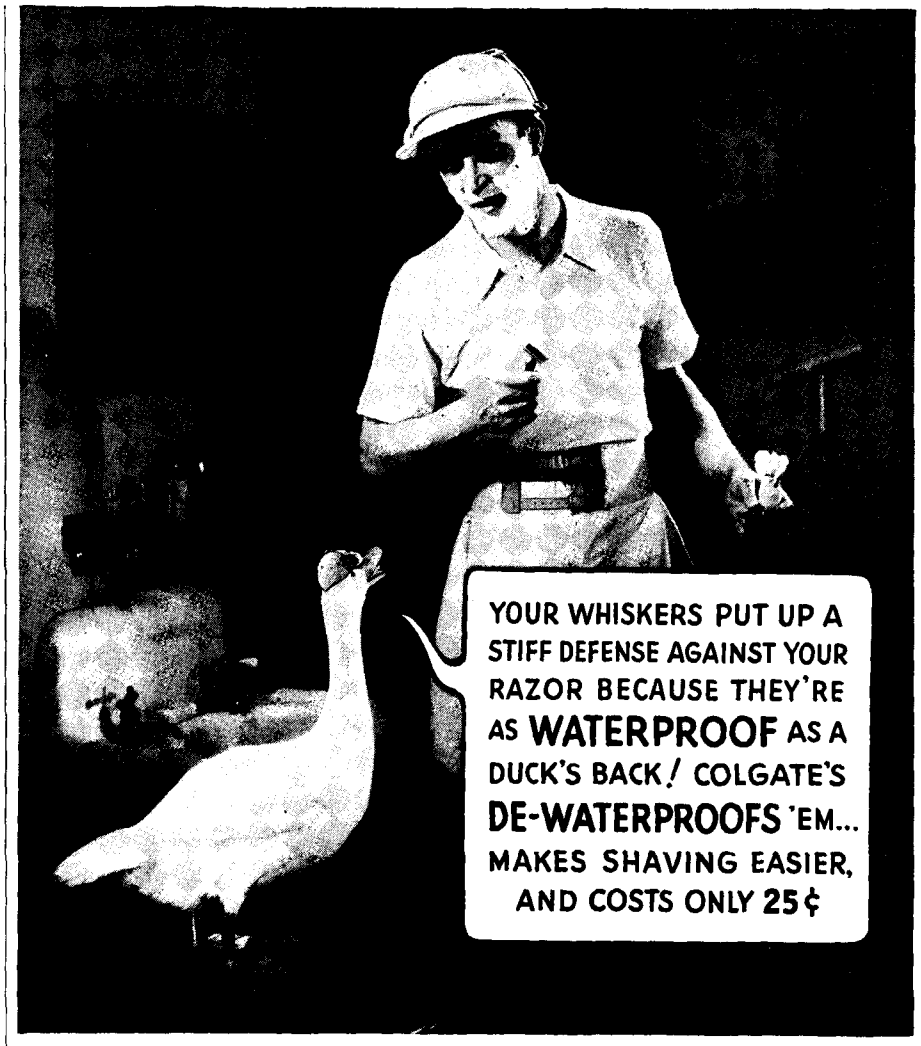
"Does he think I bite?" Dinah inquired.

"He knows it!" Joe said with a grin. "You bit him somewhere at a dance."

"Is he—hypnotizing his prospects?"

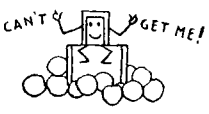
"Nope," Joe said. "I told him what you said about growin' bouquets for himself in a customer's mind."

(Continued on page 38)


YOUR WHISKERS PUT UP A STIFF DEFENSE AGAINST YOUR RAZOR BECAUSE THEY'RE AS WATERPROOF AS A DUCK'S BACK! COLGATE'S DE-WATERPROOFS 'EM... MAKES SHAVING EASIER, AND COSTS ONLY 25¢

Every single whisker you raise is wrapped in a tough, waterproof jacket of oil—that's the thing that makes whiskers hard to cut.

To get an easier, smoother shave . . . you must strip away *every* trace of that waterproof jacket from *every* whisker. Do that—and your razor has a chance to work without scrape or pull.



But . . . don't give that de-waterproofing job to an ordinary shaving cream. For most shaving creams *can't* completely remove *all* the waterproofing. Because they froth up into *big-bubble* lather . . . and those bubbles are so big that you can't get many of them *close* to each individual whisker.

Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream does just the opposite. It whips into millions of tiny, *little bubbles* . . . bubbles so small that whole armies of them crowd *close* to each whisker. And then, working together, these *little bubbles* emulsify every last trace of that tough, waterproof jacket of oil . . . and float it all away.

Then in a jiffy, they *soak* those whiskers *soft* . . . wilt 'em down so limp that your razor sails over your face as though there were no whiskers there.

Try Colgate's today. Discover how *small-bubble* lather takes the pain and pull out of your daily shave. The large 35¢ tube is now only 25¢.

P. S. *For a swell, cool finish to a grand, smooth shave, use Colgate's After-Shave Lotion, and Colgate's Talc for Men.*

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A
MOST REFRESHING
SMOKE

KOOL
MILDLY MENTHOLATED
Cigarettes

Exhilarating as sinking your putt from the far edge of the green! KOOLS are definitely cooler: distinctly refreshing. They're mildly mentholated by a clever process that preserves the full flavor of the fine tobaccos. Cork tips don't stick to lips. Coupons packed with KOOLS good for gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

SAVE COUPONS for HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

(Continued from page 37)

"Joe—" Dinah said, aghast—"you didn't!"

"Sure I did," Joe said. "The boss was beginnin' to worry about him. He was afraid he'd either have to take him off the draw or fire him."

"What on earth did he say—Jimmy?"

"Nothin'. He got hot and red and mad and bolted off."

In July, leaner, grimmer, Jimmy was seventh man on the list and still working nights and Sundays.

When the Used Car department in September began to increase the trade-in allowances because the 1933 Bristol was nine months old, he was high man for the month and third man on the blackboard for the year, with Joe and Spats ahead of him.

He was still third in October when the fire-eating Mr. Rush in Detroit decreed a change in policy and altered indirectly a part of Jimmy's life.

"Joe," Dinah said, "I don't want to hear another word about Mr. Rush. He scares me to death. What will be different?"

"Well," Joe said slowly, "instead of the zone sales manager dictating the sales policy of all of the company's cars, every manager with a franchise will be on his own. It means Stover'll have direct authority over the boss. Stover, they tell me," Joe added gloomily, "wants the boss' job for his brother."

Spats Morrison, one Saturday morning in the early part of November, confirmed the worst of Joe's predictions.

"Well," he said, strolling into Dinah's office with a sorrowful glance, "your boss is up with Stover getting canned. Too bad. But he's staged the worst October this showroom has ever known and he's getting instructions to fire all the men and call in the demonstrators. I'm to keep the store open until after the show. By then Stover plans to pick up a better bunch of salesmen. If you'd been a friendlier little girl, you might have kept your job."

DINAH walked indignantly out of the office and collided with Joe.

"Joe," Dinah whispered fiercely, "he's so thrilled at breaking the news I almost told him you'd warned us all an hour ago."

"Go back and tell him!" Joe beamed. "Tell him every guy in the outfit has bolted off with his demonstrator to sweeten Stover's life. Tell him they're boilin' all over town lookin' for jobs in the company's cars. If Stover rounds up his lousy demonstrators by midnight, he'll be lucky."

"I don't even want to talk to him—"

"Okay," Joe said. "Let's drop into the corner drug store and lap up some coffee."

Over his coffee Joe said, "Jimmy's sunk. He acts like somebody's conked him with a tombstone."

"It's his vanity," Dinah said. "People like Jimmy hate to be fired."

"Nope," Joe said. "It's somethin' about this jam he's in. How long are you goin' to stick around today?"

"It will be late this afternoon before I finish up."

"Jimmy's expecting a telegram from his mother. If she sends it to the store, he wondered if you'd call up his landlady so she can tell him when he gets in."

"Why is he so silly, Joe? Couldn't he ask me himself?"

"Nope," Joe said. "I guess he can't. You paralyze his vocal cords. The darn' guy's in love with you, Dinah—"

"Let's go!" Dinah said, rising. "I'm finishing up a job."

By three o'clock, a funereal emptiness had settled over the showroom. Even the colored porter had vanished. Dinah, in sole charge, went in and out of the showroom, watching the doors, cleaned out her desk and intermittently answered the telephone and listened to Mr. Stover.

Mr. Stover, at noon, had begun to simmer. He had attempted then to call in two of the demonstrators by number. On the last numbers, at a quarter to four, he passed rapidly into a galloping boil, charging collusion.

"Mr. Stover," Dinah said innocently, "I realize November is an awfully dull month, but shouldn't Mr. Morrison be in the showroom?"

"Isn't he?"

"No," Dinah said. "I'm here alone."

"If Morrison comes in," Stover snapped, "tell him I want to see him!"

DINAH hung up with a faint sparkle of satisfaction under her lashes and hurried into the showroom. It was still empty, but outside a taxi was pulling up to the curb and the man who alighted looked directly into the showroom.

"If he wants to buy a car or anything," Dinah thought, "I'll fold right up and die."

He was a tall, quick man with level blue eyes and a sprinkle of dark gray in his hair, and after he paid the driver he charged into the store.

Dinah swallowed. She said, approaching him, "Are—are you interested in Bristol cars?"

"Immensely!" he said promptly. "I'm looking for one of your salesmen. His name is Ingalls."

"Mr. Ingalls isn't in. Are you one of his prospects?"

The inquiry seemed to divert him. "In a sense," he said, "I am."

"Has he told you about the car?"

"No."

Dinah, in her memory, grimly flipped over the ghostly pages of a sales manual. You couldn't know Joe and not realize that a prospect must never escape without further inoculation to protect him from wolves. She said once so fluently that he looked amazed:

"The Bristol car is equipped with synchronized transmission with helical-cut gears."

He was a difficult prospect. It was hard to keep his attention even when Dinah grew firmer and told him about the clutch. He kept looking around and finally, to identify the call and compromise him in a written memorandum, she asked for his name.

"Rush," he said absently. "K. M. Rush."

Dinah experienced a stab of intuitive terror. "Detroit?" she quavered.

"Yes."

"Oh!" Dinah said faintly.

"Oh, come now!" he protested, standing over her. "What in heaven's name has that stepson of mine been telling you?"

"Jimmy? . . . Is Jimmy your stepson, Mr. Rush?"

"I expect he is. I've just married his mother."

Dinah said again, "Oh!"

"As a matter of fact," Rush said, amused, "I got him his job. Are you Dinah Low? Jim, I think, wrote his mother about you. Mrs. Rush knows your cousins. You mean to tell me," he added, "that you understand all this mechanical ballyhoo you've been telling me about shims and bushings and timing chains?"

"Mr. Rush—" Dinah's eyes grew big and solemn—"I don't. I don't understand a single word of it. A parrot could have done as well. I rehearse the new salesmen."

His broad grin lessened a tension in Dinah's mind. He looked around again.

"What I immensely want to know is," he said in a purring, reflective voice, "do they run this automat or whatever it is with two cars on the floor and no salesmen? Are you alone here?" Dinah nodded. "Humph. Let's get into an office somewhere and sort it out." He moved off toward the paneled enclosure in the rear of the showroom.

Dinah, right behind him, gulped in some air. Mr. Rush walked into the nearest office, pulled up a chair for Dinah and settled himself at Cowley's desk.

"Now," he said, "who's in charge here?"

"That's the trouble," Dinah said, suddenly calm and determined. "He isn't. He's been fired for selling five hundred cars since January. Everybody's been fired. It's Mr. Cowley."

"Five hundred?" He wrote it down.

"I have all the monthly recapitulation sheets," Dinah said innocently. "May I get them?"

"You certainly may!"

While Mr. Rush bored into the recapitulation sheets, Dinah slipped behind him and turned over the blackboard.

His mouth twitched. "I won't miss it," he promised. "I'll get that next."

He did. He said, mystified, "Why were all of these men fired?"

"Didn't—hasn't Jimmy—"

"I told Jim not to write me any squawks."

"Well," Dinah said, "Joe—Joe's the salesman at the top of the board—Joe says Mr. Stover wants to get out of paying drawing accounts until after the show. He's getting very economical. I mean, he told Mr. Cowley two cars on the floor would have to be enough and everything's been in an uproar. And then Mr. Stover said when the sales kept falling off he'd have to get rid of Mr. Cowley and Joe says really Mr. Stover's brother is hanging around up there with his coat collar up—Joe talks like that—waiting to walk right into Mr. Cowley's pay check."

"Now," Mr. Rush purred, "we're getting somewhere. Get Mr. Stover on the wire. Tell him I'd like to see him."

Dinah reached for the telephone with a steady hand and spoke to Mr. Stover. She hung up, dimpling.

"I'm afraid he's upset, Mr. Rush. But he'll come immediately."

"I'm sure he will," Rush said carelessly. He returned to the blackboard. "Jim's record," he said critically, "looks a little erratic."

"At first," Dinah explained, "he made mistakes."

Rush smiled and stroked his chin. "So," he said, "Jim's learned, has he, that he can make mistakes?"

TELEPATHY at that minute would have cleared up many things in Dinah's mind. Some words Mr. Rush had uttered a year ago to Jimmy's mother had rippled fleetingly through his mind.

"Linda," Keith Rush had said, "I don't propose to spend my life in a shower of sparks, arguing with another man's son. Either Jim'll have to change, or I will, and I'm too old. Jim's always got to be first. He's first man in the tennis club. He plays crack golf and it's no effort at all. It never has been. Now he tears out of college at the top of his class, designs a motor engine and expects me to pull wires in the factory and put it over for him. He needs to sweat for what he wants and learn the value of money."

Mr. Rush had returned to the recapitulation sheets when the sound of a closing door echoed out of the showroom.

"Mr. Stover!" Dinah murmured, rising.

Back in her own office Dinah tried not to listen to Mr. Rush, but some of his words flew through the glass and wooden partition like chips from a glacier. Then Jimmy's mother called up.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Mr. Ingalls isn't here," Dinah said. "Have you tried his room?"

"I called up his landlady," Mrs. Rush explained, "and the telegram was there but Jimmy wasn't."

"He may be in one of the demonstrators—"

"Has Mr. Rush been there?" It was plainly, in Mrs. Rush's mind, an afterthought of no particular probability.

"He's here now, talking business with Mr. Stover."

"He is!" Mrs. Rush exclaimed. Her voice, Dinah thought, sounded startled and amused. "Don't call him, please."

"She's diplomatic," Dinah thought. "Is this Miss Low?"

"Yes. Just a minute, Mrs. Rush—" Dinah had caught in the showroom the familiar marching sound of Jimmy's footsteps. She said, as he stopped in the doorway, "Your mother—"

Jimmy tossed his hat onto the desk and seized the telephone.

" 'Lo, Linda!" he said.

DINAH wandered into the salesmen's room, thinking of Joe. Joe would be petrified! Joe would turn up with his demonstrator behind the times and be deeply chagrined.

"Holy hat!" Jimmy said in the doorway. "What's popping in Cowley's office?"

"Mr. Rush," Dinah said, swallowing. "He's scalping Mr. Stover."

Stover's footsteps echoed hastily in the showroom. Then a chair creaked, a door opened and Mr. Rush walked into the salesmen's room, shook hands with his stepson and said with a heartless grin:

"Hello, Jim, you look thin."

"Thirteen pounds," Jimmy grumbled. "And I've lost my job."

"What about these salesmen?" Rush said to Dinah. "Can you reach them?"

Reluctantly Dinah told him about the demonstrators.

"Young devils!" Rush muttered. "Ring up wherever they live and leave word. Monday morning Cowley will want them back."

Jimmy followed him back to Cowley's office.

Eleven salesmen, Dinah discovered, trying at the same time to telephone and not to listen to Mr. Rush and Jimmy, were still at large with the demonstrators. Jimmy, after the last call, emerged from Cowley's office.

"Miss Low," he said, "K. M. wants me to ask you—please don't hang this on me," he added stiffly, "but you seem to have made a hit with him. You told him the truth or something—"

"My—sales talk!"

"You don't have to mumble," Jimmy said, mopping his face. "He's gone. He grabbed a taxi. He's a sap about Mother." A wintry gleam of mirth came up in Jimmy's eyes. "He's been in there swearing to me he didn't intend to get his beak into business only it sneaked up on him. He's a cement egg all right, but he went out of here with a coupla cracks in his shell." He added suspiciously, "Did he tell you anything—about—about an engine I designed?"

"I couldn't help hearing," Dinah said. "Did he tell you, when he got you the job, that if you lived on what you could make, kept your job and came back to Detroit at the head of the list without using his name, he'd give the engine a trial?"

"He did not!" Jimmy snorted. "He said he'd get me a job in the factory in the engineering department and it was up to me to sell the idea of the engine myself to the chief engineer. That's the way he is. I got to go back to work here Monday morning. The idea is—he wants you to have dinner with us tonight—I have to ask you because I said I would—and go to a show and dance. I can tell him why you can't come when I get up there."

The telephone pealed and Dinah said, "Hello."

"Dinah," Joe Kennedy sputtered, "what's up? They tell me the Big Boy from Detroit is boilin' around in the showroom—"

"Joe," Dinah exclaimed, vexed, "you can't possibly know that!"

"Hundred per cent wrong!" Joe said. "I called up this Vulcan guy I room with and he runs around with Stover's secretary—"

"Well, then," Dinah said, "you can round up the boys!"

Minutes later Dinah escaped his questions and hung up. Jimmy, looking limp and dejected, had seated himself in a chair, waiting for Dinah's reason why she couldn't go. You had to have a reason, of course, for Mr. Rush.

And suddenly Dinah smiled. Her eyes, dark velvet back of her lashes, met Jimmy's startled look with a bewildering warmth.

"Jimmy," Dinah said, "I'd love to go. I'd like to meet your mother!"

"Stop worrying! Philbert will gain altitude as soon as he can work out of these trees!"

OUTSIDE... any tooth brush!
Of course, Tek cleans the outside of your teeth. Any good tooth brush can do that.

Here's the inside story!

INSIDE... that's different!
An old story to your dentist's mirror. Tartar *behind* the front teeth where ordinary brushes miss because they are not shaped to fit. Change to Tek!

Tek

Guaranteed... to fit and clean your teeth *inside* and outside.

CLEANS BOTH SIDES!
● See how Tek fits *inside!* Just as sure and easy as outside. Twice the value of a "one-way" brush at no extra cost. And guaranteed! If you're not satisfied that Tek performs its double duty, return the brush to us and get your money back. Remember, Tek Jr. for the children.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I HATE GREASE

•

My Brushless Shave is a Cream—not a Grease

W. G. Mennen

"WHEN brushless shaves first came out I immediately took to the idea. I tried them . . . and I found them *greasy*, sticky, a mess. I got my razor all clogged up, my basin was a sight (and was my wife mad!).

"I decided there *must* be a way to lick this grease bogie. My chemists and I worked hard for 13 months. But then we had it—*a Brushless Shave that's a cream, not a grease.*

"Because Mennen Brushless is a fine, even, highly soluble cream it improves your shave in 5 ways:

1. **Wilts whiskers**—and smooths the path of the razor. The blade *sails* over the skin, cuts clean! No pull!
2. **Shows white on the face**—so you can follow the path of the razor.
3. **Washes off easily**—being a highly soluble cream, it leaves no greasy residue on face or hands. Doesn't clog razor or wash basin.
4. **Economical**—it spreads easier.
5. **Protects the skin**—particularly good for dry, easily irritated skins.

"Convince yourself. See coupon."

MENNEN brushless SHAVE

5 PRODUCTS FOR 10¢

To get you acquainted with Mennen products, we'll send you liberal trial sizes of Mennen Brushless Shave, Lather Shave, Talcum for Men, Skin Bracer and a Mennen Double Edge Blade—*all* for 10¢. Send coupon with 10¢ in coin to Mennen Co., Newark, N. J., Dept. C-23

.....

.....

Tears for a Crocodile

Continued from page 15

"Big Dragon" of the bay. That was over twenty years ago. You can still hear about Naga Besar in Sandakan. Ask any Dyak about the Big Dragon. He'll tell you no creature ever lived as savage, as cruel and as wise as the Naga of Sandakan Bay. And he'll be right—at least as far as crocodiles go. For I saw this Naga, and touched him, and finally nearly wept over him—and they weren't "crocodile tears."

I was a bit surprised when I was approached by a deputation of Dyaks and asked to catch the Naga. My reputation as an animal man was known, but usually natives manage to catch and kill their own crocodiles.

"Naga Besar is as old as the sea and more strong than its greatest wave. You catch him for us, Master."

"I'm not interested in crocodiles," I told them, and sent them away.

All around Sandakan I heard stories of the Naga. He was the biggest crocodile that ever lived. He was really no crocodile at all—he was a naga, a dragon. He breathed out fire and smoke from his nostrils, and he would eat nothing but human flesh. In the years he had been at Sandakan he had eaten many, many natives. He had a "castle" far beneath the waters of the bay in the wreck of an old ship lying on a reef. From here he made excursions up the rivers and far out to sea, once even swimming clear around the point into the next bay. He regularly upset canoes and had been known even to attack a prau.

I dismissed all these stories as native exaggeration and superstition. And I left Sandakan without even trying to have a look at the Naga.

Meeting the Naga

But each time I returned to Borneo I heard more stories about Naga Besar. And each time his new list of victims was enumerated to me and new and terrible deeds of his violence related. I decided finally to have a look at him if I could. The natives were very positive that he lived in the hulk of a sunken ship in the harbor, so I permitted two Dyaks to take Ali, my Number-One boy, and myself out in a large dugout canoe.

There was the hulk of an old ship there, sure enough. Through the clear, blue water of the bay, about thirty feet down, I could see every rotted deck plank and broken spar. Bits of seaweed and moss trailed from the rotten timbers in the slow current like sluggish snakes. There was a great hole in the ship's side where she had obviously crashed on the reef in a storm many years before.

"Watch," the Dyaks said softly. "Master watch hole in ship. Maybe see Naga Besar."

I watched and waited. The Dyaks kept the canoe motionless with deft, noiseless strokes of their paddles that barely stirred the water. Then I heard the breath hiss softly between Ali's teeth.

"Tuan!" he whispered. "Look! Look quickly!"

I glanced down over the side of the boat. It took me a moment to shake the sun out of my eyes. In the shimmering depths of the water I could still see the wreck, quiet, peaceful, motionless.

"The hole, Tuan!" Ali whispered. "The hole!"

I saw a movement in the broken hull of the ship. It was vague at first, like a mere shadow on the water. It moved slowly outward and became green. I held my breath as I saw it was the snout of a crocodile—and the biggest snout I had ever gazed at. It moved on, foot after foot. Incredibly it moved until I could see the reptile's head and eyes. There must have been seven feet of long, cruel jaws that came through the wreckage before the beast saw the shadow of the canoe. He paused a moment, then with unbelievable quickness vanished back into the sunken ship.

"Naga Besar!" the Dyaks chanted. "Naga Besar! Master believe in the dragon now?"

I believed I had seen one of the biggest crocodiles that ever lived, and I told them so. And, dragon or not, I wanted him. A crocodile as big as this one was as rare as platinum and would be an immense curiosity back in America. The difficulty, and it looked like one of the toughest jobs I had ever tackled, would be to capture him.

Crocodiles usually are caught in rivers or on river banks. Even the sea crocodiles go up the streams to feed and lay their eggs. Crocodile eggs vary in number from twenty to ninety. They are laid in a nest of vegetable matter which the crocodile scrapes together in a heap on the bank. These eggs are incubated by the heat caused by the fermenting of this vegetable matter and the warmth of the sun. The young break through the shell of the egg by means of an "egg tooth" which grows on the tip of the snout and which, though sharp as a knife and hard as steel, breaks off and is lost immediately after hatching. The babies are two or three times as long as their eggs, and they are able to take care of themselves at birth. Their normal growth is about a foot a year.

There is one way to catch crocodiles, and I decided to use it. You take a piece of rattan—which is almost as strong as a steel cable—about twenty yards long. To the end of this you fasten three yards of strong native-fiber rope. The strands of this rope are separated from one another, so when the crocodile takes the hook they slip into the interstices of his teeth and give him nothing on which to bite.

The hook itself is seven inches long and about four inches across from shank to point. But it is vastly different from an ordinary fishhook. The shank is sharpened at the end and the hook is not barbed. Halfway up the shank on the side toward the point is a loop. The rope is fastened to this loop. Once the bait is swallowed a strain on the line pulls the hook across the crocodile's throat. The hook catches, and the sharp shank fastens in the opposite side. Once caught the hook cannot be dislodged, and the long rattan line floats on the water's surface.

I baited four of these hooks with half-plucked white chickens. A white fowl is better than a dark one, for the crocodile can see it farther in the water. Ali and I then paddled out into the bay over the wreck, and left our baits. Both the fowl and the rattan floated.

Chicken for One

For four days straight Ali and I, with the help of our Dyaks and the dugout canoe, carefully reset those lines—and waited.

"I guess it's no use, Ali," I said firmly. "That old croc is too smart for us. I can't wait any longer. I've got to go on to Darvel Bay and see Bill Westley."

"Tuan want Naga Besar?" Ali asked.

"I certainly do. But I can't spend any more time on him."

"Leave me here, Tuan, while you go visit Tuan Westley. Maybe I catch Naga."

He said it so seriously and with such confidence that I couldn't help smiling.

"All right, Ali," I told him. "I was going to leave you here anyway. Just keep the lines out there over the wreck. I won't expect anything."

So I left Ali at Sandakan and went over to Darvel Bay around the extreme eastern point of Borneo from Sandakan. Bill Westley was an old friend of mine and the manager of a big rubber and tobacco plantation located there.

I stayed with Westley a week. Lounging on his broad porch was a welcome relaxation after six months of animal catching. There is a quiet placidity about a Borneo plantation that gets into a white man's blood. A month of it and you are ready to sit and let the rest of the world go by.

But I didn't have a month of it. On the eighth day Ali came tearing up to

"Look, lady! It's really very simple—green and go—see? They both begin with a G" DAVID C. GERARD

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the bungalow, panting and dripping with perspiration. He had come all the way from Sandakan in a native prau with eight of the fastest Dyak oarsmen he could find.

"Tuan! Tuan!" he cried. "Naga Besar is captured!"

"Sit down, Ali. Get your breath," I said. "Now then, who caught him?"

"I did, Tuan. The Dyaks and I caught him in the canoe."

"In the canoe! You're crazy!"

"No, Tuan. Naga is now trussed up on beach at Sandakan. Tuan come quickly. Dyaks hate Naga so I afraid they do him injury."

"All right, Ali," I said. "I'll come."

If it had been anybody but Ali I would have doubted the story. But he had been with me so many years I could trust him thoroughly.

On the way I got Ali's story. Every day he had had four Dyak paddlers in their big dugout visit the wreck and replace the drifting bait. Then one morning, early, he had found one of the lines missing. The other three were there, drifting on the surface, but one of the chickens was gone. Ali's Dyaks paddled slowly over the wreck and they finally spotted the end of the rattan. There was only about a yard of it on the surface. The other end went straight down and disappeared through the hole in the side of the wrecked ship.

Ali knew the Naga was on the hook end of that line. The Dyaks knew it, too. They wanted to paddle as fast as they could for shore, but Ali wouldn't let them. He and the strongest Dyak got hold of the end of the rattan and with all their combined strength gave it a jerk that set the hook fast in the Naga's throat.

After that there was no question of retreat. The Naga came out of his sunken home like a green-gray streak, and the big canoe moved with him.

"He look big as whale,' Ali told me. "Bigger. All my life I never move so fast on water. Canoe go like twig in rapids."

But Ali and his Dyak helpers hung on and gathered in the slack of the rattan when they could. At times the crocodile, lashing the water to a fury, dove, dragging both boys to their knees and nearly breaking their backs. But they clung to that rattan for dear life.

After the dugout had been pulled around the bay for what seemed hours to Ali, and the big croc had evidently begun to tire, the boys managed to pull in the line until the Naga was only four or five yards from the boat. Ali had taken a long spear with him—almost a harpoon—with another rattan attached to the spearhead. He gave the first line to two of the Dyaks to hold.

Crippling a Crocodile

The Naga turned over in the water, lashing with his great tail, fighting, his four feet clawing the sea to a foam. His jaws were open and Ali could see long rows of cruel teeth, biting and dripping. It was while the Naga was half out of the water, his yellow side showing, that Ali stabbed with the spear, being careful to drive it in where the flesh was thick so as not to hit a vital spot.

It went in clear to the hilt and Ali quickly wrenched the shaft loose, grabbing the rattan line as he did so.

All hell broke loose then in Sandakan Bay. The water was churned into a white whirlpool. The Naga went round and round, his tail lashing, his great jaws opening and clicking together like steel traps. Once the tail, with the weight of a falling tree, struck the canoe and knocked it half out of the water. If it had gone over it would have been the end of Ali and his madly paddling Dyaks.

What probably saved them in the end was the fact that the slack of the hook line caught about the crocodile's forefeet and trussed and tangled them tightly. This hampered and crippled the Naga so they were able to draw him close to the canoe.

It was then that Ali accomplished his coup.

"I was thinking of you, Tuan," he told me. "I know you want Naga Besar very bad."

He gave both lines to the Dyaks to hold and stood up in the canoe. He had brought a few short pieces of marlin twine with him, and he was now ready to use them. He put a running noose in the end of one of these twines and yelled to the Dyaks to hold steady to the spearhead line and pull hard on the one attached to the hook.

The Dyaks, thoroughly scared, managed to obey. This brought the Naga's head out of the water, and by leaning perilously over the edge of the canoe Ali managed to get the noose over the crocodile's upper jaw and draw it tight just behind the nostrils. With a quick turn of his arm he slipped the loose part of the twine around and under the lower jaw. Like lightning he took two quick turns and closed the animal's jaws.

An Act of Mercy

With his hand he grabbed the left nostril then and held it tightly. Half blinded with salt spray the Naga had flung up about the canoe, Ali managed to take several more turns about the great jaws, and then put a hitch in the marlin twine.

The worst part of his work was now done. He got another piece of cord around the Naga's left front foot and drew the whole leg up over the beast's back. With a quick movement he snared the other foot and tied the two legs together. He then went through the same business with the hind feet and Naga Besar, instead of being the Dragon of Sandakan Bay, was just a trussed-up and helpless monstrosity!

"Ali," I said enthusiastically, "I'm going to give you a hundred Straits dollars for getting that crocodile!"

"Did not do it for dollars," Ali said. "It was great work—what you call 'big thrill'—and I knew, Tuan, that you want Naga Besar."

I did—as much as I ever wanted any animal. But it is now that the tears come in. We got back to Sandakan early the next morning and found the Naga trussed up safe and sound. He lay on the beach, enormous, with his greenish-gray back covered with sea moss and barnacles. He looked dangerous even yet, lying there on the sand with a large group of Dyaks surrounding him.

I pushed the natives aside and went up to him. Without a doubt he was by far the biggest crocodile I had ever seen. Twenty-five feet if he was an inch! But on looking at him closer I began to swear. The Dyaks apparently hadn't trusted Ali's knots. After he had gone to get me they had proceeded to tie the hated Naga tighter. They had drawn his legs together over his back and relashed them so cruelly tight that all circulation had been cut off and they were blue in color and swollen to twice their size. Already life was gone from those legs.

And this wasn't all. With the great Naga helpless before them they had proceeded to torture the murderer to the limit.

I performed an act of mercy which the Dyaks would never have done. I put three bullets into the great Naga Besar's head.

And this is probably the only case on record where a man nearly shed tears over a crocodile.

TIRED OUT
"Fatigued by the least effort. Always felt drowsy. Irritable. Nervous, too."
INDIGESTION
Laxatives often make this trouble worse. "She also had no appetite."

Dr. Samuel Mélamet is chief physician of the Hospital "Le Repos." Laureate of the Faculty of Medicine of Paris. Frequently called for consultation by other doctors on diseases of the intestines.

"Amazing—the way she improved"

relates DR. MÉLAMET, Noted Internal Specialist

This case is good news for every single person in this condition!

PERHAPS you—like Dr. Mélamet's patient—have many things wrong with you, but don't know why!

You suffer from *indigestion*—yet don't realize it might merely be that your gastric juices are flowing too slowly (so simple to correct).

You feel all *tired out*. Maybe you're like Miss P—— who, Dr. Mélamet says, "was fatigued because her system was slowly poisoning itself."

Your *eyes* are heavy—you look wretched. The chances are that your system is clogged with waste.

Perhaps all you need is the same simple thing Dr. Mélamet advised for Miss P——:

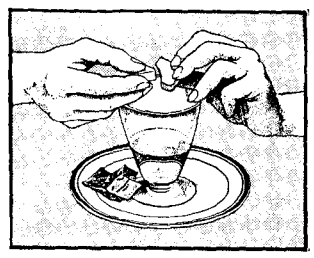
"The only prescription I gave her was Yeast," reports Dr. Mélamet. "In a short time, her strength and appetite returned. Once again, the girl was full of vigor and the joy of living."

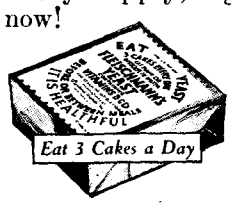
Yeast yields all these benefits to health because it does three very important things for you.

"Yeast," says Dr. Mélamet, "aids digestion by increasing the flow of gastric juices. It stimulates the tired intestinal muscles, softens waste."

Won't you take advantage of Dr. Mélamet's advice? Just eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day for at least 30 days. No food is richer in the group of Vitamins B, D and G that we need for health. Buy it at grocers, restaurants, soda fountains.

Won't you get some right now . . . and improve your digestion, elimination, "pep," appearance? Order 9 cakes, a 3-day supply, right now!





Copyright, 1934, Standard Brands Incorporated

NRA CODE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOLLYWOOD GOES MIDWEST!

AMAZING NEW 1935
Super Deluxe
16-TUBE ALL-WAVE RADIO

9 TO 2,400 METERS
12,000 MILE TUNING RANGE
GUARANTEED WORLD-WIDE RECEPTION
WORLD'S GREATEST RADIO VALUE
$57.50 with New Deluxe Auditorium Type SPEAKER LESS TUBES

BEFORE you buy any radio, write for FREE copy of the new Midwest 1935 "Fifteenth Anniversary" catalog. Learn why Midwest radios out-perform sets costing up to $200 and more. Learn why popular movie stars like Jean Harlow, Richard Arlen, Claudette Colbert, Neil Hamilton, Maureen O'Sullivan, Gloria Stuart and Ginger Rogers prefer the Midwest Super DeLuxe 16-tube All-Wave Radio. Learn why over 110,000 customers saved ⅓ to ½ by buying direct from Midwest.

Terms AS LOW AS $5.00 DOWN

You, too, can make a positive saving of 30% to 50% by buying this more economical way. Why be content with ordinary so-called "All-Wave", "Dual Wave", "Skip Wave" or "Tri-Wave" receivers when Midwest gives you more wave lengths in today's most perfectly developed 16-tube Super DeLuxe ALL WAVE radios that are proven by four years of success...that carry an *iron-clad guarantee* of foreign reception. These bigger, better, more powerful, clearer-toned, super-selective radios have FIVE distinct wave bands: ultra-short, short, medium, broadcast and long. Their greater all-wave tuning range of 9 to 2400 meters (33 megacycles to 125 KC) enables you to tune in stations 12,000 miles away with clear loud-speaker reception. Now, you can enjoy super American, Canadian, police, amateur, commercial, airplane and ship broadcasts... and derive new excitement from unequalled world-wide performance.

Amazing All-Wave Performance

Hollywood, Calif.—"My Midwest-16 is the best set I have ever tried. It gives me super foreign reception and new radio adventure. Its performance on all five wave bands amazes me."
RICHARD ARLEN
(*Feat. Paramount Player*)

50 ADVANCED 1935 FEATURES

TRY this super de luxe 16-tube All Wave radio in your own home for 30 days—before you decide. The new 36-page catalog pictures the complete line of artistic cousoles and chassis. See for yourself the 50 advanced 1935 features that insure amazing performance. The many exclusive Midwest features include: A large airplane-type, modernized dial which is triple *calibrated* in frequencies, wave lengths and call letters. This exclusive feature, together with simplified tuning guide lights enables you to tune your Midwest as quickly and accurately as an expert.

DEAL DIRECT WITH LABORATORIES..

INCREASING costs are sure to result in higher radio prices soon. Buy before the big advance . . . NOW . . . while you can take advantage of Midwest's sensational values . . . no middlemen's profits to pay. You can order your radio from the new Midwest catalog with as much certainty of satisfaction as if you were to select it in our great radio laboratories. You save 30% to 50% when you buy this popular way...you get 30 days FREE trial...as little as $5.00 down puts a Midwest radio in your home. Midwest gives you triple protection with: A one-year guarantee, foreign reception guarantee, money-back guarantee. Send for FREE catalog.

SAVE UP TO 50%

FREE 36-PAGE CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.
Established 1920
Dept. 590, Cincinnati, O., U.S.A.
Cable Address: Miraco, All Codes.

MAIL COUPON TODAY! FOR AMAZING 30-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER AND NEW 1935 CATALOG

MIDWEST RADIO CORP.,
Dept. 590,
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Without obligation on my part send me your new FREE 1935 catalog, and complete details of your liberal 30-day FREE trial offer. This is NOT an order.

User-Agents Make Easy Extra Money
Check Here for Details ☐

Name .....
Address .....
Town ..... State .....

Polo Goes American

Continued from page 24

they say that Smith has just about the most perfect near-side forward shot in polo. He has an amazing eye and he got it as a kid roping roosters in his father's barnyard. Smith was a great roper as a youngster and he practiced constantly. This gave him a keenness of eye seldom seen on a polo field. He was hit on the head and was unconscious for forty-five minutes. He only came to when they started to put him in an ambulance. Then he reverted for a moment to the language of the prairies and the astonished doctors said that he must be all right. He finished out the series and it was chiefly on the basis of his play then that he was given the top ranking of ten goals this year—one of three men in the world to enjoy that distinction.

We have talked about Williams and Smith merely to give you an idea of polo as played in this year of 1934. The polo Smith and Williams play is the polo you'll see on International Field shortly in the coming East-West matches. There was a time when polo was not quite that kind of game.

It was Tommy Hitchcock, the Jack Dempsey of polo, who took the game out of the smugness of its society atmosphere. It was he who taught the public that polo was a game—not a diversion. Williams and Smith have further helped to form a bridge between polo and the ordinary sport-loving public.

Polo has always been too good a game to be wrapped in the smothering clothes of society patronage, and let us hasten to add that this has always been the opinion of both the players and the U. S. P. A. It is too good a game to be the exclusive property of the few but it took men like Hitchcock, Williams and Smith to bring home to the public the fact that polo is a thrilling, breathless, dangerous game and that to play it a man must be considerable of a man. Thousands who had never seen polo played before rubbed their eyes in amazement last summer at the daring gyrations of the players during those East-West matches and asked, "How long has this been going on?"

Well, it's been going on a long time and we might as well go back with it, learn something about it, and thus be able to appreciate it.

Actually, polo and not horse racing is the real sport of kings, if we are to believe the evidence of one Firdusi, who wrote the Shah-namah, which is generally called the Iliad of Persia. The Persians, of course, were a race of horsemen and Firdusi tells of Persian emperors and nobles who played this game in its original crude state. This was many hundreds of years before the dawn of Christianity.

Chicken Was Bored

Later, the great Persian Emperor Akbar thought so highly of the game that he used it to test the skill, the courage and the patience of his nobles. The first international matches ever played were between the Turks and the Persians, and by all accounts they played with a rounded willow root. Later the bamboo root replaced this and a hundred years afterwards polo was played with a leather ball. Now, oddly enough, the game reverts to its beginning and is again played with willow balls, so that one feature at least remains just as it was when Emperor Akbar played at night under the red glare of pine torches. The distance between the uprights of the goal posts is still twenty-four feet—just as it was in the days of Akbar.

Wars, politics, upheavals came and caused the game to die from inattention in both Persia and Turkey, and a wonder it is indeed that the game was tenacious enough to live at all. It did live, though. It lived in the independent state of Manipur, which is situated in the mountains of northern India on the border of Tibet. The hill tribes of the country played the game and British outposts watched, were impressed, and imitated. There wasn't much to do in India during those years, anyway. The British officers found the game a fine relaxation, a pleasant way to exercise their mounts and, in a country where ponies were cheap, an inexpensive diversion.

When these officers were transferred to British India they brought the game with them, taught it to their fellow officers and it wasn't long before polo became an integral part of the day's routine in British military posts. This was about 1850.

It was inevitable that the game should spread to England. There are many stories of how the game was actually introduced but the most authentic one seems to be the version given by Colonel T. H. St. Quintin in his book.

The colonel tells us that the 10th Hussars were under canvas at Aldershot for the summer maneuvers of 1869. Things were rather dull and after lunch one day an officer identified only as Chicken Hartopp threw himself on the ground and began to glance idly through a copy of a magazine called The Field. In it there was a mention of this new game played on horseback in India.

Chicken, extremely bored with the limited facilities for diversion offered by Aldershot, looked up brightly and said, "By Jove, this must be a fine game they play in India." (According to Colonel St. Quintin he really said, "By Jove.")

"Let us try it," some equally bored officer suggested.

They immediately sent for their chargers, dug up some heavy walking sticks, found a ball and started to bat it around. It must have been a crude sort of performance, for the horses were tall, the sticks were short and the ball was heavy.

But they liked the idea of it and they soon found ways and means of improving things. They made mallets with long sticks or handles, borrowing the idea from croquet, no doubt. They had some wooden balls, about the size of cricket balls, made and they sent one of their number, Billy Chaine, over to Ireland for some horses, "Quiet and handy and under fourteen hands." They didn't mind if the horses were slow afoot, for at that time no one ever thought that the game could be played at full speed.

Finally Chaine returned with seventeen ponies; the mallets were brought out; the ball was produced and the first real game of polo as we know it was played. They played eight on a side and there were no rules. Every now and then they'd get tired and someone would suggest a whisky and soda so they'd stop for a while.

Early American Polo

The child grew older and eventually caught the eye of the very, very dignified Hurlingham Club, an organization which in those days was devoted solely to the shooting of pigeons. Hurlingham built a field, drew up a more complete set of rules than the Army men had done and formed a team. Now Hurlingham had no intention of usurping to itself the prerogative of Head Man in the polo world. It only asked that teams which played on its field follow its rules. The rules, however, were so excellent that every club in England which took up polo incorporated under Hurlingham rules. Today polo and Hurlingham are synonymous. Even now the Indian Polo Association and the U. S. P. A. model themselves on Hurlingham. Which is fair enough. Hurlingham was the godfather who brought up this lusty young polo child.

Now there was an Irishman named

"So you found Papa's hack saw here in the cellar and put out to sea again!"

FRANK OWEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

John Watson, a member of Hurlingham and a polo enthusiast. He was a man with vision. He was a fine player, but he was dissatisfied with his play. How annoying it was, he thought, to miss a ball or override a ball and then have to turn your pony all the way around and try again. He fixed that. He invented the backhand stroke. Then he taught it to his fellow players. At this time five men played on a team. Shortly afterwards Hurlingham limited play to four. Watson also assigned definite duties to the various members of the team. This brought pattern and symmetry into what had been confusion and disorder.

About this time James Gordon Bennett, famous publisher of the New York Herald, visited England. A keen horseman himself, he watched polo at Hurlingham with great interest. When he returned to America he brought a lot of mallets, a trunk full of balls and a rule book with him. He sent to Texas for a carload of ponies, sold them to his friends at the modest price of twenty dollars per pony, and initiated them into the mysteries of the game. First they played indoors at Dickel's Riding Academy in New York, but when spring came they moved to the Jerome Park Race Track in Westchester County. Three months later the Westchester Polo Club was formed. In addition to Bennett it numbered among its founders Herman Oelrichs, Colonel William Jay, Frederick Brown, W. K. Thorn, F. Gray Griswold, Hollis Hunnewell and Sir Bache Cunard. Later headquarters of the club moved to the Polo Grounds in New York, so baseball must be given at least an "assist" in the development of polo in the East.

Long Island, jealous of Westchester, began to fool around with the game and in 1881 the Meadowbrook Club was formed. Among the founders were Thomas Hitchcock, Sr.; Oliver Bird, August Belmont, Dudley Winthrop, W. C. Eustid and Benjamin Nicoll. Many of these names have been carried onto modern polo fields by the sons of those pioneers in the game.

In the beginning there was a great shortage of mallets on Long Island, but that was soon remedied. The players scoured the neighboring farms, borrowed all the rakes in sight, took off the long handles and fitted them to croquet mallet heads. Now polo clubs sprang up all over. Boston, Philadelphia and Newport formed clubs and smaller centers followed suit.

The Big Four

In 1886 the first of all international matches was played. Hurlingham sent over a team which played Westchester at Newport for the championship of the two countries. England won, and returned home with the Westchester Cup —the same we now know as the International Cup. Again in 1902 the English were victorious when an American team went to England to challenge.

Meanwhile the United States Polo Association had been formed and chaos was being replaced by order. The game was now definitely here to stay and under organized auspices it made rapid strides. And there came a man named Harry Payne Whitney.

It is safe to say that the late Harry Payne Whitney did more for polo as we know it today than any other single man. He was a real student of the game. He learned the English style of play thoroughly and then improved upon it. The English usually got rid of the ball as soon as possible and they specialized in short passes at which they were remarkably adept. Whitney, acting on the principle that a home run is worth more than a double in any game, taught his fellow players a long hitting game. He taught them also to carry the ball as long as they could —and then bang merry hell out of it.

The goal of all this was, of course, to defeat England next time. When Whitney was satisfied that the team he had gotten together was ready for the big test, he made plans for an invasion of Hurlingham. The expenses of such a trip were enormous, but he found a kindred spirit in the late Robert J. Collier, and with one or two others they financed the English journey.

Whitney took a team to England in 1909 which utterly confounded the English with its terrific hitting and reckless riding. The team was composed of Whitney, Lawrence Waterbury, J. M. (Monte) Waterbury, Jr., and Devereux Milburn. That was a team. They called them the Big Four. Each man was supreme in his position. They won the Cup in 1909 and defended it successfully in 1911 and 1913. In 1914 Mr. Whitney retired—to be replaced by René La Montagne and the English were able to regain the precious trophy.

Moving the Capital

During the years of the war international polo was forgotten, although the game was played even in France by army officers. In 1921 the Cup again returned to America and here it has remained ever since.

We have seen polo travel from Persia to Turkey to Manipur. Thence to British India and from there to England. We have seen it cross the Atlantic to take its place in the East and now unless all signs fail we see it on the way toward the West. The game, born in Persia, really attained its growth in England, but today it is indisputably an American sport. Glance at the latest rankings of the high-goal players.

Rated at Ten Goals

Elmer J. Boeseke, Jr.....United States
Thomas Hitchcock, Jr.....United States
Cecil Smith.....United States

Nine Goals

The Nawab of Bhopal.....India

Eight Goals

Manuel Andrada.....Argentina
Major Eric G. Atkinson.....India
Winston Guest.....United States
Humphrey P. Guinness.....England
Rao Rajah Hanut Singh.....India
H. H., the Maharajah of Jaipur....India
Lewis L. Lacey.....Argentina
James P. Mills.....United States
Eric L. Pedley.....United States
José C. Reynal.....Argentina
Aidan Roark.....United States
Capt. C. T. I. Roark.....England
The Marqués de Villabragima.....Spain
Major Austin H. Williams.....India
H. W. (Rube) Williams....United States
Wing-Commander P. K. Wise....England

Eight Americans are included among the first twenty players; five are from India; three from Argentina; three English and one Spanish. There are thirty-seven players listed at seven goals. Nine of these are Americans. In other words, the capital of polo has moved to the United States.

Whether or not this capital will be located in the East or the West will be decided in a short time when the East-West matches take place. Polo experts say that they anticipate the greatest polo ever to be played in this country. Certainly it will be the most exciting polo.

And Rube Williams and Cecil Smith (the toughest man in the world named Cecil) will most certainly donate their share of thrills.

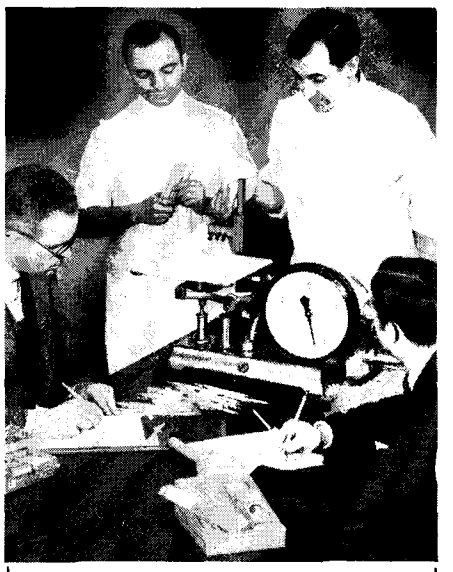
There IS *an important difference in pencils*

"CHEMI-SEALED"

MIKADO

has 34% TO 47%

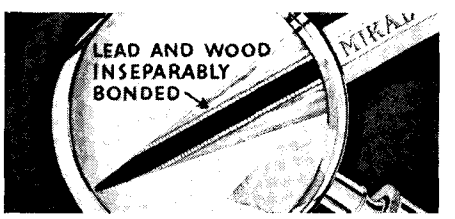
STRONGER POINTS



34% to 47% extra strength, achieved by a process which also increases the satin smoothness of MIKADO's lead, is a safety margin so great that you will *never* break a MIKADO pencil in normal use!

RARE WAXES
for Extra Smoothness

TRY THE MATCH TEST: That shiny film which shows when you hold a flame to MIKADO's point, comes from the rare waxes which impregnate the lead and lubricate every particle for smoother writing. Only in MIKADO is the wax sealed in for lasting smoothness.



EXCLUSIVE PROCESSES
for Extra Strength

TEST THE POINT: You have to *try* to break "CHEMI-SEALED" MIKADO. By patented processes, the wood fibres are locked with a resinous binder into a rigid, non-splitting sheath for the lead, and the waxed leads are chemically coated with a film which permits a perfect bond of lead to wood.

Buy MIKADO pencils for smoothness, longer wear, stronger points.

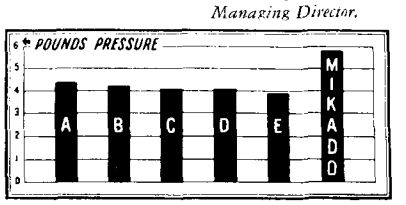
600 SCIENTIFIC TESTS
PROVE MIKADO STRONGEST

This is to certify that the following are true and accurate results of 600 separate tests made in our laboratories upon "CHEMI-SEALED" MIKADO Pencils and five other leading brands of 5¢ pencils of the latest production obtainable from stationers in New York City.

Each make of pencil was tested in five degrees of lead. Pressure was applied at the normal writing angle under identical conditions until the points broke.

NEW YORK TESTING LABORATORIES

Managing Director.



Average Point Strength of Each Pencil in 5 Degrees of Lead

MIKADO averages 34.5% Stronger than Pencil A
MIKADO averages 38.7% Stronger than Pencil B
MIKADO averages 41.0% Stronger than Pencil C
MIKADO averages 41.0% Stronger than Pencil D
MIKADO averages 47.4% Stronger than Pencil E

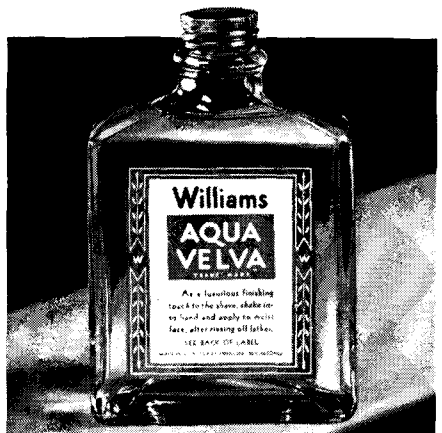
5¢ *each* EAGLE 60¢ *per doz.*

MIKADO

35 Miles for a Nickel

EAGLE PENCIL CO. LONDON • NEW YORK • TORONTO

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TREAT YOUR FACE TO A TREAT
WITH WILLIAMS
AQUA VELVA
AFTER SHAVING

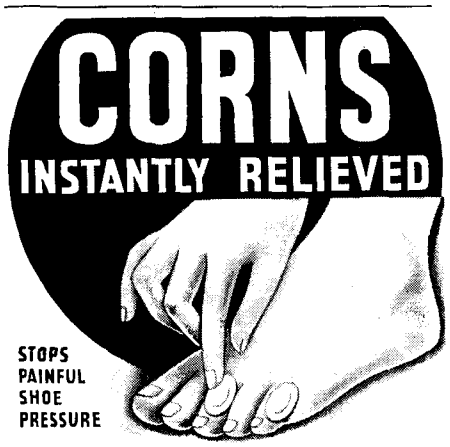
1. Feels great. — 2. Soothes tiny nicks and cuts. — 3. Helps keep your face from getting rough and dry.— 4. Lessens windburn and sunburn.— 5. Makes distinct improvement in your appearance.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF WILLIAMS LUXURY SHAVING CREAM—AND GLIDER THE NEW WILLIAMS BRUSHLESS SHAVE

NRA WE DO OUR PART

LAW STUDY AT HOME
Be independent. Earn $3,000 to $10,000 annually. We guide you step by step — furnish all text material, including fourteen-volume Law Library. Degree of LL. B. conferred. Low cost, easy terms. Get our valuable 64-page "Law Training for Leadership" and "Evidence" books free. Send for them NOW.
LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 940-L, Chicago

CORNS INSTANTLY RELIEVED

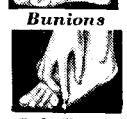


STOPS PAINFUL SHOE PRESSURE

Also Sizes for Callouses and Bunions

You'll have relief the minute you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads. These thin, soothing, healing, protective pads *remove the cause*—shoe pressure; prevent corns, sore toes and blisters from new or tight shoes. It's a *complete* treatment—consisting of pads to end pain and separate *Medicated Disks* to quickly, safely

Bunions


Soft Corns

Callouses

Remove Corns and Callouses

Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions and Corns between toes. Try this sure relief! Get a box today. At drug, dept. and shoe stores everywhere.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 20

They had coffee in Fawley's salon—an idea of Greta's. She wanted to be near if Adolf Krust should return in despair. But time passed on and there was no sign of Krust. They sat in easy-chairs watching the lights in the gardens and listening to the music from across the way. They sat in the twilight that they might see Krust's car more easily should it put in an appearance. Conversation grew more spasmodic. Fawley, he scarcely knew why, was suddenly tired of speculations. The great world over the mountains was moving on to a crisis, that he knew well enough, but his brain was weary. He wondered dimly whether for the last few years he had not taken life too seriously. Would any other man have felt the fatigue he was feeling?

He half turned his head. The outline of the girl in her blue satin frock was only just visible. The vague light from outside was shimmering in her hair. Her eyes were seeking for his, a little distended, as though behind their sweetness there lay something of anxious doubt. The swift rise and fall of her slim bosom, the icy coldness of her hand resting lightly in his seemed to indicate something of the same emotion. Her fingers suddenly gripped his passionately.

"Why are you so difficult?" she asked. "You do not like me, perhaps?"

"On the contrary," he assured her, "I like you very much. I find you very attractive but far too distracting."

"How distracting?" she demanded.

"Because," he went on, "as we all know—you and I and the others—love-making is not part of our present scheme of life. It might complicate it. It would not help."

"All the time you reason," she complained. "It is not much that I ask. I make no vows. I ask for none. I should like very much, as we say in Germany, to walk hand in hand with you a little way in life."

"To share my life," he reflected, "my thoughts, and my work—yes?"

There was a tinge of color in her cheeks.

"Leave off thinking," she cried almost passionately. "Many men have lost the sweetest things in life through being choked with suspicions. Cannot you—?"

There was commotion outside. The opening of a door, heavy footsteps, a thundering knocking and the inner door was flung open almost immediately. Krust entered, out of breath, his clothes disarranged with travel, yet with something of triumph dancing in his blue eyes. He was carrying his heavy spectacles, he flung his hat upon the table and struggled with his coat.

"MY FRIEND," he exclaimed, "and little Greta! Good. I wanted to speak to you both. Listen. I have talked with Berati."

"You are to go to Rome?" Fawley demanded.

"I have abandoned the idea," Krust declared. "For the moment it is not necessary. There is another thing more important. I say to Berati, 'Give me a trusted agent, let him visit the places I shall mark down, let him leave with me for three days in Berlin and then let him report to you. No rubbish from inspired newspapers with millionaires behind them. The truth! It is there to be seen. Give me the chance of showing it.' I spoke of you, Fawley, indefinitely, but Berati understood. Oh, he is swift to understand, that man. Tomorrow you will have your word. Tomorrow night you will leave for Germany. I ask pardon—for half an hour I spoke on the private wire at the Royal Hotel in San Remo. From there I jump into the car and we have driven, I can tell you that we have driven! You excuse?"

A waiter had entered the room with two bottles of beer in ice pails and a large tumbler. Krust filled it to the brim, threw back his head and drank. He set down the glass empty.

"It is good news which I bring?" he asked Fawley anxiously. "You are satisfied to come?"

Fawley's eyes traveled for a moment to the dark line of mountains beyond Roquefort. There had been rumors that the French were combing the whole principality watching for a spy. Monsieur Carlotti had spoken of it lightly enough but with some uneasiness. Fawley tapped a cigarette upon the table and lit it.

"A visit to Germany just now," he admitted, "should be interesting."

Krust in his own salon an hour later looked curiously across the room to where Greta was standing, an immovable figure, at the open window. He had rested and eaten since his journey but there were unusual lines in his smooth face and his expression of universal benevolence had disappeared. Greta half turned her head. Krust's tone was almost sullen.

"You had success with our impenetrable friend?" he asked.

"I did my best," she replied. "You came back too soon."

ON HIS way down to the quay the next morning Fawley read again the note which had been brought to him with his morning coffee. It was written on the Hotel de France note paper but there was no formal commencement or ending:

I am very anxious to talk to you privately but not in the Hotel, where you seem to have become surrounded by an entourage which I mistrust. One of my friends has a small yacht here—the Sea Hawk—lying on the western side of the harbor. Will you come down and see me there at half past eleven this morning? It is very, very important, so do not fail me. E.

The horse's hoofs clattered noisily on the cobbled road fringing the dock. Fawley slowly returned the letter to his pocket. It seemed reasonable enough. The Sea Hawk was there, all right—a fine-looking schooner yacht flying the pennant of an international club and the German national flag. Fawley paid the *cocher* and dismissed him, walked down the handsome gangway and received the salute of a heavily built but smartly turned out officer.

"It is the gentleman whom Madame la Princesse is expecting?" the man inquired, with a strong German accent. "If the *gnädiger Herr* will come this way."

Fawley followed the man along the deck to the companionway, descended a short flight of stairs and was ushered into a large and comfortable cabin fitted up as a sitting-room.

"I will fetch the princess," his guide announced. "The gentleman will be so kind as to repose and wait."

Fawley subsided into an easy-chair and took up a magazine. In the act of turning over the pages, however, he paused suddenly. For a moment he listened. Then he rose to his feet and, crossing the room swiftly, tried the handle of the door. His hearing, which was always remarkably good, had not deceived him. The door was locked! Fawley stood back and whistled softly under his breath. The affair presented itself to him as a magnificent joke. It was rather like Elida, he decided, with her queer dramatic gestures. He pressed the bell. There was no response. Suddenly a familiar sound startled him—the anchors being drawn up. The engines were already beating rhythmically. A moment or two later they were moving. The grimmer lines in his face relaxed. A smile flickered at the corners of his lips.

"Abducted," he murmured.

HE LOOKED out of the porthole and gazed at the idlers on the quay from which they were gliding away. There was a pause, a churning of the sea and a swing around. The Sea Hawk was evidently off for a cruise. She passed out of the harbor and her course was set seaward. Fawley lit a cigarette and took up a magazine. It appeared to him that this was a time for inaction. He decided to let events develop. In due course what he had expected happened—there was a knock at the door of the very luxurious and beautifully decorated green and gold cabin in which he was confined.

"Come in!" he invited.

There was the sound of a key being turned. The door was opened. A tall, broad-shouldered man with sunburned cheeks and a small, closely cropped yellow mustache presented himself. He was apparently of youthful middle age. He wore the inevitable mufti of the sea—blue serge, double-breasted jacket, gray flannel trousers and white shoes. He had the bearing of an aristocrat, discounted by a certain military arrogance.

"Major Fawley, I believe?" he inquired.

"You have the advantage of me, sir," was the cool reply.

"My name is Prince Maurice von Thal," the newcomer announced. "I have come for a friendly talk. The princess is on board. She is associated with me in our present enterprise."

Fawley nodded.

"Of course," he murmured. "I knew that I had seen you somewhere before. You were in the party who were entertaining the local royalties last night at the Hotel de France."

"That is so."

Fawley glanced out of the porthole. They were heading for the open seas now and traveling at a great speed.

"Many things have happened to me in life," he reflected with a smile, "but I have never before been kidnapped."

"It sounds a little like musical comedy, doesn't it?" the prince remarked. "The fact is—it was my cousin's idea. Wait one moment. I will summon her. I can assure you that she is impatient to meet you again."

He stepped back to the doorway and called out her name. There came the sound of light footsteps descending from the deck. Elida, in severe but very delightful yachting attire, entered the room. She nodded pleasantly to Fawley.

"I hope Maurice has apologized and all that sort of thing," she said. "We had no intention of really keeping you here by force, of course, but it did occur to us that you might not want to be seen in discussion with us by your other friends here."

"It might have been awkward," Fawley admitted pleasantly. "It is humiliating, though, to be whisked off like this. Your designs might have been far more

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sinister and then I should have felt very much like the booby who walked into the trap. There is nothing I enjoy so much as a cruise. Wouldn't it be pleasanter on deck, though?"

"As you please," the prince assented. "But, as a matter of form, Major, may I beg for your word of honor that you will not seek to call the attention of any passing craft to your presence here?"

"I give it with pleasure," was the prompt acquiescence.

They found a sheltered divan on the port side of the boat. A white-coated steward arranged a small table and appeared presently with a cocktail shaker and champagne in an ice pail. The prince drank the latter out of a tumbler. Elida and Fawley preferred cocktails. Caviar sandwiches were served and cigarettes.

"This is very agreeable," Fawley declared. "May I, however, suggest that we commence our conversation?"

ELIDA leaned forward. She looked earnestly at her opposite neighbor.

"We want to know, Major Fawley, whether it is true that you are going to Germany with Adolf Krust and his two decoys."

"We should also," the prince added, "like to know with what object you are visiting that country and whether you are going as the accredited agent of Berati?"

Fawley reflected for a moment.

"How did you know," he asked, "that I was going to Germany?"

Elida smiled.

"My dear man," she protested, "I am, after all, in a small way doing your sort of work. I must have a few—what is it you say in English?—irons in the fire. Adolf Krust, I hear, is hoping for great things from the little girl. Are you susceptible, I wonder?"

Fawley looked steadily across at the princess.

"I never thought so until about a month ago," he answered. "Since then I have wondered."

She sighed.

"Perhaps if my hair were that wonderful color and my morals as elastic, do you think I could throw a yoke of roses around your neck and lead you into Germany myself?"

"A pathetic figure," Fawley observed. "I will go with you to Germany at any time you invite me, Princess. But I should carry out my work when I got there in exactly the way I intend to now."

"I want you to meet General von Salzenburg," she murmured.

"The world's fire-eater," Fawley remarked.

"These damned newspapers!" Von Thal exclaimed angrily in his deep bass voice. "What is it to be a fire-eater? Fire purges the earth. God knows Europe needs it!"

"I am not a pacifist by any means," Fawley protested, accepting a cigarette from Elida. "In the old days war was the logical method of settling disputes. There was no question of reparation. The victorious nation cut off a chunk of the other's country and everything went on merrily afterwards. Those days have gone. War does not fit in with a civilization whose basis is economic."

Von Thal stiffened visibly.

"It seems strange to hear an ex-army man, as I presume you are, Major Fawley, talking in such a fashion," he declared. "To us war is a holy thing. It is a means of redemption. It is a great purifier. We shall not agree very well, Major Fawley, if you are going to tell us that you are a convert of Krust's."

"I am not going to tell you anything of the sort," Fawley replied, helping himself to another sandwich. "As a matter of fact, I have had very little conversation with Herr Krust. Between our three selves, as the princess here has had proof of it, I am working on behalf of Italy. All I have to do is to make a report of the political situation in Germany as I conceive it. The rest remains with General Berati and his master. Besides," he went on, "it would be very foolish to imagine that my reports would be more than a drop in the bucket of information which Berati is accumulating. He is a very sage and far-seeing man and he is collecting the points of view of as many people as he can."

Von Thal grunted.

"I am afraid," he pronounced, "that our conversation is not approaching a satisfactory termination."

"You see," Elida murmured softly, "our information does not exactly match with what you tell us. We believe that Berati is prepared to shape his policy according to your report. The great national patriotic party of Germany, to which my cousin here belongs and of which General von Salzenburg is the titular chief, is the only party which we believe in, and for our success we must have the sympathy of and the alliance with Italy."

"And war?" Fawley queried gravely.

"Why should I deny it?" she answered. "And war. You do not know, perhaps, how well prepared Germany is for war. I doubt whether even Adolf Krust knows, but we know. Success is certain. Italy will have what she covets—Africa. Germany will be once more mistress of Europe."

"Very interesting," Fawley conceded. "You may possibly be right. At present I have an open mind."

Von Thal poured himself out a glass of wine and drank it. He turned to Elida. His expression was unpleasant.

"This conversation," he said, "has reached an unsatisfactory point. The princess and I must confer. Will you come below with me, Elida?"

She shook her head slowly.

"For what purpose, dear cousin? We cannot stretch this obstinate gentleman upon the rack until he changes his mind."

"Neither," Von Thal said savagely, "can we turn him loose to hobnob with Krust to destroy the golden chance of this century. It must be Von Salzenburg who signs the treaty with Italy—never Adolf Krust or any other man."

"That," Fawley observed quietly, "is not for us to decide."

VON THAL, a mighty figure of a man, took a quick step forward. Elida's arm shot out, her fingers pressed against the lapels of his coat.

"There is nothing to be done in this fashion, Maurice," she insisted. "Major Fawley is our guest."

"It is not true," Von Thal declared. "He is our prisoner. I, for one, do not believe in his neutrality. I believe that he is committed to Krust. We must do our duty to the party for whom we work. For the cause which we have made ours."

"It seems to me a most unpleasant way of ending a mild argument, this," Fawley ventured. "You are, it would seem, thinking of murder."

"To kill a man who is an enemy to one's country is not murder," Von Thal shouted.

"To kill a guest," Fawley retorted, "is against the conventions even among savages!"

"You are not a guest," Von Thal denied. "You are the prisoner who walked into a trap. That is a part of warfare. It seems to me you are to be treated as an enemy."

"Have it your own way," Fawley yielded. "Anyway, those are the best caviar sandwiches I ever ate in my life."

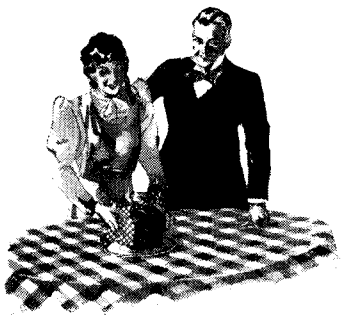
Elida laughed softly.

(Continued on page 46)

STEEPED IN THE RICH FLAVORS OF

PORK AND 'LASSES

These new style beans have homemade flavor



HEAR that brown sauce sizzle! Sniff that drowsy warm aroma! See that beanpot, brimful of real old-fashioned Boston baked beans; hot from the oven! . . . Does it make your mouth water? Then this news is *your* news.

In the Heinz kitchens they've re-created, from an old New England recipe, the saucing, the seasoning, the thorough oven-baked fine-flaked richness of real *Boston* baked beans! Heinz bakes them thoroughly, with plenty of pork and a racy, tasty molasses-flavored down-east sauce that seeps clear through to the center of every bean. In *minutes* you can heat and serve them. Grocers have them. Just say Heinz Boston-style.

Try also the other three varieties of Heinz Oven-Baked Beans:—(1) With Pork and Tomato Sauce, (2) With Tomato Sauce, Vegetarian Style, and, (3) Baked Red Kidney Beans.

H. J. HEINZ COMPANY
PITTSBURGH, U. S. A.
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

Believe it or not, in this yellow-labeled tin are true Boston-style baked beans, which even in New England cannot be told from home-baked beans.

ONE OF THE 57

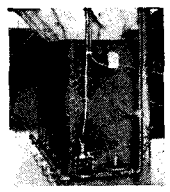
HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS

Boston Style

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AIR CONDITIONING

THE NEXT BIG INDUSTRY



Its opportunities are as big in winter as in summer. Plumbing and heating engineers must know Air Conditioning — the field in its broader aspects invites ambitious men. Write for information on the new, up-to-the-minute course on Air Conditioning now offered by the International Correspondence Schools.

RADIO holds great rewards for trained men

Almost in a decade radio has become a giant industry. The opportunities created will be enjoyed by trained men. The International Correspondence Schools Radio Course, prepared by leading authorities and constantly revised, *will help make you a trained man!* A fascinating book — FREE. Mail the coupon.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 4110-B, Scranton, Penna.

Explain fully about your course in the subject marked X:

☐ AIR CONDITIONING ☐ RADIO

☐ Chemistry ☐ Advertising
☐ Aviation ☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ Refrigeration ☐ Drafting
☐ Architecture ☐ Show Card Lettering
☐ Accountancy ☐ Good English

Name..... *Age*.....

Address.....

Sell PLAYING CARDS

New easy way to earn money at once. Take orders from friends and others for popular low priced Playing Cards, including new Initial and Monogram decks not sold in stores. Just show attractive samples. Easy to sell. Big profits. Men or women, write for FREE SAMPLE OUTFIT. General Card Co., 1201 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 61, Chicago, Ill.

DO YOU WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then **become a foot correctionist**, and in a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Established 1894. *Address*
Stephenson Laboratory, 4 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

"I Wish I Could Make More Money"

(AND SO YOU CAN)

"I had dreamed of an income of my own and then I decided to do something about it. So I wrote for your attractive offer. Now, thanks to your cooperation, I am changing my dreams into dollars!" . . . .

The same opportunity is open to women from eighteen to sixty. Just try our pleasant and profitable plan for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for Collier's and the other popular Crowell Publications. For free money-making supplies, *write now!*

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-99
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Yes—I want to make more money. Please tell me how.

Name.....
Address.....
Town.....
State.....

(Continued from page 45)

"Maurice," she pleaded, "yours is a hopeless attitude. Major Fawley is too distinguished a personage to be treated without due consideration, and I, for one, have no wish to see the inside of a French prison. Be reasonable!"

"I'm being reasonable," Von Thal persisted. "You tell me that you have information that Berati has placed his faith in this man. He is sending him to Germany to report upon the situation, to choose between Krust, Behrling and us, in plain words. Very well. You go on to say that you fear he will decide for Krust."

"I did not go so far as that," Elida protested earnestly. "Only yesterday Berati refused to receive Krust. He had to come back from San Remo where he went to telephone. He refused to see him or to take him anywhere else for an audience. The matter is not decided."

THE captain came and spoke to Von Thal in a low voice.

"It is a mistral which arrives, Your Highness," he announced.

The prince rose to his feet and gazed westward. There was a curious bank of clouds which seemed suddenly to have appeared from nowhere. White streaks of foam danced upon the sea below. Von Thal waved the man aside with a muttered word and turned his back upon him.

"The trouble with this affair," Fawley declared, "is that the princess has formed an exaggerated idea of my influence. I am only a pawn, after all. Berati has already a sheaf of reports from Germany. Mine will only be one of the many."

"At the risk of flattering your self-esteem," Elida said, "I will tell you that Berati has an extraordinary opinion of your resource and capacity. He does not believe that any other man breathing would have obtained for him the plan of the new French defenses on the frontier with particulars of their guns, and preserved his life and liberty."

Fawley laid down his cigarette. For once Elida had scored. He was genuinely disturbed.

"Never mind," she persisted. "You need not be afraid. Only I and two others know what I have just told you, and how you communicated with Berati is still a secret to us."

"Such an enterprise as you have alluded to," Fawley observed, "would have been more in my line. I am no politician. That is what neither my chief nor you seem to understand. I will promise what you ask," he went on after a moment's pause. "I shall not travel to Germany with Krust. I will not be subject to his influence and I will visit any organizations or meet anyone you may suggest."

Von Thal sprang to his feet. There was a sullen look in his face, angry words trembling upon his lips. Elida rose swiftly and laid her fingers upon his mouth.

"I forbid you to speak, Maurice," she enjoined. "You hear that? You see, I have guessed your thoughts. You would wish to provoke a quarrel with Major Fawley by means of an insult. I will not tolerate it. I accept Major Fawley's proposition. Remember, I am your superior in this matter. You must do as I say."

She withdrew her hand slowly. The blood seemed to have rushed to Von Thal's head. He was by no means a pleasant sight.

"And if I refuse?" he demanded.

"You will be ordered to return to Germany tonight," she told him. "You will never again be associated with any enterprise in which I am concerned and I shall do my best to discredit you entirely with Von Salzenburg."

Von Thal hesitated for a moment, then he swung on his heel and strode away forward.

They were rolling and pitching now in the trough of a heavy sea. Occasionally a wave sent a cloud of spray over their heads. They had turned for the harbor but it was hard to see more than its blurred outline. A sailor had brought them oilskins and removed the plates and glasses.

"We are running in with the wind now," Fawley remarked. "Good thing we turned when we did."

She drew him farther into the shelter. It seemed to him that her fingers lingered almost caressingly upon his wrist.

"If only you and I," she sighed, "could be on the same side."

"Well, I think I should be an improvement upon your present fellow conspirators," he rejoined.

Conditions had changed during the last few moments. They were only about a hundred yards from the entrance to the harbor but they seemed to be taking an unusual course which laid them broadside to the heavy seas. Two sailors were busy lowering one of the dinghies. Elida pointed toward the wheel. The prince had taken the captain's place; he had thrown off his oilskins and coat and was standing up with the wheel in his hand, his broad, ugly mouth a little open, his eyes fixed steadily upon the narrow opening to the harbor.

"He is mad!" Elida exclaimed.

A great wave broke over them, smashing some of the woodwork of the deck lounge and sending splinters of glass in every direction. People were running, dimly visible shrouded figures, through the mist and cloud of rain to the end of the pier. There were warning shouts. The captain gripped Von Thal by the arm and shouted indistinguishable words. Maurice's right hand shot out. The man staggered back and collapsed half upon the deck, half clinging to the rails. Once again they mounted a wave which for a few seconds completely engulfed them.

"Maurice is running straight for the sea wall," Elida gasped.

"In that case," Fawley exclaimed, tearing off his coat, "I think we will make for the dinghy."

There was suddenly a terrific crash, a splintering of wood all around them, a crashing and screeching of torn timbers. They seemed to be up in the air for a moment. Von Thal, who had left the wheel, came dashing toward them. The deck seemed to be parting underneath their feet. Fawley drew the girl closer into his arms, her wet cheeks were pressed to his. For a period of seconds their lips met fiercely, hungrily, the flavor of salt in their madness and the roar and blinding fury of the breaking waves stupefying them. . . . Once again the yacht, which had been sucked backward, crashed into the stone wall. This time she fell apart like a cardboard box. Fawley, as though in a dream, saw Elida hauled into the dinghy. She was surrounded by ugly pieces of wreckage threatening them every second with death. He drew a long breath and dived down to the calmer waters.

FAWLEY, after several weeks of devious and strenuous wanderings, crossed the very fine hall of Berlin's most famous hotel well aware that he was now approaching the crucial point of his enterprise. Frankfurt, thanks to his English and French connections, had been easy. At Cologne and some of the smaller towns around, even if he had aroused a little suspicion, he had learned all that he needed to know. But in Berlin, for the first time, outside aid was denied to him and he became conscious that he was up against a powerful and well-conducted system of espionage.

The very politeness of the hotel officials, their casual glance at his credentials, their meticulous care as to his comfort—all these things had seemed to him to possess a sinister undernote. He chose for his headquarters a small suite upon the sixth floor, with the sitting-room between his bedroom and bathroom, but his first discovery was that the one set of keys attached to the double doors was missing and he only obtained the keys giving access to the corridor after considerable delay. . . .

For two days he lounged about the city as an ordinary tourist without any particular attempt at secrecy, asking no questions, seeking no new acquaintances and visiting only the largest and best-known restaurants. On the third morning after his arrival there was a thunderous knocking at the door and in reply to his invitation to enter there rolled in, with his fat, creaseless face, and pudgy hand already extended, Adolf Krust. Fawley laid down his pipe and suffered his fingers to be gripped.

"SO YOU gave us all the slip, you crafty fellow," the visitor exclaimed. "And you left my little friend in such distress with a copy of an A B C in her hand and tears in her eyes, and all that we know, or rather that we do not know, is that the Daily Mail tells us that Major Fawley, late of the American Army, has left the Hotel de France for London. London indeed! The one place in the world that for you and me and for those like us is dead. What should you be doing in London, eh?"

"I may go there before I finish up," Fawley replied, smiling. "After all, I am half English, you know."

"You are of no country," Adolf Krust declared, sinking into the indicated easy-chair and blowing out his cheeks. "You are the monarch of cosmopolitans. You are a person who carries with him always a cult. You have upset us all in Monte Carlo. Some believe that you were drowned when that clumsy fool, that idiot nephew of Von Salzenburg's, drove you on to the sea wall of the harbor in that fearful mistral."

"It was an excellent stage disappearance for me," Fawley observed. "I was just a shade too much in the limelight for my safety or my comfort."

"You speak the truth," his visitor agreed. "Only two days after you left, the French military police were swarming in the hotel. Everyone was talking about you. There were some who insisted upon it that you were a dangerous fellow. They are right, too, every time, but all the same you breathe life. Yes," Krust concluded with a little sigh of satisfaction, "it is well put, that—you breathe life."

"Perhaps that is because I have so often loitered in the shadow of death," Fawley remarked.

Krust shrugged his tightly encased shoulders. In the city he had abandoned the informal costume of the Riviera and was attired with the grave precision of a senator.

"In the walk of life we traverse," he said, "that is a matter of course. . . . Ach, but this is strange!"

"What is strange?"

"To find you after all my persuadings in my beloved Berlin."

"I have also visited your beloved Frankfurt and Cologne," Fawley confided dryly, perfectly certain that his visitor was well acquainted with the fact.

The blue eyes grew rounder and rounder.

"You take away the breath," Krust declared. "As the great young man used to say—you sap the understanding. You have seen Von Salzenburg?"

Fawley shook his head.

"Not I!" he answered. "Some day, if there is anything that might come of it, we will see him together."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Krust's eyes became more protuberant than ever. This was a strange one, this man! He wondered whether, after all, Greta had told the truth, whether she had not all the time kept back something from him. Fawley pushed a box of cigarettes across the table. His caller waved them away and produced a leather receptacle the size of a traveler's sample case.

"You are not one of those who object to the odor of any good tobacco even if it be strong?" he asked. "You have seen my cigars. You will not smoke them, but they are good. They are made in Cologne and they cost two pfennig each, which in these days helps the pocketbook."

"Smoke one, by all means," Fawley invited. "Thank goodness, it is warm weather and the windows are open!"

"You joke at my taste in tobacco," Krust grumbled, "but you do not joke at my taste in nieces, *nicht?* What about the little Greta?"

"Charming," Fawley admitted with a smile. "Everyone in Monte Carlo wondered at your luck."

"It is all done by kindness and a little generosity," the other remarked with an air of self-satisfaction. "I have not the looks. I certainly have not the figure, but there are other gifts! One has to study the sex to know how to please."

"HOW did you find me out here?" Fawley asked abruptly.

"I have intelligent friends in Berlin who watch," was the cautious reply. "You were seen down south at the march of the Iron Army. You were seen at the new Russian Night Club in Düsseldorf the other night, where there are not many Russians but a good deal of conversation. People are curious just now about travelers. I have been asked what you do here."

Fawley yawned.

"Bore myself chiefly," he admitted. "I find Germany a far better governed country than I had anticipated. I have few criticisms. A great brain must be at work somewhere."

Krust rolled a cigar between his fingers.

"A great brain," he repeated, as if following out a train of thought of his own. "I will tell you something, friend Fawley. What you think is produced by a great brain is nothing but the God-given sense of discipline which every true German possesses. There is no one to thank for the smoothness with which the great wheel revolves. It is the German people themselves who are responsible."

"Prosperity seems to be returning to the country," Fawley reflected. "I find it hard to believe that these people will suffer themselves to be led into such an adventure as a new war."

Adolf Krust pinched his cigar thoughtfully.

"The German has pride," he said. "He would wish to reëstablish himself. In the meantime he does not hang about at street corners. He works. You want to see underneath the crust. Why not accept my help? Unless some doors are unlocked even you, the most brilliant secret service agent of these days, will fail. You will make a false report. You will leave this country and you will not understand."

"Berati has his methods and I have mine," Fawley observed. "I admit that I am puzzled but I do not believe that either you or Von Salzenburg could enlighten me. . . . Still, there would be no harm in our dining and spending the evening together. My ears are always open even if I do not promise to be convinced."

Krust sighed.

"To go about openly with you," he regretted, "would do neither of us any good. It would give me all the joy in the world to offer you the hospitality of the city. I dare not."

Fawley smiled as he pressed the bell for the waiter.

"Then I must show you some."

Adolf Krust chuckled.

"I am a man," he confessed, "who when he talks likes to drink. Most good Germans are like that."

"Cocktails?"

Krust waved aside the idea.

"I drink cocktails only at the bar. Wine or beer here. It is equal to me."

Fawley rang the bell and gave the waiter an order. The finest Rhine wine was served to them in deliciously frosted glasses. They drank solemnly an unspoken toast. Fawley refilled the glasses. Again they were raised.

"To our better understanding," the German said.

He muttered a few words in his own language. As he did so, there was a loud knocking at the outside door.

(To be continued next week)

"Look, Ma, the swing came back without Wilbur!" GEORGE SHELLHASE

From far off India comes

SARÁKA

A discovery that brings relief to thousands of sufferers from

CONSTIPATION

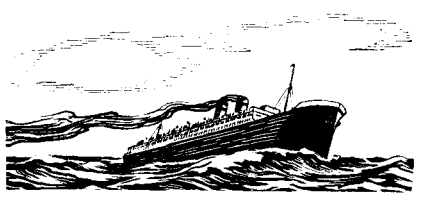
Through the dense humid jungles of India native Hindus search for bassorit, a rare and valuable sap from tropical trees.

Huge trained elephants beat down the underbrush. Hindu riflemen guard against vicious man-eating jungle beasts. More Hindus gather the sap, pack it in bales and

transport it to ocean liners which bring it to western countries.

A famous laboratory since 1911 has been interested in studying the unique qualities of this sap. Years were spent in exhaustive tests. More years were spent in perfecting it.

Finally the laboratory was convinced that this natural product gave not only a very safe and pleas-



ant relief from habitual constipation, but was also a most effective one of an entirely new type. It was given the name "Saráka".*

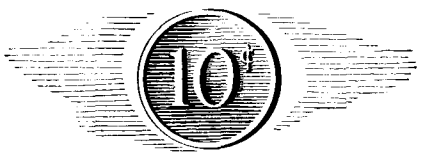
Samples of the perfected Saráka were then sent to doctors all over the United States. Tests were made by 15,862 physicians.

Doctors, having fully satisfied

themselves as to its merits, began recommending Saráka to their patients. Today, on doctors' advice over 350,000 people are using Saráka to relieve constipation.

But we believe there is only one way that you can satisfy yourself as to the merits of Saráka and that is by trying it.

Saráka is on sale in drug stores in three sizes, large, medium and a



10¢ trial-size. If your doctor hasn't given you a trial-size package you may buy one at most druggists for 10¢. Or you may obtain one by mailing the coupon below.

With each sample there is a folder giving interesting information about habitual constipation and how Saráka may help you overcome it.

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Copyright 1934
Schering Corporation

Tested and Approved SERIAL NO 4853 by the Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Conducted by GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

SCHERING CORPORATION
Dept. C-9, Bloomfield, N. J.

I'd like to try Saráka. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover postage and mailing of trial package.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Cussed Damozel

Continued from page 19

elieve he's the right man, like her."

Would he object to her

he might not mind that; he's had a stormy life himself. But Norma will always have to have excitement, and he's not a man to fool with. Even if he didn't care about her past, he'd be particular about her future."

"Don't worry," Kay advised him. "After all the bad luck Norma's had, she'll be more particular about her own future now. . . . Do we dine here?"

"We were going to," said Mark. "But with Norma gone, you and I can't—"

"Why can't we?" Kay demanded.

"Oh, I know it's done in your set. But not in mine," said Mark firmly.

"And if I married you we'd play by your rules?" She'd meant to tell him after dinner that she was ready to marry him, but this gave her pause. "All right," she said. "We'll dine out. Let's go where we can dance; it might keep us from thinking too much about Norma."

But she couldn't help thinking about Norma all the next week—Norma who was seeing Jerry every day. Worrying about Norma's love affairs, Kay hardly had time to think of her own; but Mark was busy, anyway, and she read in the papers that Les and his friends had started for Cherbourg. And then one day Norma came to her with the triumphant announcement:

"We're going to be married on Friday, and we want you and Mark as maid of honor and best man. Jerry's firm is sending him to Brazil— What? Why, of course I'm going with him. Kay, I'm really in love for the first time in my life!" (Kay tried not to remember that Norma always said that.) "And Jerry and I can settle down in perfect confidence," Norma pursued, "because we've both got all the nonsense out of our systems. If you don't do that before you're married you're likely to do it later, when it makes all kinds of trouble. That's why it worries me, to think of you marrying Mark. You haven't got the nonsense out of your systems—"

"WHO said I was going to marry him?" Kay gasped.

"It's perfectly obvious," said Norma scornfully. "You can't get Les—"

"I could have got him—" Kay began, but Norma was going right on.

"—and Mark is always hanging around, and sooner or later you'll be sorry for him and marry him. . . . Good old Mark—he behaves himself and waits for the girl he wants. But after he's got you, Kay, when things don't go as smoothly as they might, he'll wake up some morning and begin to think about all the things he's missed."

"Well, I'm going to marry him anyway!" Kay snapped. And then, "But for heaven's sake don't tell anybody; even Mark doesn't know it, yet."

But she'd have to tell him now. She was sure to hear from him soon; she hadn't seen him for a week. And then, she was pretty sure she loved him, but she was annoyed at herself for drifting into this step by step, without ever having really made up her mind to it.

But it was three days before he called up and asked if he could drop in before dinner. She didn't reflect on the curious fact that he hadn't asked her to dine with him till he came in, and refused the cocktail she had ready for him. He only stood staring at her, in a cold rage.

"Kay," he said at last, "I met Norma on the Avenue today, and she congratulated me. I asked her what for, and she told me."

"Oh, damn her!" said Kay wildly. "She promised not to tell anybody! But I suppose she thought I'd seen you by this time—"

"I don't care what she thought, or even what you thought. What *I* think is that if I'm going to marry anybody I ought to hear about it myself before the news is broadcast. Why didn't you call me up?"

"Well—I was trying to think it out coolly, so I'd be sure—"

"Coolly!" he blazed. "I don't want to be married coolly. . . . I've stood about enough, Kay. I've been crazy about you ever since we met; I've wanted nothing so much as to marry you. But I'll be damned if I'll marry you after you've thought it over coolly, talked it over with everybody else before you got around to telling me!" He picked up his hat and stick.

"Mark!" she gasped. "You're not going?" He took hold of the door knob—and there was nothing cool, nothing cool at all, about the girl who ran to him and clutched his arm. "Mark! I don't want you to go—"

He did go, eventually, but she went with him—to Port Chester, where you can get somebody to marry you at any hour. And over breakfast next morning, in the Pickwick Arms at Greenwich:

"You'll have to admit," she said, smiling at him lazily, "that we owe Norma a good deal. If she hadn't talked out of turn it might have been weeks before we got this far."

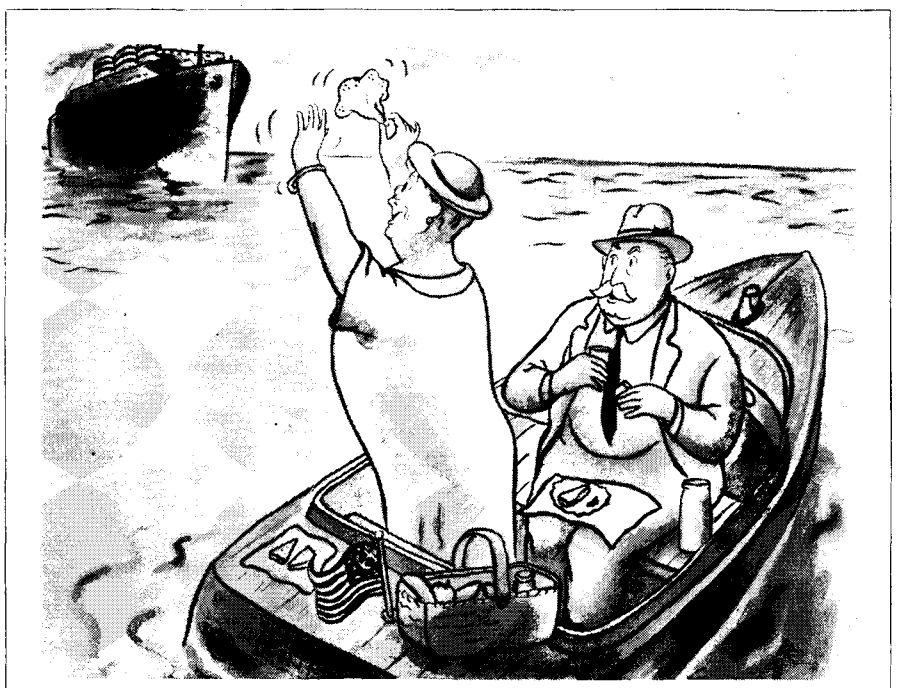
"It might. But I hate to think of what Jerry Parmenter might do if she starts telling the world their private business."

SOMETIMES, in the first year of her marriage, Mrs. Lattimore looked back with mature amusement at the girl who had vacillated between Mark and Les, and had had to remind herself that you shouldn't marry any man without a hurrah of enthusiasm. Because if your marriage really clicked the enthusiasm took care of itself, and the men you hadn't married simply didn't matter. Even Les—when she met him, now, he was only a charming person whom no sensible woman would take seriously; nobody special, at all.

Not that she met him often, for she saw little of her old crowd. They either went out evenings, or else sat around the apartment reading, as if they had nothing to talk about. She loved Mark, of course, and appreciated his virtues; he was a husband who would stay put. And his wife would stay put with him, and all his old friends would stay put around them—world without end, amen.

That spring, on a Sunday motor trip, they came across a lovely bungalow in an attractive Sound shore colony—Porpoise Point. It was for sale, and at so low a price that Mark insisted on buying it.

THE Porpoise Point cottagers were fond of saying that they were all one big family; and if Kay had been like the other women who waited for their husbands to come up over week-ends, she might have fitted in. But those women had three interests—children, sailing and bridge. Kay had no children, sailing bored her, and Mark had never been able to get her to share his enthusiasm for bridge. Kay had plenty of time to wonder if it wouldn't have been smarter of her to marry Les Vane after all. His wife would have plenty of troubles, but boredom wouldn't be one of them.



"If they do stop, Louisa, you do the talking; darned if I'll ask them for mustard" LAURENCE REYNOLDS

Then she got a cablegram: Norma was coming home. . . . Not that this marriage was a failure too; Norma's letters had insisted that she and Jerry were as crazy about each other as ever. But she had to come home to help settle an estate; it was a pity that she had to be in New York in midsummer, when so few of her friends were in town—but it gave Kay a heaven-sent excuse to desert Porpoise Point for a week, and come to town to see Norma.

She had expected to hear the inner history of the Parmenter marriage, in full detail; but before the week was over Kay faced an incredible truth. Norma no longer told the world her private business. It made her less interesting company. Kay wasn't as sorry as she expected when she had to go back to the Point and Norma, busy with the estate, couldn't go with her.

But they lunched together the day Kay was leaving; and over coffee and cigarettes Norma fixed her cousin with an imperious eye.

"Kay," she demanded, "what's wrong between you and Mark?"

"Wrong? Not a thing!" Kay told her, perhaps a little too defiantly.

"I suppose you can't verbalize it," Norma sighed. "But I can see there's something—something deeper than the ordinary wear and tear of marriage; something fundamentally wrong about your whole relation. I don't like it, Kay."

"You needn't worry about me—" Kay began fiercely.

"It isn't you I'm worrying about. For you, this marriage was a sort of accident; you couldn't get Les Vane, so you took Mark." (Kay realized that she'd never cure Norma of that fixed idea.) "But it meant everything to Mark," Norma accused her. "He was mad about you, and at last he got you—and if you let him down he'll begin to think about all he missed while he was waiting, and go out after other women. I understand how you felt—"

"Yes," said Kay venomously, "I suppose you do. You've been married so often you must understand how anybody ever felt, anywhere, any time."

After that, they parted on no very good terms; but on her way back to the Point Kay reflected that a woman who had been married so often must understand more than a girl who was still married the first time. Norma's practiced eye had discerned something fundamentally wrong about their whole relation. Kay had never dreamed it was as bad as that. . . . Well, perhaps it wasn't too late to cure it; she'd make a point of being particularly nice to Mark when he came up this week-end. . . . But she had little opportunity; it rained all the time, and Mark spent practically all his waking hours playing bridge. On Sunday night, as she was driving him over to his train, he said suddenly:

"Oh, by the way, Norma sent you her love. She said you'd had words, but that she'd forgiven you."

"NORMA? Where did you see Norma?"

"I had dinner with her a couple of times." He paused. "Once we went dancing, too." He paused again; then, with the air of a man who has resolved to tell all, come what may, "And we've got hold of a couple of other bridge players, so we're going to have some games this week."

"But, Mark, you don't like her!"

"I didn't in the old days, but Jerry's made her over."

"Yes, he has. But it seems so queer—"

"What's queer about it? Most of her friends are out of town; she's my wife's cousin; why shouldn't I keep her from getting lonesome?"

But a flush had crept over his face—to his wife's eyes the flush of conscious guilt. . . .

All week she thought about it; and then on Friday afternoon, just as she'd come back from the village with a load of food for Mark's week-end, her telephone rang.

"Mrs. Lattimore?" said a familiar voice. "Oh, hello, Kay. This is Les Vane."

"What?" she cried. "Where are you?"

"I'm at the yacht club. I was cruising up the Sound, and I thought I'd stop off and see you. May I come over?"

"It's too far to walk, Les. I'll drive over and collect you."

She found him sitting on the end of the dock, a little apart from the group of bathers; his boat was moored beside him.

"How's the life?" he asked her, with an easy grin she remembered.

"Much brighter, thanks, now that you're here." She'd meant that to be lightly ironic, but it had a dangerous ring of sincerity. "What do you want to do, Les? Swim? I left my suit at

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the house, but it's nicer over there anyway. And thank goodness, with Mark coming home this evening I've got enough food on hand to ask you to dinner."

"I didn't come up here to see Mark. . . . It's a swell afternoon; like to take a little trip down the bay? But I forgot—you don't like sailing."

"That's just a silly notion," she said. "Let's go." She'd feel more at ease with him in a boat, she told herself, where sheet and tiller kept him busy. . . .

But presently they no longer kept him so busy; the wind was dying. They rounded the Point, turned down the Sound—ever more slowly. They talked lazily, casually, about old times and the old crowd—but there was an undercurrent of tension; and Kay found herself admiring his easy grace.

"We'll get a breeze presently," Les assured her.

"I hope so; Mark's coming up on the 6:44, and I'll have to be at home to get his dinner." She looked at her wrist watch. "Good heavens, it's twenty after six now!"

"What of it? Are you just a machine for getting Mark's dinner?" He was suddenly tense; she looked away from his sultry eyes. "Kay!" he demanded. "Look at me! Why are you afraid to look at me?"

"I don't care—" She fought to control her voice. "I don't care to be one of the long procession of married women you've made love to. I don't wonder that you prefer them; they're safer. But—"

"You're not safe," he told her, wryly smiling. "Not when you married the wrong man."

"I didn't!" she flared. Then, suddenly candid, "Perhaps any man would have been the wrong man, the way I was two years ago. I expected everything, and no man has got it. You'd have been worse than Mark—"

"Yes, I would, then. But I've learned something in these two years, Kay. I know what I want now, what I need. You—no other woman. And now that your marriage is a hopeless bust—"

At last she turned and looked into his eyes.

"Who told you my marriage was a hopeless bust?"

"I had a long talk with Norma the other day, and she said—"

"Oh, she did?" Kay fumed. "Oh, she did?" He started to speak. "Keep still!" she told him sharply. "I'm thinking. I know I rarely do such a thing, but it's about time I got around to it at last."

SHE thought for perhaps ten minutes, in the windless evening, and he didn't dare interrupt her. Then she turned to him, with a queer smile.

"The trouble with Norma," she said, "is that she has to have excitement. She used to get it out of her own stormy life; but now she's settled down and she's got to find it in her friends' lives, whether it's there or not. For years I've gone around thinking that everything she said was so; but there's at least one thing that I know more about than she does. My marriage hasn't been running perfectly, but that's mostly my fault. I expected more of Mark than any man has got, and I didn't give him all I've got. But I'm going to do better now; I'm going to have children, and play bridge, and like it. Come around in twenty years and I'll tell you whether my marriage is a hopeless bust; but don't believe what you hear from Norma!" She stood up. "I'm going home," she said, "to get Mark's dinner."

"Going home? How can you? This boat hasn't got an auxiliary engine; there isn't even a dinghy—"

"There's my house," she told him, pointing. "I'll swim home."

"Two miles, in a tricky tide? Kay, I won't let you!"

"Try to stop me! I'd ask you to come too, if you're worried, but I happen to want to talk to Mark alone. You couldn't leave your boat, anyway—"

"I couldn't swim two miles," he confessed. "And I doubt if you can. You haven't even got a bathing suit—"

"That's simple." She kicked off her shoes, slipped out of her dress. "Send me these by parcel post, will you? I don't think Mark's bringing home any guests; but even if he is," said Kay thoughtfully, "I flatter myself that I look pretty well in a brassière and shorts."

He had just time to realize how well she looked before she dived over the side and streaked away toward the distant Point.

She'd often swam farther than that—but the tide was tricky this evening, trickier than she realized; she began to wonder if she'd ever be able to manage that last half mile. But she labored grimly on, never lifting her face from the water except to breathe, never looking ahead; and at last, when she was all but exhausted, she heard the clunk of oars. She looked up. A familiar boat, a man alone in it. Mark. He helped her in without a word; she lay down in the bottom panting, unable to speak, as he rowed back to the shore. When they touched the dock she roused herself; but he picked her up, carried her up to the porch, poured her—and himself—a long drink of rye. She began to feel better.

"SO YOU walked home from the buggy ride?" he asked her, grinning.

"Just about that. But you— What were you doing out there?"

"Well—" He reddened. "They told me at the club you'd gone sailing with Les, and I recognized his boat out there. And knowing Les, knowing the way you feel about me and things in general, I thought maybe you'd decide not to come back, even when he got a breeze. So I thought while there was time I'd row out and give you an argument, try to get you back—"

"And we met halfway." She laughed hysterically. "Oh, darling, darling! After this I'll always meet you halfway—or even further—"

It was a long time afterward before she remembered something she had wanted to ask him.

"So you thought you knew how I felt about you and things in general, did you? Who told you, Mark? Norma?"

"She tried to," he admitted. "I shut her off—told her to mind her own business; but I couldn't help wondering if there wasn't something in it. . . . I don't care if she is your cousin, I think she's—"

"So do I, darling. We agree about Norma at last. . . . But I thought you were falling in love with her," she said. "Not only your playing around with her so much, but the way you acted about it. As if you were ashamed."

"Well, I was ashamed—ashamed to tell you why I was playing around with her. Jerry Parmenter's pretty jealous, and I think her past worries him a little even yet. He wrote me and told me she was going to be alone in New York, and he hoped I'd fill up her spare time as much as I could; he said I was the only man he knew that he could trust with her. . . . But any man would be ashamed to tell his wife a thing like that."

"Well, I didn't trust you with her," she sighed. "That ought to salvage your self-esteem." Her arm tightened around him. "Anyway," she said, "you'll have to grant Norma one thing. She always gives us plenty to talk about."

FOR THE

ATTENTION

OF THE

17,061 AGENTS

OF

THE HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY
and
THE HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY CO.

The end of every depression sees of necessity a redistribution of property. People achieve an ownership of insurable values hitherto unfamiliar to them. At the moment, in most communities, there are entirely new groupings of property control, which, as a matter of course, must present a new pattern of insurance needs. One of the basic causes of the Hartford's growth after depressions, panics and other national crises has been its ability to cope with these changes in owner-responsibility by furnishing sound insurance planned to satisfy individual needs. The annual statements of the Two Hartfords are evidence that the recent depression has not lessened this ability. Property owners with new problems of ownership may profit by studying these records of substantial triumph over adverse conditions. You Hartford Agents have already helped to educate the public insurance-wise by circulating these statements. Continue to use them freely!

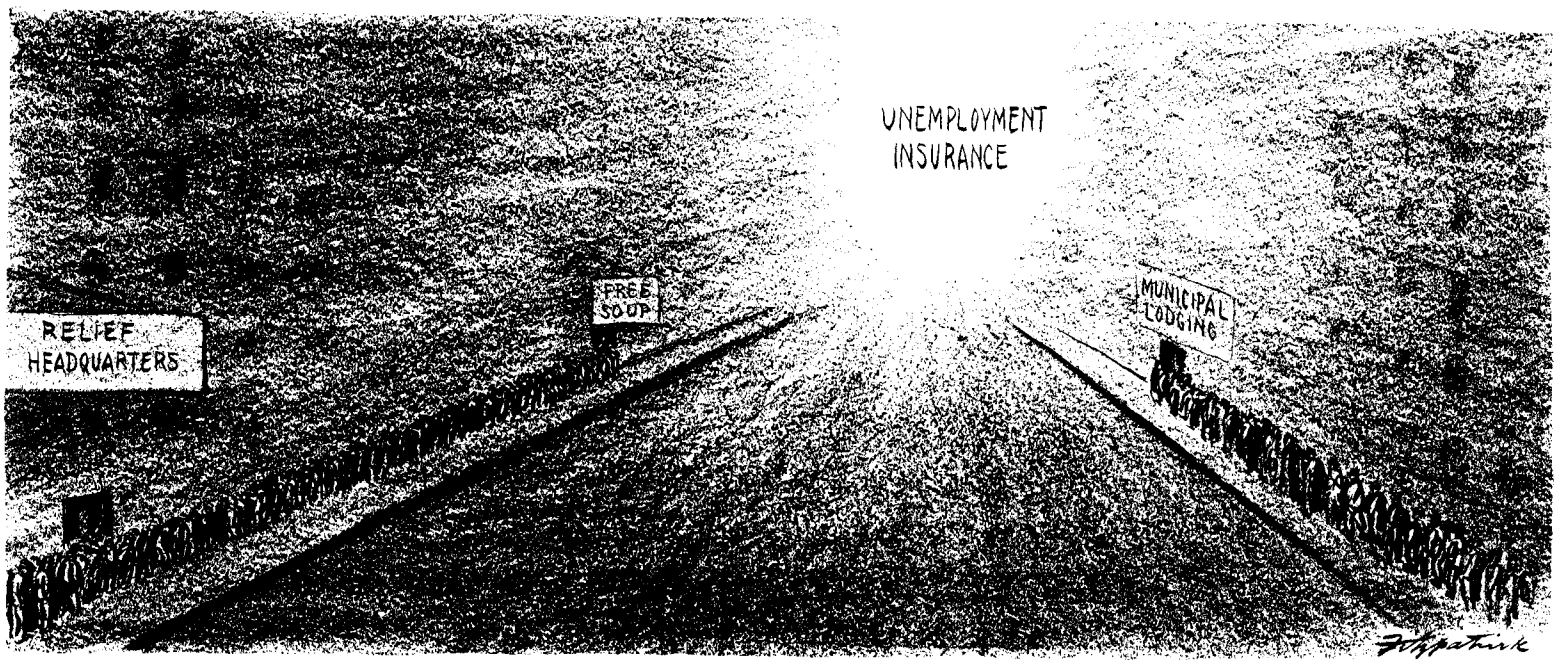
TO THE PUBLIC:

Our agents are home-owning, tax-paying citizens, active supporters of Chambers of Commerce, charitable institutions and other civic enterprises. They can and do render valuable insurance service to property owners. When your insurance problems need attention, consult the Hartford's agent. In many communities our agent's name is listed under "Hartford" in the telephone book. If it isn't so listed write the Hartford Fire Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



We Pay Anyway

THE most important fact in the history of labor during the last twelve months has been the great gain in employment. Business improvement has created more jobs. Unemployment still exists but the principal relief work of the government is now being carried on in the drought areas rather than in the industrial centers.

Many people have been excited and alarmed at the increased number of strikes during the year. There is no real occasion for concern. Strikes are a familiar experience during periods of recovery. At the bottom of a depression organized labor calls few strikes. Later, when there is more to be had, controversy naturally arises.

The strikes of 1934 have been strictly union affairs. Even San Francisco's general strike centered in the effort of one group of longshoremen to gain recognition and to win union concessions. The most vociferous leader of the strike was an admitted Communist who happened to be a persuasive talker. His followers were merely workers looking for more money and more satisfactory working conditions. There was little new in that.

The reason is not far to seek. American unionists have always been Americans before they were unionists. Superficial radicals have derided the conservatism of the American labor movement but this conservatism has deep roots.

It grows out of the common national heritage by which men and women of ambition and capacity have always expected to enlarge their opportunities and to better their personal fortunes.

The A. F. of L. arose under the sagacious leadership of a little European-born cigarmaker, Samuel Gompers.

Gompers was a trader, not for himself but for his craft. He was as conservative as any employer with whom he drove a bargain. Under Gompers the old trades were well organized. Labor, however, was organized in relatively few factories.

American unions did not ask much help of Congress or the legislatures. The unions opposed such matters as unemployment insurance and minimum wage laws. They preferred to bargain directly. Now they favor unemployment insurance, but in general the old attitude prevails. The union leaders would rather make a bargain than obtain benefits through a law. Not that they oppose laws which offer them advantages. That is more than human nature affords.

The American Federation of Labor is now frankly considering the business outlook. In a recent statement its leaders said that the nation would have to take over the means of production if private industry failed to contribute its share toward reëmployment. That is an idea hitherto identified as Socialism and the American Federation of Labor is a bitter enemy of Socialism.

The plain truth is that under the stress of circumstances, labor, like other groups, is changing its opinions. Chambers of Commerce also approve ideas which only recently they opposed as Socialistic and un-American.

However, where governments have taken over industry organized labor has lost both power and prestige. In Fascist Italy and Germany labor unions have been "liquidated," which means demolished. Communistic Russia also suppressed its unions.

Whether tory or radical, governments as employers are not favorable to union leaders. The American Federation of Labor has had its own troubles dealing with our Post Office Department. It is an easy guess, accordingly, that the American unions will not show excessive zeal in urging the government to take over industry.

Driven by necessity, however, we do unexpected things. The government took over the railroads during the World War because the national interest demanded a speedier transport of men, food and munitions to the battlefields of France. During an emergency, only the emergency is remembered. Ancient principles and preferences are forgotten.

The useful course is for labor and all other groups concerned now to work out a program and a policy to eliminate future need of emergency action. We can't see all of the future but we know definitely that the unemployed in good times and bad must somehow be supported.

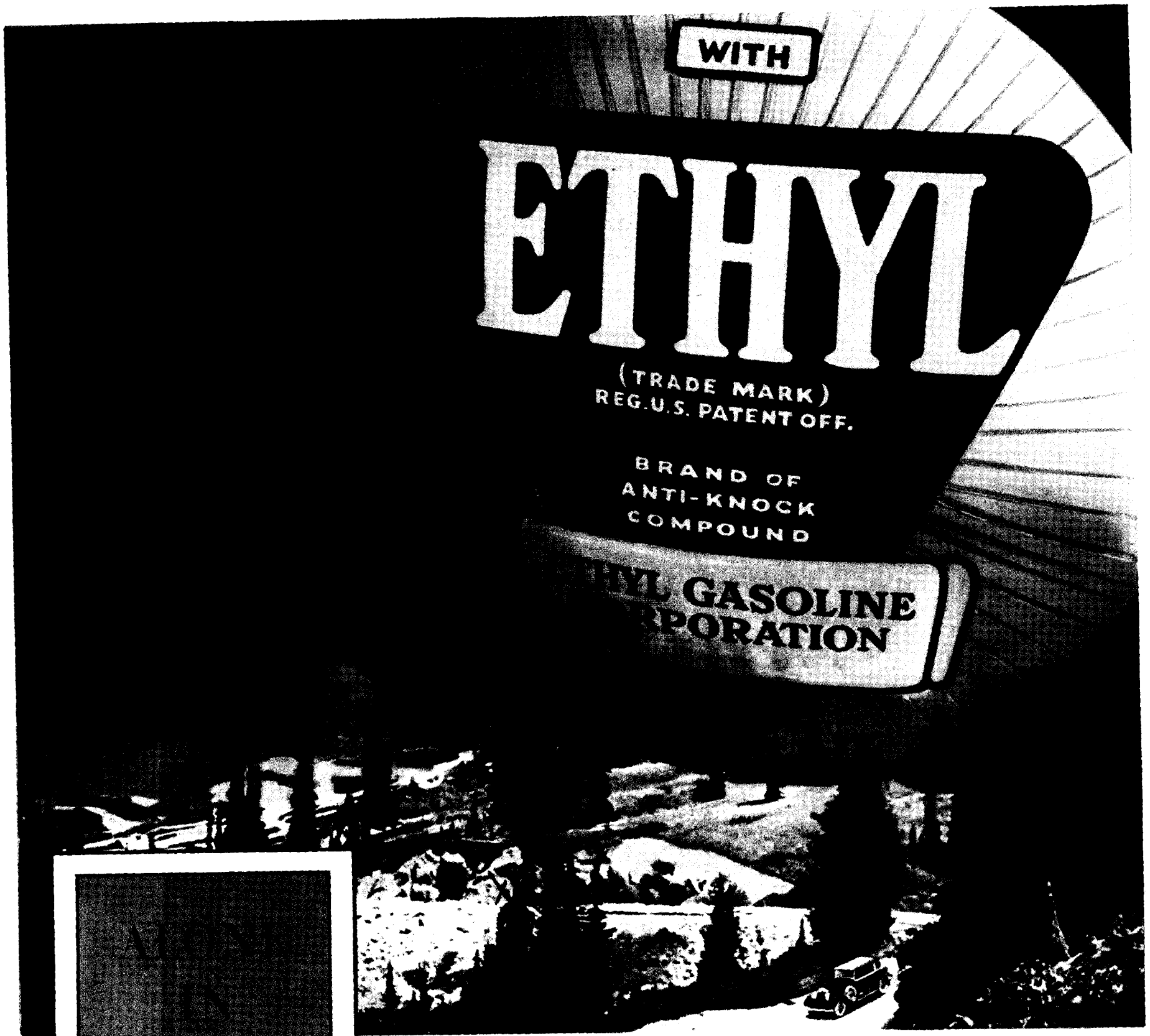
If organized labor and organized employers give their best thought and energy to working out an American plan for unemployment insurance, such a measure could be adopted at the winter session of Congress. President Roosevelt is already having such a study made for the guidance of the Administration.

Of course it is easy to find objections to any program which may be proposed. It is possible to fix rates so high that a particular plan would be doomed to failure. The fact is, however, that other industrial countries have successfully operated unemployment insurance and that we, without insurance, have cared for our unemployed. We shall pay for our responsibilities in one way or another. We might as well do decently what in any event we must do.

Insurance presupposes the existence and competent operation of employment offices. Employment offices intelligently administered provide data and information of tremendous importance to the whole problem of productive industry.

If this one matter is managed skillfully and generously, the rancor will be removed from many other affairs now bitterly contested. Labor and industry must, however, coöperate in this effort. Either side, by holding back or interposing needless objections, can delay or hamstring the project. Working together with good will, they can establish employment insurance and lay the foundations for a policy which will serve us well during a long future.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Ethyl pump stands side by side with other pumps, but it stands alone in quality. The only way to get Ethyl performance out of your car is to put Ethyl Gasoline into the tank . . . **NEXT TIME GET ETHYL!**

ETHYL CONTAINS SUFFICIENT LEAD (TETRAETHYL) TO MAKE IT THE WORLD'S QUALITY MOTOR FUEL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED